

THE BRITISH WORKMAN



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THE POWER OF LOVE.

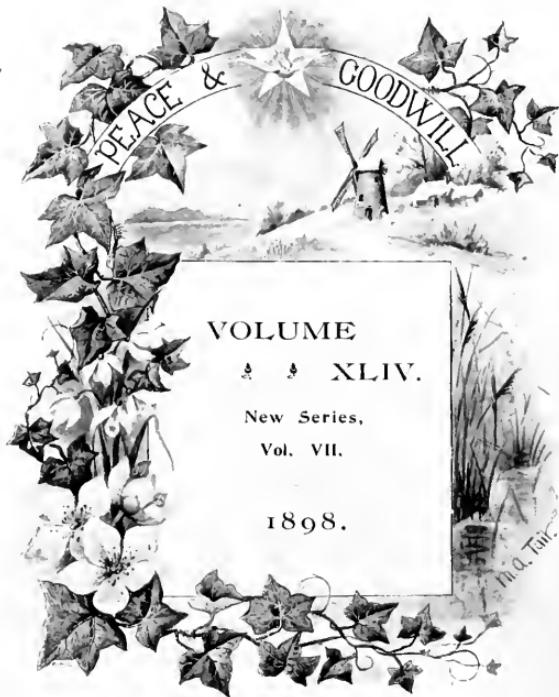


THE POWER OF FAITH.

From the Panels by George Eliot (Doulton and Co.) Photo by T. H. Edwards

Reader, December 1st, 1898.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN



"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

—Matt. xi. 28

London

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THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

EDITED BY S. WOODS, M.P.



"THE SKELETON CUPBOARD."

By AGNES E. WESTON.

ALF GAYLY was going home with a clear mouth's leave, after two years at sea. And Alf Gayly's home was worth going to. His mother was—well, she was his mother, and he thought her the sweetest woman in the world—except one, perhaps! And that was the girl he had left behind him two years ago. They would both be waiting to meet him, he knew. At last he reached his journey's end, and there stood his mother as he had expected.

"Why, mother!" he said as he greeted her, "you're looking exactly the same. I don't believe you ever will change. Did you look like this when you used to come to meet father when he was a young man, I wonder?"

Mrs. Gayly smiled a sad, wan smile. She did not answer his question, but only said,

"Ah, my boy, your mother's an old woman now."

Then All looked round for the other woman; he had hoped to see, but she was not there. "Where's Alice?" he asked. " Didn't she get my letter? Ah, here she comes!" And walking towards them was a young woman dressed in a very funny fashion, and if the truth he told, decidedly muddy.

"Well, All, so you're back! I hadn't reckoned it was so late—I'd have been here sooner."

All looked each other wonderingly. He and she had known each other since they were children, and had long "kept company." Yet somehow to-day she seemed not at all like the same girl he had parted from two years ago. But all three went on to Mrs. Gayly's green-shuttered house, and very soon they were sitting round the table at tea.

Then came the telling of yarns; and after that, All went out with Alice to see his home. To his surprise, they had not gone before the girl suggested that she was in no hurry, and that she was very thirsty. Shouldn't they turn into the bar of the "Three Keys," and have a drink? Alf was not exactly a teetotaller, either he was a drinking fellow; nevertheless, when "his girl" asked him to treat her on his first arrival home he could not find it in his heart to refuse. So they went in, and when they came out Alice's face was just a little more flushed, her voice just a little louder than before.

It was on the last night of the old year, when he and his mother were alone in the dear old room, that All spoke of something that was troubling him.

"Mother, I'm in rather a fix," he began, "and I don't know what to do. Will you tell me if you've ever heard anything against Alice? She doesn't seem the same as she used to be, and it troubles me."

Mrs. Gayly's face looked grave. "Alf, my boy," she said, "I've been waiting ever since you came home for an opportunity of saying this. I didn't want to interfere between you and Alice, but I couldn't see my sonmarred by a woman who would drag him down. Alice is fast becoming a hard drinker. She's not the wife for you."

Alf grew angry. "Well, mother," he said, "you are a queer one to tell a fellow that he mustn't stick to the girl he's kept company with for years. But I guess if I marry her she'll soon get over that."

Mrs. Gayly was on difficult ground, and she knew it. She was almost at her wits' end for a way to put the mother to it that she should see it aright. Suddenly a look of compassion came into her face. "Alf," she asked abruptly, "did you ever hear where your father was?"

"Why, dad, didn't he?"

"Now, he's alive." The mother spoke as if every word was a stab pain. "I don't know you sometimes wondered why you never saw that cupboard open? I'll tell you to-night, in the last dying moments of the old year, a story I never thought to tell you at all. I meant it to die with me."

"When I was a young girl I lived in Crenwell, and your father lived in the same village. We kept company for a long time before I went away to sea, and he was as good and steady a young fellow as you'd wish to meet. But when he came home after his first voyage he was just a little too jolly. I asked him, for the love of me, not to get into drinking habits, and he promised he would not. But when he came back after his next voyage to misery me I saw he was worse instead of better, and I told him straight out that I wouldn't marry him unless he'd sign the pledge."

"Well, he did sign, but he broke it again the next week. Then he said to me, so pathetic-like, that I'd give it up if I would marry him, and at last I said I would marry him at once. Our first few weeks were very happy, but after a time he had to go away again to sea, and before he came back you were born."

"When you were only a few weeks off his ship came into Plymouth; and as I knew about the time the ship was expected, I thought to surprise him. But he surprised me. I went down to the dock, where the

veesels came in, and waited with you in my arms to see the crew come out, thinking to show you to him at once. But the men all came off to the jolly, and still he did not come. At last a couple of policemen marched to the vessel, and I watched for their return. When they came they had a man handcuffed between them. That man was my husband—and your father. When he passed me I could not move—I seemed tied to the spot; but he looked across, and I saw him start.

"I only saw him once more in his cell before he was transported, as men were then, to Australia. He had mutinied whilst under the influence of grog which he had stolen, and had killed one of his superior officers. He was tried for manslaughter and mutiny, found guilty, and transported for life.

"I shall never see him again, and I wanted your life to be free from all knowledge of the shadow over us. But this is the terrible trouble that made me an old woman while I was only a girl, and I have told it to you that you may see what happens to the man or woman who marries a drunkard. In that cupboard are all the letters of my father's—no, few letters from Australia; he was tried for manslaughter and mutiny, found guilty, and transported for life.

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PROFESSIONAL BETTING.

By JOHN HAWKE, Hon. Secretary of the National Anti-Gambling League.

THE betting question is really in the hands of the British workman. What will he do with it?

You say, Why in his hands? Because the practice has got such a hold upon the country that it must become a great political question, and with the present suffrage the British workman

HAS THE LAST WORD;

most emphatically so when he can ally his vote with that of the thinking portion of his richer neighbors.

Listen! The Heir to the Throne, many of the Peers, Ministers and ex-Ministers, Privy Councillors, leaders of society, Members of Parliament, and others, whose examples are always more or less followed, are indirectly or directly mixed up with the professional betting system. One of its most pronounced theoretical advocates apparently was the Chairman of the London School Board; there are many members of what is called high society so directly involved with the bookmakers that they cannot get free. No less a person than a Prince is credibly reported, publicly in the press by name, and without contradiction, to have

LOST £10,000 IN ONE BET.

Some of the bookmakers make much larger incomes than a Lord Chancellor or an Archbishop, and leave fortunes of £100,000.

The system is corrupting the administration of justice; at all events, in the lower courts. It is paralyzing much of the work of the executive authority. Magistrates some time ago were found to declare that the Stewards of the Jockey Club were unaware of the professional betting in Newmarket rings. Another Bench fought hard to prevent a case going up to the judges for an authoritative decision. Some sections of the police force are much corrupted by

ENEMIES OF BOOKMAKERS

and bookmaking publicans. Individuals in the force very often upon the street betting men. The profits of these men are so great that they easily stand briars and lies as trade charges.

From information derived from the wife of a late Postmaster-General, and from the late Secretary to the Post Office (Sir A. Blackwood), the writer can state that a large majority of the embezzlements by Post Office servants arise from the temptations held out by the professional betting system. In another Government department its very printing machinery was found to be

USED FOR BETTING CIRCULARS.

sent out by one of its own clerks, acting as a bookmaker.

The governors of gaols and their chaplains tell us that a very considerable number of the inmates owe their fall to betting. The records of the Bankruptcy Courts reveal the same source of trouble. Mr. Justice Grantham stated in court last winter that betting and bookmaking was the cause of more crime and misery than anything else in the land. A knowledge of these things has been filtering into the public conscience during the last few years. Members of Parliament are beginning to recognize the gravity of the situation, and to determine that it must be dealt with.

Of the millions of money lost annually in bets, probably a full half now comes out of the pockets of the working classes.

POCKETS OF THE WAGE-EARNING CLASSES.

The loss of money is certain to a man with a family, whose every shilling could find several ways of employment, but beyond this there is the want and distress which so often ensue. And there is a further harm in the incapacity for steady work brought about by this betting excitement.

A WORKING MAN'S LIFE BECOMES A HELL.

But do not leave it here. Think of your fellows whose attention has not been called to the depth of the evil. Persuade them to help you in your efforts. If this system of gambling is stopped it means utter rotteness, corruption, and ruin. The factories, the workshops, the mines, the railroads, the tramways, the stores, and the shops seek with longing; half the public-houses lie by it; the highways are infested by its votaries. Your women and children even are taking to it in increasing numbers. The bookmakers have brought down the amount they are willing to receive as a deposit on bets, so as to snare the smallest purses.

It is the turn of the British workman to say if he will

Working men, never bet.

sterly crush these devouring hordes. In order to do so, no vote must ever be given in affection to a local body or to Parliament for an upholder of the betting system, or even for a waiver upon the subject. In several local assemblies betting men now sit, and in others hold a dominant influence. You will have for once Church and Chapel unitedly with you. The Convocation of Canterbury has passed.

A STRONG AND UNANIMOUS RESOLUTION

upon the subject, and the Free Church Congress has spoken with equal decision. Will you join with all that is best in the privileged classes of society in saying that, even if not willing to fetter the liberty of the subject by passing laws, you will not stand by in making a wager upon another; you will insist upon the abolition of the vile trade of professional betting, which is responsible for nine-tenths of the betting in the country, and upon heavy penalties being placed upon temptations held out by the press in the prophecies of their tipsters and the publication of the betting odds?

You will reap one great benefit in the ultimate reduction of burdens now spent in our enlarged workhouses, lunatic asylums, and prisons. Another in the eminently-arranged means available for sustaining the legitimate plots of labour; and, further, you may be sure that you are not only striking at a system which creates an unhealthy and demoralising appetite for risk, which kills "the willingness for honest work, but at a system based upon lying trickery, and deceit, disgraceful to a great nation to tolerate any longer.

It is more possible that the tenure of England's supreme position depends upon the firmness of the grip with which you take this demon by the throat.

DOING OUR BEST.

DR. SMILES says, "In consequence of scamped work tunnels fall in, iron bridges give way, reservoirs burst, houses are left half finished, and drains are left untrapped." Shoddy material is now used without any misgivings, whereas our forefathers could not be prevailed upon to use such rubbish.

Mr. Ruskin says, "That will do," or, as they say in the workshops, "That's near enough"; are phrases of much contempt, not used by the conscientious builders of the Middle Ages, or by those never would have reared the cathedrals of our land—those noble structures of "chiselled masonry," built by men who put religion into their work. The Egyptians knew of no such expression as "That will do," or they never would have built the Pyramids. Genius work elevates the worker, and spurs him on to higher attainments. Bad work exerts an evil influence on all who come in contact with it."

Sydney Smith says, "Let every man be occupied in the highest employments of which he is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best."

WHY SHE GAVE UP HER PORTER.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"YOU see, mum, 't like this: tectorial is all very well for them as haven't got to work, but I must have my drop o' porter big lar. I couldn't get along with my washing noways without it. There's a wonderful stay, you know, in a real good pot o' porter; it heartens a body up wonderfully."

Kitty Green had her broad red hands on her hips, as she deserved herself of this unmerciful argument in praise of her laudable housework. Her visitor—Lady Wink—had visited her for years, but had always failed to convince her of the wisdom of total abstinence—*beginning to think that Kitty was indeed hopeless.* She had clearly in mind to tricmph her beloved drab, and obstinately enough she clung to the delusion that it really gave her strength.

Not that poor Kitty was to be blamed much for believing what she had been taught from her babyhood. Plenty of folks who would have despised Kitty as "figurant and low," were not better informed themselves regarding the nature of malt liquors, and were innocent enough really to suppose that they were swallowing "liquid bread" in their glass of beer. They had never heard, or they quite forgot, that some of the very hardest work in the world is done, and done best, without the aid of intoxicants.

She called attention kindly with the lady of the wash-tub for a few moments occupied by her husband and children, and then took her leave. She had lost her pitch-fork book in despair, for she never expected to register Kitty's name in those pages. What was no surprise, therefore, to be met the next time she called with the astonishing announcement, "I've drunk my last pot o' porter, mind, I have, and that's a fact! Never—no, never—shall anybody make me touch another drop."

"Why, Kitty, whatever has happened to make you alter your mind so quickly?" asked her visitor. "I am delighted to hear you say you have done with porter, though I can hardly believe in you. I thought you couldn't do your work without it?"

"Then the work will have to go undone," responded Kitty very decidedly. "I'll drop down fainting I will, or I'll chuck it all up and go inter the Houses before I'll drop a drop of that stuff do down my throat again."

"Did you read—?" began her bewildered friend, but she was abruptly cut short.

"Did you read—no, I didn't read nothing—ain't much good reading, but—I read—and what I didn't like, and don't mean to again in a hurry."

Puzzled than ever, Kitty's visitor began to wonder what dreadful sight of the disease of strong drink Kitty had encountered to make such a determined teetotaler of her so suddenly—some drunken brute, perhaps, thrashing his wife or driving his children out of doors. But it was nothing of the kind.

"Katy, wimp the dripping suds from her hands," I had my pot last night, as usual—sent for it from over there at the 'Three Crows,' and very good I thought it was—more fool I to drink it. I enjoyed my supper and smacked my lips mightily till I got to the bottom, and there—what do you think I saw?" and Kitty wrinkled up her face into such an expression of horror and disgust that it was evident she had a very vivid recollection of the odious spectacle which met her eyes at the close of her evening meal. "But her visitor could not even make a guess.

"Why, there, mun," went on Kitty, laying great stress on each word, "there, right at the bottom of the pot—would you believe it?—as a great, thick, thumping, shiny beast of a black slug!" After that, says I, no more porter for Kitty Green. "Give me such a turn, I just flung the pot clean across the kitchen, and it pitched in the coal-scuttle with a clatter as frightened the cat out of her wits and sent the dog howling after her. I picked it up presently, with the tongs—and to think I'd been 'drinking' out of it—and I carried it across just so to the 'Three Crows,' and I says, 'Look here,' says I, 'that's a pretty sort of a mess to send to a respectable customer!' No more o' your stuff for me, and no more o' my money in your till, my fine fellow!" But the porter only grinned, he did, and he says as low the pots were all turned down in a row on the bar, and he signed the things crawled into a nice cool place for the night. Ugh! They're all dead now, every pot in the public house if there's jets, for Kitty Green ain't a-goin to catched drunken out o' ten sp'it!"

"It was a queer reason for becoming a teetotaler, wasn't it? But, at all events, it gave Katy a good start and a thorough disgust for the drink, and very soon, no doubt, she discovered what a wise decision she had made. It is so hard sometimes to convince people, even with all our many good reasons, that drink is a bad thing for them, and it takes such a very long time to do it, that we feel inclined to cry, 'Wanted, a few more black slugs in publicans' peevish pots!'" LUCY TAYLOR.

THE REV. BERNARD J. SUELL, B.A., of London, in a recent sermon to young men, said:—"There is a step descent on one of our southern roads, and down this descent an incautious young man rode on his cycle. He lost control of his machine and was killed. After the mishap had been done, a board was erected, with the words, 'Notice! This hill is dangerous to cyclists.' Now, if such a warning were to be affixed to every place by means of which a young man was ruined or slain, we should see over the door of every public-house in the kingdom the truthful warning, 'Notice! This house is dangerous to young men!'

** THE HOME WORKSHOP. **

By MARK MALLETT, I.—A Useful Table.

It is apt to fail. But we shall not attempt to make them. We



FIG. 1. The Table.

can do without fine joints, as we shall presently see—we shall be contented with making the upper surface of the top fairly level. Fig. 1 is a plan of the top as seen on its under side; three lengths of board (*a*, *b*, *c*) are shown as forming it.

These boards are fixed to a frame, the pieces of which are marked *d*, *e*, *f* & *g*.

They are of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. board, 4 in. wide, and are screwed together at the corners. The curved hollows in their lower edges may be readily cut out with the knife. The boards of the top are screwed down upon them.

Next in importance to the top of a table are its legs. Ours are $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and 26 in. long. As shown in section at *d*, *d*, for a thickness of 2 in., the board would be strong enough, though less firm. Fig. 3 shows the slope to which they are cut. They are secured by the frame as low as *e*. They are fixed by screws driven through the top boards, and by others driven through the frame pieces.

In fig. 1 we see how they are further strengthened by cross-braces, the position of which is marked by the dotted lines at *g*, *g*, (fig. 2). A part of the upper side of one of these braces is shown in fig. 4. These braces are strips of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. board, 23 in. wide, and 29 in. long. Slits are cut in their ends to receive the legs, so that where they cross in the middle each is cut half way through, which allows them to be in the same plane; they are screwed together, and to the legs (see *f*, *g*).

And now we have to make an ugly-looking bold-top table. We get a piece of American leather-cloth, which we

stretch tightly over it. The cloth is drawn over the edges, and secured below with tacks. Then we take strips of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wood, 1 in. wide (*b*, *b*, fig. 3) and screw them to the top, keeping their upper edge slightly higher than the Fig. 4. Cross Brace, of the leather-cloth, to prevent any small rounded object from rolling off the table. Being only screwed on, these strips can at any time be removed should a new covering of leather-cloth be needed.

So far as carpentry goes, our table is now finished, though we may improve its appearance by cleaning, or otherwise staining it, by polishing or varnishing it. At some future time, perhaps, we may talk of these processes; but at present we must be content with carpentry. It will be noted that by our method the work is wholly fastened together with screws and with leather-cloth glued. Screws can be driven just where they are wanted, and are easily taken out; and they allow the pieces to be put together and taken apart again, often as may be desired—a great advantage. Whether our screws show we use those with round, projecting heads, and these, if they are arranged in an orderly manner, become an ornamental feature; besides, we wish honestly to show the construction of our work.

The worker should provide himself with glass paper, and should use it freely for smoothing down surfaces, and neatly rounding off projecting edges and corners. This impers tool feels render it of much more importance to him than it is to the regular workman.



FIG. 2. Table-top (underside).

* * Next month Mr. Mallett will give practical instructions and diagrams for making some useful HANGING BOOKSHELVES.

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT CRICK MILL.

By C. N. BARHAM.

IN the dark hours of the morning before New Year's Eve, through snow which melted while falling, half the population of Ashridge hurried to Crick Mill. For an operative to be five minutes late meant a loss of £10 per hour.

Crick Mill was under new management. On Christmas Eve Jabez Hardrox, who originally a weaver, had built up the business, was injured, and his son, Walter, was now a manufacturer in his own right. It was a responsible position for a young man, only six months from Oxford; for Jabez, a widower, had given his only son the education of a gentleman. Walter's ambition was to follow a literary career; but to please his father he entered the works, which were now his own.

Crick Mill was the making of Ashridge, and its undoing. The old manufacturer never forgot his early days of pinching poverty, and he applied his lesson remorselessly. Hard at it, and always at it, was his motto; and he paid according to his nature.

In other towns hours were shortened, and wages increased, for operatives combined, so forcing the hands of employers; but there was only one mill in Ashridge, and the result was a showing of ever-increasing pauperism. During those six months in the counting-house, Walter Hardrox's heart was sore for the unfortunate under his iron rule. But now that the opportunity to do good came to him, the way was hedged with difficulties. Times were hard, and there was the bugbear of German competition to be reckoned with.

The manager of Crick Mill was Abel Dean, an elderly man, who had been with his employer since boyhood; and who loved the young master as if Walter were his own son. He too hoped that some change for the better might be made. "The poor creatures are not well treated. We con their blood, and send them adrift when they are squeezed dry. They know it, and so lose self-respect. That makes them fly to drink, women as well as men. It has been a poor policy, and we have lost thousands by it; though I can't persuade the master." So he would say to his wife, but his grumblyings went no farther. Abel did his duty to Jabez Hardrox, and was equally ready to serve the new owner.

The work went on as usual until nearly evening, when one of the girls, Emily Dawkins, fell fainting across her machine, and it had not been for the woman who worked beside her, she would have been caught and crushed by the revolving belt. Abel Dean was summoned, still, although his knowledge of the girl told him the truth, but he was equally ignorant what had happened.

"Why, maester, the girl was fainted; and so broke down. It takes all her wile to keep her master, and she doesn't get enough to eat. Her father was killed in this mill four years ago; and we'll all go the same gate. The young master rolls in money, as we work for and don't get, the oord 'an is dead, and a good riddance." The woman who had snatched her fellow-worker from doom, spoke fiercely, for the iron had entered into her soul; and also, as Abel was aware, she had shily nerveless herself with Dutch courage.

The manager turned away; it was useless to reprove the virago, so he thrust a few shillings into the poor girl's hand, and sent her home in a coddle. This done, he went across to the master's house.

Walter Hardrox was sitting alone, in a room no better furnished than was the manager's own best

parlour. An open letter and a closed Bible lay upon the table.

"You have come on business, Abel, sit down!" the young man said, as the manager entered; and he pointed to a chair to be seated the former.

"Abel Dean told his story pointedly, in few words.

The owner of Crick Mill listened with downcast eyes. His dark handsome face was drawn, as if with pain.

"This must be altered, our hours are too long; we will open at seven, and close at five, with half-holiday on Saturdays. The change will pay for itself in light."

"And in work. The poor creatures are so sleepy and cold in the mornings, that nothing is done before breakfast!" Abel said eagerly.

"One of the stereo-rooms might be fitted up as a dining and tea room. It would be a boon, this bitter weather," Walter said.

"And a paying one; for it has been the drink at noon, and drink at tea time, to loss of time. The 'Angel' across the road, has cut profits down sadly."

"And, Abel, in future all shall be piece-work, with

carefully considered in the House of Commons, and the result was the passing of an important Act of Parliament, known as the "Employers' Liability Act, 1880." Although this Act marked a new epoch in industrial legislation, and was in many respects fruitful in diminishing strain and exertion, and exercising good and wholesome restraint on negligent and careless employers of labour, yet experience has shown that it was very imperfect, and did not put into the teeth of the case.

In consequence of the unsatisfactory character of this Act the working classes, who alone are affected, being guided and directed by their Trade Unions, have never ceased to agitate for an alteration of the law. The Trades Union Congress, which is the central and most powerful representative body of organised labour, has passed resolutions on this subject every year at its annual congress, and in every way possible has used its influence to this end. By this action public opinion has been enlightened, and as a result, for several years past the Liberal party have adopted this part of the labour programme as one of the planks of their political faith. As an evidence of good intention, and in fulfilment of their promise, Mr. Asquith, M.P., on behalf of the Liberal party, brought in an amended "Employers' Liability Bill" in 1893, which would have satisfied the aspirations of the working classes, and no doubt settled this contentious question for many years to come; but, unfortunately, although the Bill passed the House of Commons after prolonged and searching criticism, when it reached the House of Lords it received such intimation that on its return to the House of Commons it was dropped by the Government, at the instigation, and with the consent, of the Labour Members in the House.

The present Government pledged themselves to the electorate of the country, at the last general election, that if they were returned to power they would deal in the early stages of their legislation with the question of "Employers' Liability." On the 3rd of May last the Government redeemed their promise by introducing not an "Employers' Liability Bill," but what they term a "Workmen's (Compensation for Accidents) Bill," which is a very different thing. On its production the Bill was carefully examined with the deepest interest. In some quarters of the House it was looked upon with great suspicion, but by the Labour Members generally it was regarded as introducing a new and novel principle in our industrial legislation, and therefore as far as it went it was welcomed.

THE MAIN POINTS OF THE BILL.

To begin with, the Bill enunciates a new principle, hitherto unknown to our English legislation, and generally following the precedent laid down in the German law. That principle is, that compensation should be provided for all accidents occurring in the various employments by the employers of labour. The Bill as first introduced, with one exception, laid down this principle; but during its progress through the House of Commons, during the Committee and Report stages, and worse still, in the House of Lords, this principle has been considerably modified.

In the second place, the Bill provided that no compensation shall be paid in any case of disablement for the first two weeks. This, it may be noted, will exclude thirty-three per cent. of the cases of accidents occurring on the estimate of the Permanent Relief Societies.

In the third place, the doctrine of "contributory negligence" by the workman is still retained in the Act, although this principle was not in the first draft of the Bill. This contentious point was insisted upon by the House of Lords, and it is to be regretted that it will be the most irritable point in the Act. It will probably give rise to more litigation than all the other clauses put together, and will be a fruitful source of depriving workmen of their legitimate compensation.

In the fourth place, the registration of Friendly Societies has power to certify schemes for "contracting out" of the Act, but it is interesting to notice that two important conditions must be insisted upon. (i) The employer who wants his men to contract out of the Act must give benefits equal to those which the Act provides, viz., one-half of the weekly earnings during periods of disablement, and £150 in case of death by accident. (ii) The "contracting out" of the Act must not be made a condition of hiring.

In the fifth place, no employer will be allowed to escape his liability by sub-letting his work to a contractor.

In the sixth place—and this is deeply to be deplored—the Act is limited to certain specified trades, viz.: Mining, Railways, Engineering trades, trades under the Factories Acts, and to certain parts of the Building and Shipbuilding trades.

There is no finality about this Act; indeed, it was admitted during the discussion of the Bill, that it was introduced purely as a novel experiment, which could be extended in years to come either by the present or some future Government, and doubtless this suggestion will be taken advantage of in the near future.



"Abel Dean told his story pointedly."

wages at the town rate, and a ten per cent. profit sharing at the end of the year. That will encourage thrift, and run up the out-put."

"Oh, sir," the old man cried, "this is Christianity. It is doing as you could be done unto."

"No," was the reply, "it is only business."

As Abel Dean rose, he asked, "When will these new rules come into force?"

"To-morrow, for it is New Year's day!" Walter Hardrox answered.

When the mill owner entered his works on the following morning, he, for the first time in his experience, heard the men whistling, and the women singing rhythmically to the beat of the machinery. The New Year had opened auspiciously.

THE WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE question of compensating workmen who meet with accidents while following their ordinary employment in this country has long been a complex and thorny subject.

From 1862 down to the present time various Governments have attempted to deal with the matter, sometimes or otherwise. At the first their efforts were of a somewhat slip-shod and unsatisfactory character, but subsequently, owing mainly to the frequency of colliery explosions, and railway and other accidents involving great loss of life, this important subject has received much serious attention from the legislature.

In 1879 and 1880 the question of "Employers' Liability" in connection with industrial accidents, both in regard to civil damages and criminal liability, was

FIGHTING THE FLAMES.

IT is a cold, cheerless night—so cheerless and cold that a policeman pacing his beat looks up half enviously to where a bright light in an upper room sets him wishing that he, too, might be going to a comfortable bed, instead of having to tramp the London street till the chill dawn of morning brings him relief. But somebody must watch while others sleep.

He passes on, crosses the street, and then looks back at the bright window. Why, is it brighter than ever? That girl must be there still. A lump! It is!—Yes, it must be—Fire!! With a loud yell he is across the street again, hanging at the door, blowing a small whistle, and shouting his loudest. In a few seconds another policeman appears, and finding what is amiss, rushes to the street corner, where is one of the familiar red fire alarms. Breaking the glass, he pulls the knob vigorously, and in an incredibly short time a fire engine comes dashing up, its load of bright-helmeted men urging the horses to a mad gallop in their eager haste to fight the flames.

The men leap off the engine. They have brought with them the latest appliances that modern skill has devised for battling with their enemy; and while some are preparing these for action, others are looking to what is always the fireman's first duty—the saving of life. Many of the inmates have managed to escape from the house, and they are standing, doored and bewildered, in the street; but the firemen, finding that there are still supposed to be people in the blazing building, boldly rush in amidst the fierce flames and blinding smoke.

By this time a crowd has collected, and a shout goes up when a minute later the fire escape appears, helped along by dozens of willing hands. It is quickly planted against a window of the burning house, and scarcely is it fixed in position when two of the firemen are seen at the window, one with a child in his arms. To run down the escape with the little one—who, even in her terror, keeps tight hold of her pet horse—is the work of a moment. Another minute, and the fireman is back again at the window, holding a woman—the mother of the child. His journey thus far alone to the ground is not so easy, but it is safely accomplished; and when

the little one is clasped to its mother's breast, the crowd cheers, as only an English crowd on such occasions can.

The house is empty now, and all the firemen's energies are directed to the work of putting out the flames. It is a battle royal, but the firemen are trained to it. They seem to be everywhere—on the roof, on window ledges, on the narrowest and driest of places. As near as they can get to where the fire is fiercest, that is where you will always find the firemen, and there they will remain until their enemy is cowed and beaten.

Truly it is dangerous, desperate work, and the brave fellows who are engaged in it literally hold their lives in their hands. At their headquarters in Southwark there is a roll of honour, which contains the names of a score of their



Off to the Fire.



Desperate Work

comrades who have perished at the post of duty. There is room on the roll yet for many names more, and every man in the brigade is ready at any moment to lay down his life and go with the next place on that roll if the need arises. Yes, they are grand fellows, and they well deserve all the honour we can give them. But what of the men who are on the outside? For what makes the mailman dare the pulling of a handbell, a fire alarm at a street corner, at any hour of the day or night, hung—in a space of time that can be counted only by minutes—a fully equipped fire engine to any part of the vast metropolis? Let us see.

To begin with, London, for the purpose of the fire brigade, is divided into five districts, in each of which there are thirteen stations. When the knob of the street fire alarm is pulled, it sets a bell ringing in the nearest fire station. If it happens to be night, the man on duty at the station pulls a cord, which sets more bells violently ringing in the dormitories where the firemen sleep. In less time than it takes to tell, the men are out of bed, i

ness and heartiness with which they carried out every order of the drill-master. They seemed fully to realize that they were engaged in a serious business, and whether it was raising a suddenly helpless comrade from the ground to his shoulders, or pulling him from window-shutters, or effecting gallant rescues from burning fires by life-line and hook-snip, or getting a engine and hose to work, it was all done with a right good will. In the course of a chat afterwards with one of the men about the work, I remarked on its dangerous nature.

"Well," he said, "I suppose it is dangerous, but we never think of that, though we do have some narrow escapes at times. Have you seen our museum?" "No? Come then."

And he took me to a spot where battered brass helmets, shreds of cloth, and other touching mementos were displayed—all mutely eloquent of the brave deeds of real heroes.

"A man has to be strong, active, and brave to be a fireman," he remarked as we turned away.

"And kind," I added, looking back at the pathetic evidences of noble self-sacrifice and devotion to duty.

"Yes," he said, with a smile, "and kind, too." M.



A Brave Rescue

into their clothes, and on to the engine, the men (two are kept at each station) are off, and in something under ten minutes from the moment when the policeman pulled that magic knob at the street corner, the engine is on its way to the fire. If the call comes in the daytime, the engine is off in thirteen seconds.

At the chief station the start is managed still more quickly, for there they keep ten horses in the stable, two of which are always on duty; that is to say, they stand ready harnessed, with their heads to the stable door, so that when an alarm comes the animals are released by the undoing of a single hook, and immediately take their places at the engine.

Judging by what the giant dogs do with which they fight the flames, firemen must be very rough as they are ready, but they stand revealed in another light when they are seen risking their lives to tenderly carry little children, or even dumb creatures, from danger to safety, or when it is known that their care for their horses is such that by an arrangement of pulleys the weight of the harness is lifted from the animals on duty in the stable.

I went to visit the firemen at Southwark a few days ago, and spent some time in watching them at their drill. It was interesting to note the earnestness with which they carried out every order of the drill-master. They seemed fully to realize that they were engaged in a serious business, and whether it was raising a suddenly helpless comrade from the ground to his shoulders, or pulling him from window-shutters, or effecting gallant rescues from burning fires by life-line and hook-snip, or getting a engine and hose to work, it was all done with a right good will. In the course of a chat afterwards with one of the men about the work, I remarked on its dangerous nature.

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I.—LORD ARMSTRONG. By F. DOLMAN.

LORD ARMSTRONG is most widely known by the gun to which he has given his name. But it is not as a great expert in the science of war making that his life and career have their best and deepest interest; and the view which makes him as merely the inventor of more efficient implements of carnage, does an injustice to one of the most remarkable men of our time. Lord Armstrong is a great scientist; in fact, the grand old man "of science"; and when the time comes for summing up his work, it will doubtless be found that the making of guns was not its most important feature, although the one which has most engrossed popular notice.

As a boy Lord Armstrong was so delicate that for long periods at a time he had to be confined to the house. His father, a prosperous corn merchant, and highly respected citizen of Newcastle, was always gratified to find that the boy patiently bore his imprisonment, passing the long winter days with numerous toys. Whenever he visited his son's room he generally found him engaged in contriving to turn these toys to some mechanical purpose.

When the weather was sufficiently genial, father and son went into the country together on fishing excursions; and fondness for this sport—which has clung to Lord Armstrong throughout his long life—led to his first invention. It was an improvement in the tackle whereby the bait was made more effective. Parents are often the last to recognise the exceptional talents of their children. Mr. Armstrong never supposed that these things indicated a powerful scientific mind, and before his son was out of his teens articled him to his friend Mr. Donkin, a prosperous solicitor, who, being childless, wanted a successor in his business.

Lord Armstrong wasted ten years in the study and practice of the law. Nearly all his leisure, however, was given to the study and practice of science. Mechanics, electricity, engineering—these were hobbies which residence in Newcastle greatly favoured; but although only hobbies, they were never far from the heart of his thoughts. One day he was fishing a stream in Deepdale. The fish would not bite, and, tiring of the poor sport, Lord Armstrong went for a stroll along the banks of the stream. In a few minutes he came up to an old water-mill, and watching its work as he passed, the thought occurred to him—what a small part of the force of the water is really used in turning the wheel! What an economy of power would be obtained if only it could be concentrated in a single column of water! This was the birth of the idea which led to the invention of hydraulic machinery—an incident which deserves to take its place with that of Newton's apple and Watt's tea kettle.

The young solicitor cut short his holiday and returned to Newcastle in order that no time might be lost in putting his idea to a practical test. At a friend's engineering works he began a series of experiments which culminated in the erection of the first hydraulic crane on Newcastle quay. The cost of this had been jointly borne by his senior partner, Mr. Donkin, and three other friends; and as soon as its success was practically assured they started in business together as mechanical engineers, under the style of Armstrong and Co. A second invention was soon the service of the first engine for the generation of electricity. This had been suggested to Lord Armstrong by two or three workmen in a local colliery, who told him that whilst they were adjusting the safety-valve of an engine hoist, sparks of fire shot out and electrified their fingers.



Photo by

Lord Armstrong.

John Worsnop, Rothbury.

For some time, however, few people could be induced to believe in the money value of these inventions, and the young firm had a hard struggle to make headway. Of course the principal burden of this struggle fell upon the working partner, Lord Armstrong. For fifteen years—from about the age of thirty-five to fifty—he never took a holiday, and he would often stop all night at the Elswick Works, with only a few hours interval for rest. Lord Armstrong is a great believer in the doctrine that it is "worry, not work, which kills"; and looking back at the age of eighty-seven upon a life of hard work he can certainly claim to be a living monument to its truth. But then, how many of us can find in our daily labour the absorbing interest of the inventor's? Apart from these feverish bouts of work Lord Armstrong will tell you that he has always lived regularly and temperately, and to the last, rather than to the inherent strength of a constitution which in boyhood threatened to break down entirely, the long life and continued good health of the distinguished scientist must be attributed.

Then came, shortly after the Crimean war, the improvements in ordnance, and at a later date the amalgamation between Armstrong and Mitchell's shop-building business. When prosperity did come, it came by leaps and bounds, the employers began to number themselves by thousands—the number now fluctuates, with the state of trade, between ten thousand and fifteen thousand—and almost before he could realise it, Lord Armstrong found himself the richest man in Newcastle.

It is characteristic of the man that even at the age of eighty-seven he has not entirely suspended his life's work. All the electric light apparatus, machinery for the water supply, etc., at Cragside—his beautiful house at Rothbury in Northumberland—have been erected under his personal superintendence, and when any little hitch occurs, or some repair is needed, "my lord" is immediately consulted by the engineers. The laboratory, with its equipment of electrical and other instruments, is one of the most important rooms in the house, and here Lord Armstrong will frequently spend an hour or so working out some train of scientific thought, or practically testing some new theory put forth in the scientific world. Truly, he must be admired as the Gladstone of science.

PLAIN TALKS TO PLAIN PEOPLE.

I.—THRIFT AND HAPPY MARRIAGES.

ANDREW ARNOLD lived in an old-fashioned house at St. Benet's in a Midland county, where he had been born fifty years before. He took great pleasure in his garden, was charitable to the poor, and did all he could to make things as pleasant and healthful as possible in the little town where he owned a large water-mill. People who came and went said that the place was quite a model of its kind, but the master of the water-mill was not satisfied. While he sat in his garden on a certain warm spring evening he asked himself if he was really doing all he could for the more than five hundred working people who were found in St. Benet's.

"I've done them some service," he said to himself, "but suppose we were to have some friendly talks together about everyday things which concern us all?" Andrew Arnold then looked at the great old barn which stood on one side of the court-yard of the house, and

which tradition said had been put up in the days of Cromwell. Warm in winter and cool in summer, that should be turned into a meeting-place.

When he set about carrying out what was in his mind, Andrew Arnold found that it answered better than could have been expected. By way of beginning, about three hundred young working people, as well as some who were older, and their wives, were invited to a tea.

"I've thought you together," said Mr. Arnold when tea was over, "for the sake of talking to you about the thrifl which leads to happy marriage, but I hope that you will also speak to me. I shall be as interested in anything that you may have to say as you may be in anything I may say to you."

Hereupon Will Speedwell rose in his place, Will being known as one who well used the leading literary which Mr. Arnold had founded.

"Knowing what our conference was to be about to-night, I collected a few sayings which I hope may give a good start," he said, and then he read these out to the whole company—

"To make a good wife is certainly necessary to complete man's happiness."

"All things being favourable, it is well to marry before 40. Be careful, however, for 'tis the choice of a wife, as in a project of war, to err but once is to be undone for ever. Then further: 'tis choosing a wife one ought not to trust much. Each should choose for himself, so that it is well to advise none to marry or to wait."

Will sat down, and then Ben Trulove rose, "I like Will Speedwell's sayings," he said, "but I hold that no one marries becomes wiser takes a wife before he has a proper home. Thrift means hard, honest work, and making the best use of gains."

"Very true," said Mr. Arnold. "I quote again that while youthful days are the spring-time of life, I judge eight always to be the companion of love. I am sure," he added, "that our happy-looking young friend Bosie White will second what Ben Trulove says about thrifl. Have a home before you take a wife, for grinding poverty may become a damper even to love. In marriage, timely care is the only thing to save you from too late regrets."

There was a cheer, and then Jack Peters seemed desirous of saying a word, and as a ploughman who could make the straight furrow among all competitors within twenty miles, Jack I'd ready listeners.

"It strikes me," he began, "that people are poor or well off according to how they see what they have. Ignorance is a great waster; a bad cook will cost more than a good one, while she will try your patience and temper into the bargain. Thrift means buying things to the best advantage besides using them well. Why should working people pay more for coal and food than others? A thrifty wife is a good contriver who is continually gaining some advantage to surprise and encourage her husband."

"You are quite right, friend Peters," said Mr. Arnold, "and the best girl you can find will be sure to improve in the wearing. What only pleases the eye will not wear long. Your wife should suit both your means and your faith, for to be equally well will make amends for a humble cottage and small means. Depend upon it, you must be agreed as to your aims; living long will not make up for short peace. Then, contentment is a jewel which will even light up a dark place. Do not despair life by passing joys or sorrows, a summer day or a winter night is not a sample of the year."

Will Speedwell again rose in his place. "I should like to say that I was never really well off until I found a good wife to look after me," he said. "By dividing what we had, each of us seemed to become as rich again as we were before."

"This proves that a good wife in a good economist," rejoined Mr. Arnold. "She is so for her husband's sake if he is rich. Economy is wisely using the best things until they are made the most of. You may be mean without saving, and spend without profit. All must be used to the best advantage, trusting in God. At the best you all expect to have your share of trouble in the world?"

"But there are two sorts of trouble, that which we make ourselves, and that which God sends," said Jack Peters.

"That reminds me," continued Mr. Arnold, "that a man's wife should be his best earthly comforter. While they are of the true nobility who overcome evil with good, they who complain most often do more than anyone else to spoil their own lives. True enjoyment may often be spoiled by having too much to enjoy."

At this point Mr. Andrew Arnold's first conference came to a close. As others, having other subjects, were to follow, it was encouraging to find that those present generally were so far interested that the attendance promised to increase rather than fall off.



WHAT WILL YOU DO IN HEAVEN?

A GOOD many years ago, when stage-coaches still ran an excellent old clergymen, who had made a keen observation of the world, was travelling on the top of the coach from Newmarket to London. It was a cold winter day, and the coachman, as he drove his horses over Newmarket Heath, poured forth such a volley of oaths and foul language as to shock all the passengers. The old clergyman, who was sitting close to him, said nothing, but fixed his piercing blue eyes upon him with a look of extreme wonder and astonishment. At last the coachman became uneasy, and, turning round to him, said, "What makes you look at me, sir, in that way?"

The clergyman said, still with his eye fixed upon him, "I cannot imagine what you will do in heaven! There are no lures, or couches, or saddles, or bridles, or public-houses in heaven. There will be no one to swear at, or to whom you can use bad language. I cannot think what you will do when you get to heaven!"

The coachman said nothing more, and they parted at the end of the journey. Some years afterwards the clergyman was detained at an inn on the same road, and was told that a dying man wished to see him. He was taken up into a bedroom in a loft, lying round with saddles, bridles, bits and whips, and on the bed, amongst them, lay the sick man.

"Sir," said the man, "do you remember speaking to the coachman so horridly as much as he drove over Newmarket Heath?" "Yes," replied the clergyman. "I am that coachman," said the man. "I could not help being afraid telling you how I have remembered our words. I cannot think what you will do in heaven." "Again and often, as I have driven over the heath, I have heard these words ringing in my ears, and I have flagged the horses to make them go over that ground to it, but always the words 'I cannot think what you will do in heaven'" have come back to me. I cannot think what you will do in heaven."

We can all suppose what the good master said to the dying man; what the words apply to every human being whose chief interest lies in other things than doing good and being good, and who delighted in doing and saying what is evil. There is no money-making in heaven—there is no promotion—there is no gossip; there is no idleness; there is no misery; there is no detraction; there is no envy. "I cannot think what you will do when you go to heaven!" Let these words ring in our ears, and tell us as we read that nothing except goodness gets us into heaven.

1898.

THE NEW YEAR comes, what shall we write theron?

Each one of us must strive to do his part
Stan not the snowy page with thoughts of sin,
But ask God's help with a believing heart.
The pages turn, then fill them one by one
With records of a day's work nobly done.

THE NEW YEAR.

JANUARY 1st is no more necessarily connected with the beginning of the year than any other day. The New year is not a day more or less than another. There are no bad days—all days are good, but some days are better than others. "Write it on your heart," says Loverton, "that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday."

There never was a time when the days were so rich as they are to-day. The days now bring to us all more gifts and more fruits than they did to our fathers and grandfathers. They come laden with the spoils of time,

the wealth of the ages, the inventions and discoveries of man, the triumphs of art and literature. Whatever it may be called in the almanac, try to make every day a New Year's Day, for the happiest things in the world are happy days, and the great art in life is to make them as important as one can, and to have as many of them as possible." — *J. Finch.*

THE ROMANCE OF COLONIZATION.

"If Indian history finds comparatively few readers in the present day, it is certainly not because the facts which make up that history are void of interest." So says Mr Alfred E. Knight, and he amply proves the assertion in his delightful book on our great Indian Empire, entitled "India," recently published by Messrs S. W. Partridge & Co., as one of their "Romance of Colonization" series, price 2s. 6d.

Whoever likes to read of battles and sieges, of mutinies and risings, of imprisonments and escapes, of Oriental treachery and British pluck, of plots and counterplots, whoever, in fact, relishes a story that stirs the blood and makes a man glad that he was



Vasco da Gama interviewing the Indian Potentate.

born an Englishman, will find much to his taste in the pages of this fascinating volume. We heartily commend it to our readers as a capital gift for youths and young men. It might find a place in every village library. We reproduce above the frontispiece to the book

Temperance Truths.

"WE shall abolish the Income Tax," said a political agitator the other day. His forlorn appearance suggested the idea, "Why not abolish the OUT-Go Tax?" "What is that? Listen! On one occasion a deputation waited on Lord John Russell, respecting the taxation levied on the working classes, when the noble Lord wisely remarked, "You may rely upon it, that the Government of this country durst not tax the working classes to anything like the extent to which they tax the rich in their expenditure upon intoxicating drinks."

JOHN FROTHAM says: "The ale-jug robes the cupboard and the table, starves the wife and starves the children; it is a great thief, house-breaker and heart-breaker, and the best possible thing is to break it to pieces, or keep it on the shelf, bottom upwards."

"OF all vices, drinking is the most incompatible with greatness," said Sir Walter Scott.

"I ONLY spend sixpence a day in beer; that's nothing." Quite so, my friend, it is only nothing to *you* at the end of the year, but it's just nine pence two and sixpence to be laid out at the "Green Dragon."

"MAN'S power to work," says Dr. Norman Kerr, "both with brain and muscle, is not increased but rather diminished, by drinking alcohol."

FOR BRAVERY!

THE editor of THE BRITISH WORKMAN has much pleasure in announcing that he intends to offer

A SILVER MEDAL

to the British Workman who performs the bravest deed during this year.

Acts of self-sacrifice and heroism are by no means rare amongst the toiles of Great Britain, and the Editor will feel obliged if any of his readers who may witness such acts, or hear of them from reliable sources, will communicate the facts to him.

The Medal will not be awarded until after the fullest enquiry has been made into every case reported to the Editor.

If it can be arranged, the presentation of the Medal will be made on the occasion of a public function in the town or village in which the recipient resides.

This offer must not, of course, be regarded in any ordinary sense as a competition; but the Editor hopes there will be an honourable emulation amongst his thousands of readers for the distinction of being the first *British Workman SILVER MEDALIST*.

Correspondence should be addressed to the Editor at 9, Pateroster Row, London, E.C.

CLEARING THE AIR.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"In our little town, famous for its filthiness, I am distributing the good old *BRITISH WORKMAN* at the rate of 3/- per year. Such work must assuredly in some measure help to clear the air of the drunk fog that has so long darkened this neighbourhood." Undoubtedly it must!

Now, who will undertake a similar work in other neighbourhoods? Are there not, in various parts of the country, at least ONE HUNDRED ABSTAINERS able and willing to expend half a sovereign each month in the purchase of copies of "The British Workman" for distribution in their own districts? Who can tell the good that might be effected by such an effort as this?

For ten shillings per month a parcel of 150 copies of each issue of "The British Workman" will be sent, carriage paid, to any address in the United Kingdom. Orders should be sent to the office of the paper, 9, Pateroster Row, London, E.C., addressed to Messrs S. W. Partridge and Co., who will be glad to hear from anyone willing to help in this matter.

IN THE POULTRY YARD.

THOSE of our readers who keep—or intend to keep—fowls, may be glad of the following hints—

WORKING fowls are considered the best variety. They are good layers, the eggs are rich and large, and the hens are as good and useful fowls as anyone need wish to have.

CLEANLINESS in a fowl-house is an indispensable requisite.

THE fountain for water for your birds should be refilled twice a day, and if pans are used, as is necessary sometimes when boiled food is given them, these pans must be scalded out at least twice a week to prevent the foul becoming sour, and so causing illness amongst the fowls.

KEEP out damp. A warm, comfortable house tends as much to the regular supply of eggs as does proper feeding, but both are absolutely necessary.

PORCHES about 12 inches square should be nailed round your fowl-house, not too far from the ground, and sufficiently strong to hold a good-sized, heavy bowl.

An egg-box, divided into four or five compartments, should be placed on four bricks (to keep it from the damp), as nests for your fowls to lay their eggs in. Clean straw should be placed at the bottom of each compartment, and, when necessary, replaced.

IT is very necessary, when a fowl-house is occupied, to throw in pieces of old mortar to the run, and also some small gravel. The former assists in the formation of shell, the latter is necessary for digestive purposes.

GEORGE DAWE'S EXAMPLE.

BY MABEL QUILLER COUCH

A GROUP of men stood outside the "Blue Boar" gossiping, a donkey and cart were drawn up in the roadway, while under the eaves lay a dog. George Dawe, the owner of the donkey and cart, had been drinking beer out of a pewter pot, and was about to pay his score. The other men were arguing in the unkind, unsavory way of men who have nothing to do, and nothing much to say. One or two of the younger ones stood around listening; old John Barable stood listening, too, though he occasionally put in one or two remarks.

The subject of conversation was wife beating. "Well," said George, loudly, as he returned the pewter pot, wiped his mouth with his hand, paid his due, and prepared to resume his journey, "I can say honestly I never so much as lays a finger on my wife nor my children either." He spoke braggishly, as though his was a record to be proud of. "I don't hold with men striking things weaker than themselves. If women and children is managed properly, a man never has to do

wildly enjoying himself, stopped and looked at them, then he looked up and down the road. Not a soul was in sight, as far as he could see. He went nearer, his dog at his heels, then, at a sign and a word, the dog vanished quietly into the woods. Acting unconcerned, George sauntered on a little way beside his donkey. Presently the dog came out with a rabbit in his mouth. George took it from him, and hid it in the brambles in the hedge, then he sent the creature again. Again the same thing happened, after which George tied the dog under the cart, mounted into it himself, and drove off, barking the donkey freely.

Squire Sarsden was one of the most generous and kindly-hearted men existing, but he liked to give what he had to give, not to have people coming to help themselves to his.

"Look here, Dawe," he said, as George was about to mount for his homeward journey, "put in these two rabbits for your young missus. I daresay she'll find a use for them with all those youngsters to feed. I am always glad to give them to honest folk; 'tis the idle, loafer scoundrels, who, rather than work, come and break down my hedges and fences, and help themselves to my

winkled, at his accuser. "Who stole the Squire's rabbits?" he said cheekily. "Fine man you are to talk of honesty! I only followed your example."

All words died on George's lips, his cheeks blanched; he could not possibly frame a denial. He stood there a disgraced man, shamed in the eyes of a child. The situation hurt him acutely, for he was not accustomed to feeling mean and small. But he did not realise even then the horn he had done the boy.

He had nothing to say, he hadn't even the presence of mind to bluster, and defy the boy; he could only walk away, leaving Tommy the victor, and not only that, but feeling more pleased with himself at having "bested old George Dawe," as he said, than ashamed at his own wickedness.

Time passed on, and George saw Tommy Parsons develop from a roister of her roosts and pony-trotting yards, by quick stages into a professional pauper.

Reprimes dogged him. "Nobody knows where his example ends," he said sadly, one day when he heard that Tom Parsons had been arrested for poaching.

"No," answered his conscience, "if you had only had the courage to confess your own sin, that example might



"You always was a wonderful managing man, George!"

no more than speak to 'em—that's my own opinion.' "You always was a wonderful managing man, George," said old John Barable gravely, though his eyes were twinkling—"a wonderful good example to other men."

George coloured, he never knew quite how John meant his speeches to be taken.

"I can manage as well or better than a good many as is older than me," he said huffily, and turned to his donkey. Savagely tugging at the poor brute's mouth, he hit it cruelly three or four times across the hook with the thick stick he carried.

"How about not striking things weaker than yourself?" said John Barable. "You ain't above hitting poor dumb beasts. It's lucky for us the Lord don't look at things the same as you do. That donkey's a noble beast compared with some of them, and if the Lord was to rain down thunders on us where we deserve them, as you do on that poor thing when you don't deserve 'em, there'd be some backs as would never be smot."

George snorted again, and getting into the cart, drove off. He was on his way to Squire Sarsden's to get a sack of apples the Squire had promised him. His way lay along a road which ran by the Squire's woods, in and out the fern and grass, rabbits popped continually. The place seemed alive with them. George, who was walking now beside his cart, with his dog running about

property, that I judge them to. And these fellows never have a good word to say of me, either."

George had the grace to feel and look ashamed as he took the gift from the Squire, but he had not the courage to say a word, and the Squire put down his awkwardness to a pleased embarrassment. On the way home George stopped to pick up the rabbits hidden in the hedge.

Two days later he was furiously angry. Indignation and rage boiled in his breast till he could hardly contain himself. Somebody had been in and stolen some of his chickens. He knew, for he had counted them many times, and meant to have sold a good few of them the following week.

George's indignation and disgust at such wickedness knew no bounds. And when a neighbour told him that Tommy Parsons had been seen coming out of his garden late at night, nothing, he vowed, should stop him from halting the boy off to the nearest magistrate—Squire Sarsden.

When he was brought face to face with the boy his rage was increased at finding he was not only not at all frightened or impudent, but cool and unconcerned.

"Impudence," George called it. "What do you mean, you young rascal?" he stammered, "by taking what doesn't belong to you? I'll teach you a lesson, and you'll thank me later on for saving you from the gallows."

Tommy looked up impudently, and winked, actually

have had as good results as your false pride had bad ones. Now it is too late. No one knows how far his example for good or ill may reach, it often outlives us, and rises up against us for our glory or our curse."

DO YOU WANT A BIBLE?

Any reader of THE BRITISH WORKMAN who sends 5s. 6d. to Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row, London, E.C., will receive, by return, carefully packed, and *arrange post*, a parcel containing EIGHTY COPIES of this magazine, and also

A Beautiful Half-Guinea Bible.

Besides the Authorised Version, the Bible contains a BIBLE BLADER'S MANUAL, or AIDS TO BIBLICAL STUDY; a CONCORDANCE; an INDEX TO PERSONS, PLACES, and SUBJECTS of the BIBLE; SIXTEEN FULL-PAGE PLATES AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS; SEVENTEEN COLOURED MAPS, with index, and a BIBLICAL GAZETTEER. The Bible is clearly printed in large type, and beautifully bound in soft, flexible leather, with overlapping edges. It is without doubt the cheapest and most perfect Bible ever offered to the great mass of Sunday School and Mission Workers.

Readers wishing to avail themselves of this unique offer are asked to send to Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. AT ONCE.



No. 74, New Series

A NEW RECRUIT

(Drawn by G. NICOLL)

HOW TIM McEVoy SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

A TRUE STORY.

YOU never saw Tim? Well, I'll describe him to you. Just picture a great fellow of six feet two, broad shouldered, with bright blue-grey eyes and dark hair, that but for the ministrations of the batty barber would assuredly have taken charge of Tim—it grew so fast and strong.

Tim was a gunner in my old battery of artillery; but, alas! a gunner in name only, for after six years service he knew just as much, or as little, as he did on enlistment. But don't think Tim was of no use to us, for, what with his knowledge of horses and his great strength, he was invaluable on the march. Tim was a brave, big-hearted fellow too, for when the dreaded scourge of India was playing havoc with our troops in '82, 'twas Tim—God bless him!—who first volunteered to help me in nursing our comrades. God in His mercy spared some, and if they are to the fore to-day, I know they must often think of and bless Tim, whose bright Irish spirit was ever cheering them up.

But Tim had a failing—one that was more prevalent in the Army than then now, he could not leave the drink alone. At the time I wrote of I was secretary to Our Soldiers' Home in India, and although I was for ever "pestering" Tim, as he called it, I could not get him to sign the pledge. So, unfortunately, he was never many days at a time out of trouble, often serious trouble, too; for if ever a man was mad in this world it was McEvoy when in drink.

Well, Tim went from bad to worse, until the commanding officer determined to get him discharged the service as incorrigible. Just at this time the Russian scare was giving our troops food for work and talk, and orders were arriving daily for their movement to the front. Every man was anxious to go, and the day that our battery was included in the marching order list was a day never to be forgotten. The news quickly spread, and later on that same day, after I had finished at the orderly-room, and was going to my quarters, I met the picket of a line regiment, and in their midst was our Tim, a prisoner, and on the way to the guard-room. He had, to use his own expression, "but drinking confusion, ten times confounded, to the Rousians, and all the other nimmes of Ireland, mind ye that." I need not here explain how I managed the affair, but in a few minutes Tim was safe in my room, having a strong cup of tea, while I—well, I must confess it!—was cracking my sides laughing at his description of what he intended doing to the tallow-candle eating spalpeens when he laid hands on them, bad cess to their interference.

It so happened that on this night we were to have a grand concert in the Home. By the time I was ready to start Tim was nearly sober; and, after promising to sing "Norah, the Pride of Kildare," for his special benefit, I got him to come with me.

Amongst the speakers was Major T—, whose wife, a beautiful lady, accompanied him. Their hearts were full of the men and their well-being, here and hereafter. That night the Major excelled himself, and while the beautiful colour came and went on his wife's sweet face, he told us of his courtship, and of how, on the eve of his first leaving the old country for Malta, he not unnaturally asked his sweetheart for a parting kiss. But, to use his own words, "although she loved me truly, fondly, and I knew it, she refused, saying, 'No, dear, I cannot kiss lips that know the taste of wine. I love you—God knows how much—but you must choose between my kisses and the wine-cup.'"

He made his choice, and signed the pledge; and ever since had tried to help others to do likewise.

"Now, boys," said the Major, in conclusion, "most of you have either wives or sweethearts. Those of you who are not already abstainers, join to-night, if only for the sake of the dear girl you call, or hope to call, wife."

This, and much more, said the Major, afterwards calling on me to say a word or two, and then sing. Well, up I got, and, looking straight at Tim, I asked the lads to come up and sign. I think the Major must have seen the look on my face as I glanced at Tim, for, bending over his wife, he whispered something to her, when she turned to me, and asked me to get McEvoy up on the platform. I did ask him, but he only shook his great shoulders, saying, "It's no use; I've bin too long fiddlin' around to stop it now."

"Nonsense, man," said the Major. "Do you know that at the academy, and in the mess, I was the champion fiddler, as you call it?—and you see I stopped it."

"Faith, Major, an' it's meself that's after thinking ye was fairly bribed to do that same signur"; and, begorrah, if a colleen with the purty face and the kissin' lips of your lady there—more power to her!—was to tempt me that ways, Tim McEvoy, from the Curragh, Kildare, would be after signing all the pledges in the secretary's book, an' that's a fact!"

For a moment you might have heard a pin drop. First we looked at the Major, whose face was a study, then at his wife, whose gentle face never lost its sweet, kindly look; and last, at the great, big soldier, who, now that he had spoken, seemed as if he wished the floor would open and swallow him up.

Just then something happened that held us spell-bound. Every eye was turned to the Major, who was whispering to his wife. What passed we did not know, but presently the Major spoke.

"Gunner McEvoy, come up here on the platform at once."

Thoroughly sobered and subdued, up marched Tim—his forage cap in his hand, his great blue-grey eyes full of a deep contrition as he looked over at the Major's lady. At last, Tim stood on the platform facing us, the beau ideal of an artillerist—strong, neat, and clean in his white clothing. Another minute, and Mrs. T— had risen from her chair, and going over to Tim, put her two hands on his shoulders, looked up in his honest, rugged face, and said—

"McEvoy, you know how anxious we all are that you should do well and get on; you know you promised your old mother in Newbridge to give up the drink. See McEvoy, I will kiss you, as you just said you would have your colleague do. Sign now, like the brave fellow we know you are, and may God bless and help you, McEvoy, for His name's sake." And, as she finished speaking, she raised herself on tip-toe, and kissed him on the cheek.

Have you ever heard the blue-packets on an English man-of-war cheer? Well, they're not in it! And then, as Tim was led over to my table by the Major's wife, and signed, with trembling hand, the little ticket from my book, I'm not ashamed to own that tears, which no pain could bring to the eyes of either Tim or myself, coursed down our cheeks. There were but few dry eyes in the dear old Home that night, and many of us, as we knelt at our cots to praise God, blessed His name, and from our utmost souls thanked Him that He had sent such sisters and brothers amongst us as pretty Mrs. T— and her husband the Major.

I have left the Service now; but not long ago I was at Aldershot, and called in at the Home there. You can guess pretty well my delight at beholding, in the leader of the Bible class for that night, my old comrade Gunner Tim, now Sergeant Major Tim—or "straight" Tim, as his men love to call him.

What a power there is in a kiss! Mothers, try it with your boys!—wives, with your husbands! So much more is gained by kindness than in any other way; and there are many Tims amongst us still.

IT MATTERS MUCH.

IT matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure.
But whether I lived an honest man,
And held my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,

It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare.
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,

It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land, or on the sea,
By purling brook, or 'neath stormy wave.
It matters little or naught to me,
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,

It matters much!

OUR SILVER MEDAL.

WE are relying upon the help of our readers to make our offer of A SILVER MEDAL "For Bravery" as widely known as possible. Every working man in the kingdom is eligible for this unique distinction, and we want it to be known all over the country that we are offering a SOLID SILVER Medal to the Bravest Workman in the land. Full particulars of the offer were given in our January number, copies of which may still be obtained through any bookseller.

"REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY!"

By CHARLES HILL, Secretary of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association.

IN conversation, the late Sir Charles Reed once said to the writer, "There are two great objects I wish to work for—one is to spread a knowledge of the Scriptures, and the other is to maintain the institution of the Sabbath." And those who remember the work of Sir Charles Reed know also how earnestly he laboured for both objects till the close of his life.

The Sabbath Day is an incalculable blessing to all classes of society. It is

A DIVINE GIFT FROM GOD

to all mankind. Its observance is one of our most important duties. Its enjoyment is one of our greatest privileges and benefits. It is not a Jewish institution, neither is it a Christian ordinance. It belongs to both Jews and Christians alike, and existed ages before either Christians or Jews were known. It is the oldest institution in existence. It even preceded marriage. It is coeval with the creation of man. At the beginning of man's existence on earth "God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it." To "bless" and to "sanctify" is to set apart for a holy purpose. That "seventh day" was the first Sabbath. God rested on that first Sabbath to teach mankind by example.

No set of nation, can lay special claim to the Sabbath. It belongs to all sets and all nations and all classes alike. God in His infinite wisdom has made all men to need rest. With this need, He has appointed the night for rest after the day's toil, the Sabbath for rest after the week's toil.

God has also endowed the human race with a spiritual existence, a consciousness of a future life, and we need the Sabbath rest on earth to prepare for that life. The observance of the Sabbath is—

A duty we owe to God.

A duty we owe to ourselves.

A duty we owe to our neighbours.

It is, however, not a penance, or infliction, or sacrifice, but an incalculable boon and benefit.

No exercise should be mere, beneficial, more restful, or delightful, than to devote a special portion of our time to the service of Him who is the author of every blessing we enjoy. To think of His greatness, to contemplate His wonderful works in the heavens and in the earth, to worship God in the family, in secret, or in the House of Prayer, are amongst the

GREATEST DUTIES AND PRIVILEGES

we have to perform and enjoy.

Sunday observance is also a duty we owe to ourselves as well as to God. It is a great benefit to our bodies and minds, to rest one day in seven from our ordinary working day employments.

One day in seven is one week in seven weeks, one month in seven months, one year in seven years, seven years in forty-nine years, and ten years of Sabbaths in seventy years.

And if men work at bodily or mental toil seven days a week, either from greed of gold, or from the pressure of competition, or unjust employers, they will as certainly SHORTEN THEIR DAYS

and destroy their buoyancy and enjoyment of life, as they do who work far into the hours of night when they ought to be at rest.

It has been asserted that the proper observance of the Sabbath lengthens life by seven years, and the eloquent words of Lord Macaulay in the House of Lords should never be forgotten. He said, "While industry is suspended, while the plough lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as any process which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines, is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labours on Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporal vigour."

THE LATE MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, the eminent naturalist, has also in beautiful language shown the value of the Sunday from the rest point of view. Writing in March, 1886, he said—

"I am now working from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., and then a bit in the evening—fourteen hours a day; but, thank God, it does not hurt me. I should, however, collapse if it were not for Sunday. The machinery has time to cool, the mill-wheel ceases to patter the water, the mill-head is ponded up, and the superfluous water let off by an easy, quiet current, which leads to things above."

And not the least of the services rendered to his country has been

MR. GLADSTONE'S EARNEST WORDS on many occasions on this great question of Sunday observance.

In 1869, from his seat in Parliament, he said—

"The religious observance of Sunday is a main prop to the religious character of the country. . . . From a moral, social, and physical point of view, the observance of Sunday is a duty of absolute consequence."

In 1876, in a letter to the writer, he said :

"I have in the course of a laborious life, signalized both its mental and its physical benefits. I could hardly overstate its value in this view, and for the interest of the working men of this country, alike in these and other yet higher respects, there is nothing I more anxiously desire than that they should more and more highly appreciate the Christian day of rest."

In June, 1897, he writes :

"I adhere with ever growing strength to the opinions I have many times expressed on the subject of the Lord's Day Rest."

The observance of the Sunday is also

A DUTY TO OUR NEIGHBOURS.

The Sunday question is wrapped up in that Golden Law uttered by Christ when He said, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." If we rest from labour on Sunday, we should be careful not to take away the rest of our neighbours. If we should not like to work on the Sunday, we should not require others to perform unnecessary work for us on that day.

Acting on this principle, we should avoid the Sunday excursion, the Sunday train or bus, the Sunday newspaper, the Sunday post, Sunday tea-tasting, and the Sunday market. Many of the pleasures and occupations pursued on the Lord's day rob thousands of working men, women, and children of their much-needed Sunday rest, and

THE BETTER CRY OF MANY TOLERS,

deprived of the rest of the Lord's day by thoughtless picnickers and money-making companies, can be heard in many directions.

Lord Beaconsfield once said, "Of all Divine institutions, the most Divine is that which secures a day of rest for man. I hold it to be the most valuable blessing ever conceded to man." It is the corner-stone of civilisation."

His lordship was right, and we appeal to all classes to help in the great struggle to preserve the Day of Rest.

••••

FOR THE PRESENT !

A CLERGYMAN was travelling one day in a railway carriage in company with a number of young men who were entire strangers to him. Helpless of his presence, they pursued in indulging in the most obscene and disgusting language.

When the clergyman arrived at his destination, and was about to alight, he very courteously took leave of his ungodly-looking fellow-passengers.

"Good-fellow for the present, gentlemen," he said, as he roused his hat.

"For the present ? What do you mean ?" they asked.

"Well," he answered, "you see, I am the god-chaplain, so no doubt we shall meet again !"

EASY to make, handy to have, and a thing which may readily be rendered pretty as well as useful, is a small set of hanging bookshelves. In our design, fig. 1, the boards of the back are shown cut to an ornamental outline. In the usual case this can be easily done with a sharp pocket-knife, helped by a few judicious cuts with the saw, and smoothed with one of the admirable glass-paper tools. We also propose to show our work, which will make it stand up against the wall on which it hangs with greater effect. If a plain set of shelves should be preferred, it is, of course, easy to substitute straight lines at top and bottom.

Fig. 1, which gives a full front view, is what is known as an elevation. This does not give so good an idea of the appearance of the shelves when finished as a perspective drawing might do; but it is more useful to the worker, since it shows the exact proportions, and allows every part to be carefully measured in. This, as well as fig. 2, is drawn to a scale of 1 in. to the foot.

Fig. 2 shows one of the side-pieces of the shelves, and the worker will do well to begin by cutting these side-pieces. They are of 3 in. board, and as we may see from this figure, 63 in. wide by 21 in. long. The notched lines at *a* & *b* are 3 in. apart.

And now as to the shelves themselves. We take four plain pieces of 3 in. board 73 by 22 in. The surfaces and fronts of these, as well as of the side-pieces, should be neatly smoothed down, and the sharp point angles taken off, with glass-paper; to make glass-paper work with truth on level surfaces and straight edges, if it is well to wrap it round a bit of board.

If our shelves were on a large scale, and intended for heavy volumes, we should support them by screwing a strip of wood

MEN are not to be trusted, evidently, and especially railway porters. And so when we send off our boxes and parcels we are careful to warn all and sundry who may have to do with them that they must be extremely careful about our belongings, and not bang them and toss them about, or shoot them down from giddy heights, or treat them like cricket-balls and footballs. We know how they treat other people's luggage, and we know how they will treat ours too; unless we are careful to warn them with our "Fragile—with care!"

But what a melancholy reflection it is that we should have to be so much on our guard against the untrustworthiness of others ! It certainly does not speak well for average human nature. In a rightly-constituted world we should never need to caution our fellows by word and label ! It seems as if people are perfectly ready to knock other people's belongings about in a way that they would never think of serving their own. And why do they do it ? Just to save themselves a little trouble, just to get through their work a little more quickly, just to show how strong they are. There is still, I am afraid, a general dearth of room in the world for better mood and fairer dealing.

A little bit of forethought, however, goes a long way, and while it takes but a moment or two to write the warning label, it is likely to save much future heart-burning.

Of course, people who write cautions of this sort will be most careful to tell the simple truth. I have heard of some unscrupulous persons who have labelled articles which were absolutely unbreakable as "Fragile." This is a clear lie, and they knew it. To break a law of God to save a parcel may be smart, but it is not God's way. Like all common law which boldly declares a seat in a railway compartment to be "engaged" when it is not, which also declares a carriage to be full when it could easily hold another—that false label saves comfort and property at the cost of a damaged conscience.

Have you ever noticed how fragile nearly all our best things are ? The more costly a thing is, the more fragile are its parts. Your fine chin, your precious carvings, your beautiful furniture are not at all hard to break, and there is a moral in all this, for it tells us how very slight a hold we have on our valuables, and how soon we may hear of their fracture and loss.

Now, while we are labelling this packet and that, let us not leave the more important things unlabeled. Partiality here is altogether bad. There are some mortal labels which we must be careful to affix to people as well. Only it must be for our own conduct and handling rather than that of others.

For instance, there are some of our friendships which require exceedingly careful handling. Most connections between ourselves and others are brittle, and, therefore, easily broken. If we treat our friends as roughly and carelessly as some porters treat the boxes they handle,

THE HOME WORKSHOP.

By MARK MALLETT. II.—Some Hanging Bookshelves.

against the side piece beneath them at each end; but as it is, this is unnecessary. Two 1 in. setsaws, driven through the side-pieces into their ends, with the curves driven into them through the back boards, will give sufficient strength.

Hall-in-head should be used for the back, and matching-head may be used for the cross-bars. As the back-heads project 1 in. beyond the side pieces, the latter are altogether 3½ in. wide. Fig. 1 shows them as made up of three lengths—the middle one 35 in., the others 21 in. long. Their outer front edges should be neatly rounded off with glass-paper. They are screwed with flat-headed screws, driven with flat-headed screws, to the back edges of the shelves and side-pieces. Flat-headed screws should be recommended, as they do not show ; where they do not show ; where they do show, as in fastening the side-pieces and shelves together, round-headed screws should be employed.

Having finished, and put it together, we may pull our wood-work to pieces again and again, as often as we like, without fear of damage. Flat-headed screws should be used where they do not show ; where they do show, as in fastening the side-pieces and shelves together, round-headed screws should be employed.

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If our shelves were on a large scale, and intended for heavy

"FRAGILE—WITH CARE!"

BY THE REV. CHARLES COURtenay, M.A., VICAR OF ST. PETER'S, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

let us not be surprised at a sudden rupture one fine day. You may fancy that they are so sturdily that they will stand it, but the unfeeling moment is near when you will possess one friend less. As there are many people in the world who are rapacious of the best sort of friendship, you will soon find that their loss is a very serious matter. An old writer advises us to "keep our friendships in repair." Better advice is "never to break them." And this advice we shall be giving ourselves when in our minds we write over all our friendships, "Fragile—with care!"

"There are tempers which, being fragile, must be treated with care." Like a gun on the trigger, such tempers are always ready to go off if badly handled. A hasty word, a cross expression, a single exclamation of impatience, and the temper is "off." Some people would help their friends and relatives have such bad tempers, and why they themselves get it so hot. As well may the lad who pulls the string of the shower-bath wonder why he gets such a downpour of cold water on his head. There is a great deal more temper in the world than there need be, because there is a great deal more careless handling of temper than there need be. Temper, above all things, needs the warning label kept ever in sight. "Fragile—with care!"

Our principles also are extremely brittle things. They are in danger every day, and unless carefully cherished are sure to snap. There are too many devils about, both human and infernal, for our principles to be carelessly handled. And holding the most precious possessions we have, there should be a corresponding care exercised over them. We must neither allow our own principles to be touched, nor should we rudely shock those of others. It is by our principles that we build up our character, so that if our principles go, our character goes with them.

These are but specimens of the many fragile things which we should be careful about. It will be a good exercise for us to lengthen out the list for ourselves.

Let me finally address to my readers a thought which is more necessary than we should grasp. Our carelessness of fragile things and people will be found very largely to depend on the Lord's care of us. We are immensely fragile within and without. But the Lord will undertake the charge of being careful over us if we will entrust ourselves to Him.

* * * On receipt of 5s. 6d. the Editor is prepared to send to any reader of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, carefully packed, and carriage paid, a parcel containing FIFTY COPIES of this magazine and

A BEAUTIFUL HALF-GUINEA BIBLE.

For full particulars see page 8 of our January issue. Send 5s. 6d. to day to the Editor, care of Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., 14, Fleetmaster Row, London, E.C., and the parcel will be forwarded at once.

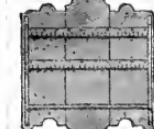


Fig. 1
The Bookshelfes.

and now as to the shelves themselves. We take four plain pieces of 3 in. board 73 by 22 in. The surfaces and fronts of these, as well as of the side-pieces, should be neatly smoothed down, and the sharp point angles taken off, with glass-paper; to make glass-paper work with truth on level surfaces and straight edges, if it is well to wrap it round a bit of board.

scraps of iron, if put in vinegar, will in a few days give the solution we want ; and wherever this is brushed over the wood, we shall see the colour turn to a jet black. After staining, it is well to tie weights on the boards to prevent warping. When dry, the pieces are polished with beeswax and turpentine.

One more thing remains to be done—strip strips should be added to protect the tops of the heads, as we see them in fig. 1. Gilt leather is sold for this purpose, but it is costly, and a cheaper substitute is desired we may cut strips of American leather-cloth. They should be about 2 in. wide. Fig. 3 shows how they may be cut so as to allow the volumes to be readily taken out or put back, and also so as to have a finished look. We fold the top under to prevent fraying, and fasten them along the fronts of the two upper shelves with brass studs.

The best way to fix our shelves to the wall, so as to make them perfectly firm and safe, is to hammer wooden plugs into the points of the masonry, and then to screw through the back-boards into the plugs. Round-headed screws should be used. Five such screws are shown in fig. 4, three above and two below. It however, the brick-work is rough and uneven, time and trouble may be saved by using brass-headed nails instead of screws, and driving them direct into the joints of the brick-work without inserting plugs. They would probably be equal to any weight put upon the shelves, but would not give the perfect security of the first-named method.

* * * *Mark Mallett's article in our next number will be entitled "How to Make a Coffin."*

THE SAVING OF THE "WELLINGTON."

BY THE REV. ALBERT E. HOOPER.

"WELL, lads, you've often had your laugh at 'Temperance Jack,' but I never had my say. Shall I spin a yarn?"

John Fisher sat down on the bench outside the sailors' lookout at the end of the jetty; and the seamen who had just come out of the "Tartar Frighter Inn" gathered in a laughing group around him.

"No person's still, Jack," cried one.

"Mayhap, and maybe not. You'll take your chance. Anyways, it's a yank of your own spinning, and the rope ought to hold. The thing I want to tell happened to me."

"Spin away, Jack."

"Well, here's to begin. I was once chief mate in the merchant service. You never guessed that!"

Several of the men whistled low and long.

"You want to know why I'm not on the blue water as master?" asked "Temperance Jack," looking into their surprised faces. "I can answer that question in one word, and the word's 'Rum!' I needn't tell you much about the way that ship's demon pulled me down: you can tell that part of the story out of your own experience, my lads. Regular allowance; an extra up in 'rd'd weather; ditto in wet; ditto, ditto with any excuse, till one stormy night it came to 'drunk and incapable'; and from that I went down fast. I reached my lowest when I slumped as AB before the mast."

"I won't give you more 'person's stuff' than I can help, because there's something in an old book which tells laugh at, against casting pearls where they're not wanted! But I must say as much as this—it was a person who told me what I ought to have had the sense to find out for myself, that Rum, to me, was Rum. By the advice of that person, and by the grace of God, I one day threw off my allowance of grog-thrasher."

The listeners drew in their breath with sympathy, and then puffed at their pipes glibly.

"If I told you chaps that I didn't have a bad time after that, you wouldn't believe me. I did. I had to fight with the devil, and I should have gone under if it hadn't been for that other truth feels laugh at—the grace of God. By that, and not because I'm a strong man, I threw the devil and got the best of it."

"Now comes the part of my story I want you to hear. Ten years ago I shipped aboard the 'Wellington' as line a sailing vessel as any about. I hadn't been aboard many hours before I knew that we might as well have been without a captain. He was a heavy drinker, and muddled from the start. The second mate was as bad, but our chief mate was a water drinker, and a line seaman, so I thought things were pretty safe. Our ship was homeward bound, and I never had an uglier passage. The weather was dirty enough, and the captain was nearly always drunk, and that made things rough for the crew. The second mate couldn't drink as he wanted to because his chief kept a sharp watch on him. But that didn't improve his temper, and let us have it at every chance."

"We had nearly got home when the swing of a yard caught our chief mate on the side of his head, and he had to be carried down below disabled. The captain was still drunk in his cabin, the weather was stormy, night was coming on, the Goodwin Sands were not far off, and the ship was in the hands of the second mate."

"He had got by giving out grog to all hands. Thank God, I'd got some money over half a dozen of the crew; and, as we made up our minds to keep our heads steady, we rowed the mate. We soon found out that the mate was drinking heavily himself, and when the darkness came on and the storm broke, he lost his head altogether. The orders he gave us we

had to obey, though we knew them to be all wrong. We lost all our masts except the stump of the mizzen; and, when it was reported that we had sprung a leak, the mate said the ship must be abandoned, and ordered the boat to be lowered."

"Then for the first time I told him that I had been first mate, and offered to navigate the vessel. But he was a rough dog, and told me to mind my own business. I did. I made up my last chance to persuade him to stick to the ship with me."

"The mate insisted on taking the unconscious captain with him, but he left the chief mate to his fate."

"When the boats put off, the 'Wellington' seemed on the point of sinking. She plunged and rolled, and every moment it seemed that she must be lost, but I

had in the centre of the meeting. Ben Trulove and his bride seemed to enliven others, until the faces of those around spoke of good cheer. Mr. Arnold proposed that they should talk about

FOLKS WORTH THEIR SALT.

There was a cheer of approval, and Mr. Hardcastle, a schoolmaster of St. Benet's, said that those who tried to do their best at school would be sure to do something worth doing in after life.

"Good men," said Mr. Arnold, "are the salt of the earth. They do good to others, and become creditors of the nation." Frank held his seat before me, his broad face glancing at Ben Trulove, and his eyes, a frank, friendly look, glancing at the speaker. A man worth his salt is the friend of women, otherwise he is her enemy. True love thinks well before it acts and before it accepts. Courting time is a time of trial and of testing. A man of worth is humble, because there are others still more worthy."

"Mr. Hardcastle rose, and all eyes were directed towards the schoolmaster. "In taking notice of boys, I find that only the ignorant are proud of their knowledge," he said. "More knowledge means less self-esteem, and more love of wisdom; and then when one goes on to speak of and to feel his ignorance, he proves himself to be worth his salt. None stumble so much as the worldly-wise and the over-confident."

"In your journey of life beware of which dugs pitfalls and then falls into them," went on Andrew Arnold. "Though often gay and lightsome, Ignorance is always a dangerous guide. The best road may have disasters, you must have for your lantern what the Bible calls wisdom and understanding. A man who knows his need is learned; he will not take dross for silver; he does not listen to flattery, and is not cheated out of the good which experience gives him. His speech is seasoned with salt, and he knows that talents misused may bring mishaps. Only the man who perseveres is worth his salt."

"I've learned that in my time. It was ten years before I could plough a furrow as straight as I can now," said Jack Peters.

"I know all about it," added Will Speedwell, looking across towards Mr. Hardcastle, who nodded his approval. "To stick at trying to do better is the only way to do your best."

"Remember, then, that only those who can persevere have really learned to work," went on Mr. Arnold. "Merely to hold on in face of difficulties is often to conquer them. Perseverance has good wages. Work, and a good deal of it, comes before winning the prize."

"There are things to be avoided, and checks must be made if there is to be healthy growth," said Robert Andrews, who was thought to be the best gardener in the district. "To grow good flowers may sometimes have to give them checks, as well as encouragement."

"A man's worth has always patches upon himself," continued Mr. Arnold. "He does not sell his good for pleasure; and he knows that free-giving is a waste of capital which will be needed later on. Honest tomes strength to labour, but hours of rest leave a bitter taste. Even giants are disabled by follies; but little weaknesses overcome make a strong man."

"What is the reason so many people make false steps?" asked Ben Trulove.

"Indecision," replied Mr. Hardcastle.

"Friend Hardcastle may be right," said Mr. Arnold. "Undecided men are like rudderless ships at sea, and they naturally go astray. They are weak because they depend too much on their own strength. The decided have clarity and a large heart, and these help to make the man. A man of generous heart, who is worth his salt, is a good master or an honest servant. His peace is not destroyed by brawling over cases. He does good by stealth, and never touches dishonest gain."

"To sum up all," Mr. Arnold concluded, "a man who is worth his salt is one who takes to hard work and keeps a clear conscience. His cheerful evenings close busy days, holidays are earned by labours which have gone before. He abstains from evil and does good. We like trees which do not bear corrupt fruit, but we are more inclined to those which yield what is good. Then, the man worth his salt always has faith in God. He may have his difficulties, but these are as mole-hills when compared with the immeasurable immunitatis of unbelief. With enough and to spare, such a man has a goodly heritage. He well knows the sterling worth of true success, and he knows that the devil's gold is always tinsel, and that his gems are all counterfeits."

"What Mr. Arnold has said is something to take home and think about," said Jack Peters.

"There is something in it for all the days of the week," added Will Speedwell.

"Get those seeds well into the mind, and they ought to grow well," said Robert Andrews, the gardener. Then Ben Trulove cast an inquiring glance at his bride, and Bessie smiled, blushing prettily when she saw that Mr. Arnold detected her in the act.

"The 'Wellington' seemed on the point of sinking."



had a small crew of willing hands, and, by continual pumping, we kept her afloat. By day light the violence of the storm abated; we rigged up a jury mast on the mizzen stump, and I navigated her into port."

"Did the boats make the land?" asked a listener.

"They were never heard of," "Well?"

"Well, there's nothing more to say except that the Company offered me the post of captain on the 'Wellington,' or a small pension; and I took the pension because it leaves me free to go about and tell lads like you how I earned the name of 'Temperance Jack.'"

PLAIN TALKS TO PLAIN PEOPLE.

II.—FOLKS WORTH THEIR SALT.

DURING the month which passed before Andrew Arnold held his next conference, Ben Trulove and Bessie White were married. They seemed to be so well matched, and their happy faces so proved the truth of what he had said about thrift and happy marriages, that Mr. Arnold was glad for them to live in a cottage on his estate, and by way of a wedding present he allowed them to live rent free for half a year. Sit-



1/6 to 1/2

Girl Workers at a Colliery near Wigan.

[Wragg & Sons, Wigan.]

GIRLS OF THE PIT BROW.

By THE EDITOR

HERE is probably no subject affecting the employment of women and girls which is more important and interesting, or about which there is less published information, than their work in connection with our collieries. During my public career I have been asked more than a score of times as to my personal views in regard to this class of labour, but up to the present I have never given those views in writing.

There are some industries in which the employment of women is necessary—in connection with our factories, for instance, and in general domestic service ; but in these modern days, when we have seen in various departments such developments of new facilities for the employment of girls and women—as in the Telegraphic Department of the Post Office, and in the workshops of the country, where many of our manufactured articles are produced—it is becoming a serious problem which no doubt will have to be inquired into, whether women's work is not seriously interfering with the employment of young men and boys, and tending somewhat to interfere with our social and industrial arrangements.

It is not my intention, however, on this occasion to say another word on the general aspect of the subject, but to speak more particularly in reference to the employment of women at our collieries. It is well known that up to the year 1858, women and girls in this country, as at present in Belgium and some parts of Germany, were allowed to work down in the coal mines ; but, thanks to our improving civilisation, and the philanthropic and human sympathies of the late good Lord Shaftesbury and other men of his type, this kind of demoralising and harsh labour has been entirely abolished by Act of Parliament.

There are in connection with the collieries in Lancashire, and a few in Shropshire, no fewer than 4,000 gals and young women employed (according to the latest published reports of Inspectors of Mines), and it should be noted that, as regards Lancashire, these female workers are employed only in the western portion of the county, chiefly at the collieries for a few miles surrounding Wigan, while in the northern and north-eastern parts of the county, women are not allowed to work at the collieries at all.

Their labour now—days is confined exclusively to the pit head, and their duties are the pulling of full tubs of coal out of the cage, the screening of the coal with long rakes, and levelling and arranging the coal when tipped into the railway wagons.

Their ages will probably vary from about twelve to twenty-two years, they are chiefly the daughters of colliers who live in the neighbourhood of the various colliery districts. They are generally healthy, good looking, and of strictly moral character, and no doubt they take up this kind of work, in some cases at any rate, in preference to going out to domestic service, or working in cotton or other factories.

The wages which they receive will vary from about tenpence per day up to, in some special cases, two shillings per day, generally regulated according to the particular class of work they are employed upon. Their working day commences at six o'clock in the morning and lasts until four o'clock in the afternoon. As a rule,

character, and on wet days I have seen women and girls, after working from early morn to late in the afternoon in a steady downpour of rain, looking—to use an old phrase—more like drowned rats than anything else I can imagine.

After these statements it must be clear to anybody who gives the matter a moment's thought, that the work of women at our collieries cannot be desirable. All who have closely studied the question, and have gained a practical knowledge of the work in which these girls are engaged, and the wages they receive, are agreed that one of the strongest reasons why this kind of labour is encouraged, is that it is low priced work, and work that comes in keen competition with male labour. Indeed, looking at the matter with an impartial mind it is difficult to assign any other adequate reason for the employment of women at our collieries, and those who carefully watch the general trend of public opinion are confident that whenever another opportunity is given in the shape of the introduction of an amended Coal Mines Regulation Act, such as the one introduced during the last session of Parliament, strenuous efforts will be made to abolish altogether the employment of women in connection with the collieries in this country.

As showing the deep interest taken in this matter by the colliery owners, it may be interesting to note that a few years ago a deputation of these pit brow girls was taken up to London to the Home Office, where the then Home Secretary had an opportunity of viewing them in their pit brow dress. This, of course, was done with a view to disarming the opposition of the Government to this kind of employment, the Coal Mines Regulation Act being under discussion at that time. Although this move on the part of the colliery owners may have had the desired effect in preventing the Government from taking a strong course in the matter, from what could be gathered the Home Secretary did not appear to have a very flattering opinion as to the suitability of the girls' attire, or the kind of employment in which they were engaged.

For the past thirty years this thorny subject has been brought before the House of Commons on every possible occasion, and the severe criticism which it receives whenever the question is raised always tends to modify the conditions of what, at the best, cannot be regarded as fit work for women. Whatever changes the future may bring, therefore, it is certain that they will be beneficial to those who are employed, for if the work is not entirely abolished, reforms will be introduced which will have the effect of greatly reducing the arduous character of the work, giving greater protection from the inclemency of the weather, improving the social surroundings of the employment itself, and making it less out of keeping with the moral and social instincts of womanhood.

they work side by side with strong men, and do the same kind of work ; but while they only receive the wages above stated, the men receive from 3s. 6d. to 4s. per day.

The nature of the work, with its surroundings, is in no sense congenial, and although during the last twelve years women's labour at collieries has been considerably lightened by Act of Parliament, yet it is by no means inviting.

The dress of the pit brow girls is peculiar, and certainly not in harmony with the feminine character. They wear as a head dress a soft bonnet, such as may often be seen in our villages, they also wear a cloth pocket (as a rule, one belonging to a brother, which has got too shabby for his use) and a pair of trousers with a neat white patch on either knee ; they have their petticoats tucked up over the trousers, so that when their dress is complete they bear a very strong resemblance to their fathers and brothers.

Of course, all work at collieries, whether performed by women or men, is necessarily of a dusty and dirty



Plates 13

Girls of the Pit Brow at Work.

[Wragg & Sons, Wigan.]



"KEEP YOUR HOUSE WELL TENANTED."

"TAKE my advice," said a landlord one evening, "as he took hold of his friend's arm, and looked earnestly into his face—"take my advice, and keep your house well tenanted. A good tenant," he went on to say, "at a low rent will answer your purpose better than a bad one at a high rent. I know something about houses. Some years ago I had a whole row of empty houses because I would not lower my rent, and a pretty penny I lost by it. It was not the rent only, though that was no triflce, but the houses went out of repair, and the children of the street broke the windows, and thieves got in at night and stole the fixtures and the neighbourhood was brought into bad credit, so much so that the premises will never be what they have been. Take my advice," he repeated, "whatever you do, *keep your house well tenanted.*"

There is so much practical good sense in these remarks that I think they may be used to illustrate a spiritual truth of much importance. They remind me of an account which I once read in a newspaper of the Palace of the Tuilleries in Paris. Owing to the changes which had taken place in France at the time of the Revolution, the Tuilleries had been left uninhabited so long that a vast colony of black and grey rats was established in the cellars of the once royal abode. Some old shoes, old hats, and sacks of potatoes, which had been left there, served them for provisions; and as a communication existed between the cellars and the river Seine, they no doubt lived a very joyous life. At last, however, these vermin made an incursion into the houses of the Rue de Rivoli close by, and the rat catcher of the capital having orders, proceeded to set his traps. This he did so effectually that on the following morning he had in his possession more than eight hundred rats. Their heads and tails were soon cut off and sent to the Hotel de Ville, that the rat-catcher might receive his reward.

The more I reflected on what the landlord had said, dear reader, the more clearly I saw that it contained an important spiritual lesson for you and me. If such bad consequences are brought about by having an empty house, how much more serious it must be to have an empty heart! Therefore, I say, whatever you do, keep your heart well tenanted.

"Better a good tenant at a low rent, than a bad tenant at a high one," said the landlord, and something like this may with truth be said of the heart. Let covetousness with sanguine riches, for example, enter one heart, and let content with poverty take possession of another, and what will be the consequence? The former will become an unlovely infestation, made more hateful by meanness, avarice, and injustice, while the other will be a home of happiness, thankfulness, and peace. Truly the heart requires looking after. No wonder the wise man said, "Keep thy heart with all diligence" (Prov. iv. 23).

The landlord spoke of thieves breaking into the empty houses; and only let pride, dishonesty, evil desire, malice, envy, or any other vice, once get into an empty heart, and you will see how soon it will be stripped, if I may so say, of every article of decent furniture. The house of the heart, if these sins are indulged in, will in a short time become worse than the Tuilleries "The hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every nucleon and hateful bird." Oh, these bad tenants play sad havoc with the hearts they get into, and if you give them notice to quit they pay no heed to you. "Keep your house well tenanted," is an excellent piece of advice.

Something was said by the landlord about the houses and neighbourhood getting into bad repute. Ah, yes! And if a heart has been once tenanted by mi-

deity, deceit, bigotry, uncharitableness, love of drink, love of gambling, cruelty, or any other evil passion, it takes a long time under the fairest circumstances to entitle the discreet.

The landlord, in giving advice to his friend, thought only of brick and mortar, lath and plaster; but his words have turned our thoughts in a higher and better direction. Let us see to our hearts, as well as to our houses; let us pray with the Psalmist, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me"; and convinced of the perishable nature of all earthly things, let us seek, through the precious blood of the Lamb and the renewing grace of the Holy Spirit, for "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

W. C.

A BOOK WORTH READING.*

"*Tyo Soga*" is the strange-sounding name of a native South African missionary, whose remarkable career has been vividly sketched by the Rev. H. T. Cousins, Ph.D., F.R.G.S., in an attractive volume recently published by Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. It is the hope of the writer that his little book "will create a deeper interest

in all habits, however much civilised men may give way to it, it is one of the most intrinsically savage. Historically, it has been the peace excitement of the lowest brutes in human form for ages past. Morally, it is unchivalrous and unchristian. It gains money by the lowest and most unjust means, for it takes a great part of your neighbour's pocket without giving him anything in return. It tempts you to think what you fancy your superior knowledge of a horse's merits or anything else—to your neighbour's harm. If you know better than your neighbour, you are bound to give him your advice. Instead, you conceal your knowledge to win from his ignorance; hence come all sorts of concealments, dodges, deceits. I say the devil is the only father of it. I hope you have not won. I should not be sorry for you to lose. If you have won, I shall not congratulate you. Recollect always that the stock argument is worthless. It is this, "My friend would win from me if he could, therefore I have an equal right to win from him." Nonsense. The same argument would prove that I have a right to maim or kill a man, if only I gave him leave to maim or kill me, if he can and will. I have seen many a good fellow minded by hating himself one day short of money, and trying to get a little by play or betting—and then the Lord have mercy on his simple soul, for surely it will not remain long."

Numerous evils arise from an "uncautious increment," but the uncautious increment resulting in gains from betting produces the worst evil of all. Ill-gained, the money, by a curiously compensating and retroactive law of human nature, will be, almost invariably, ill-spent. Its proceeds will still further debase the moral nature of the winner, lightly these proceeds have come, and

lightly, and on any mean objects which may present themselves, these proceeds will go. What wonder, then, that the habitual bettor, the man whose livelihood is obtained from the racecourse and its adjuncts, becomes the moral wreck he is? His fitful, uncertain income often fails him, and then comes the added moral harm of recourse to other, perhaps still more questionable, means of support.

The devotee of the Turf, the taker and layer of "odds," acquires an inordinate fondness for money, and, as it is said, not one straw for even the improvement of the breed of horses, the developing in them of great speed or enormous staying power; he seeks only to win money. This money he strives to acquire, not as ordinary remuneration for ordinary toil, but as the semi-magical prize awarded by chance for failure.

In the pursuit, he acquires a baselessness of heart and a lack of pity for the losses of others, which the practice of betting alone seems to engender. His own losses will recollect and bewail, but when he wins he fails to remember that his gains are another's losses.

The whole trade is pestilential, it is opposed at every point to harmony, morality, progress, honour, and altruism; and, like everything else which tends to hinder the advance of humanity, it must be swept away!

HINTS FOR WORKMEN'S WIVES.

Currant Loaf. Knead into two pounds of dough, when ready for baking six ounces of washed and dried currants, three tablespooms of moist sugar, and one ounce of butter. Set to rise, and then bake as an ordinary loaf.

Pancake Making. Always set the ingredients together a few hours before the cooking commences, for the batter requires to soak and rise. Five minutes will cook an ordinary pancake, provided the pan and butter be very lean. A small piece of fat should be put into the pan before each pancake is cooked, and if the batter has soured it should be light enough to toss in the pan. To be in perfection, these little puddings should be eaten directly they are cooked, when they will be quite wholesome, therefore continue frying while the meal is in progress.

Lamp Wicks. After trimming lamp wicks, always turn them down below the top of the tube, and you will not be troubled with the oil running over on the outside of the lamps.



A Kafir Kraal—Civilized

in the aborigines of South Africa, for whom as a nation we have a serious responsibility."

We believe the author's hope will be fulfilled, and we have much pleasure in recommending this brightly-written page to our readers. The book, which can be had from any bookseller for 6d., is well illustrated, as may be seen from the specimen of its pictures which we give on this page.

THE GAMBLING MANIA.

On the social reformer, the man or woman ardently desirous of helping the race, one of the most striking signs of the time is the sight of small errand boys, office lads, junior clerks, and other youths earning a few weekly shillings, eagerly buying the halfpenny evening papers containing the result of some horse race. Almost as significant is it to find that among many thousands of men racing and racing news form the most absorbing topics of conversation, and that the odds against a certain horse, the amount of weight he will have to carry, or the state of his health, form the chief subjects of daily conversation.

The gambling mania is, in fact, eating out the very vitals of the nation; and, alas! it seems to grow apace, although the folly of it has been the constant theme of some of the ablest writers of our time.

In a letter to his son, Canon Kingsley once said— "Of all habits, gambling is the one I hate most, and have avoided most. Of all habits, gambling it grows most on eager minds. Success and loss alike make it grow."

* *Tyo Soga, the Mojei Kafir Missionary.* By the Rev. H. T. Cousins, (S. W. Partridge and Co., 6d.)



I.—MR. J. PASSMORE EDWARDS, Philanthropist and Journalist.

By WILLIAM ROBSON

A POOR youth with an object in life, though it be but a noble dream, is more likely to do successful work than one born into a sphere of affluence. For thirty years Mr. Passmore Edwards dreamed of going back to his native county and erecting there memorials of his family which would be to his countrymen stepping-stones to a wider, higher, and happier life.

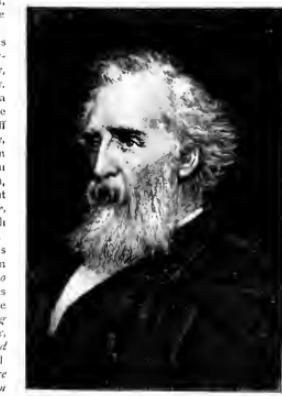
The fulfilment of this splendid purpose is now nearly complete, but it has been attained only by many a stern struggle. Though by nature a man who loves quietude, the inner fire of his character has prompted him to bear his shield in many a conflict, and happily with remarkable success.

John Passmore Edwards was born in 1824, at the Cornish village of Blackwater, where his father was a brewer. After a short experience in a solicitor's office at Truro, he accepted a position on the staff of the *Citizen* newspaper, published at Manchester. Then he came to London to work on the *Morning Star*. Later on, saving some money, he bought the *Mechanics' Magazine*, which he edited with much literary and financial success.

The after-works of his life as a journalist have been mainly in connection with the *Echo* newspaper. But his activities are not confined to this one paper. He owns the *Building News*, the *English Mechanic*, and the *Weekly Times* and *Echo*, and oversees them all. He once owned the *Hampshire Independent*, the *Southern Echo*, and the *Salisbury Times*, but sold all three, as he does not approve of owning papers over whose policy and opinions he has no control.

One would imagine that such intense application to business would leave no time for philanthropic work, but with Mr. Edwards this is not the case. Side by side with strenuous commercial endeavour he has always had in hand some large-hearted scheme for the good of others. We may quote, in confirmation of this, his own words when speaking on the subject recently to an interviewer. "I have lately seen," he said, "the realisation of my dream of thirty years. Every member of my family will be kept in the memory of the Cornish people by institutes in their midst which are intended to brighten and widen the horizon of their lives. Five years ago I intended to build a little institute in Cornwall and a convalescent home in the same county in memory of my mother. But the Ferens bequest to aid in the provision of free libraries set me thinking, and in each town I have doubted the Ferens bequest of £2,000, so as to make the building of the libraries possible, and, of course, I have given books to stock them. The Truro Free Library was the twelfth institution which I have given either wholly or in part. But they are not all libraries. At St. Ives there is an institute built in memory of my uncle, and it was the superintendent, though a Wesleyan, of a Church Sunday-school. The building is, appropriately enough, a Church building dedicated to a Wesleyan. As nearly as I can tell, the cost of all this has been £20,000, but I did not intend to say anything about that."

We may add that a year or two ago an important announcement was made by the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall, to the effect that Mr. Passmore Edwards had requested him to announce that in addition to his other gifts, he was prepared to provide public libraries at St. Ives, Helston, Penryn, St. Austell, Liskeard, Bodmin, and Launceston; if they, like other towns, would adopt the Free Libraries Act, and undertake to maintain the libraries out of the public rates. In many of these places the libraries are now established, and it goes without saying that they are highly appreciated.



Mr. J. Passmore Edwards.
(From the painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.,
by kind permission of the artist.)

trial to procure reforms, and to open up means of advancement by Acts of Parliament and the formation of healthy public thought in social matters, finds its proper culmination in his costly gifts to the community—the result of years of frugal effort—that the people may be induced as communities to enter into all those benefits which recent legislation has made possible. His great aim in the splendid institutions he establishes is to make for moral and intellectual growth, and so to give a helping hand to the industrious and persevering to become more so.

He is a wise man who, in his lifetime, so spends his wealth that by it men and women bless his name before his death.

Temperance Truths.

MR SPURGEON once said: "The fire is made not for the benefit of the herring, but to roast it; and it would not take a clear brain long to see that public houses are established not for the benefit of the working man, but to roast him!" And yet whenever there is any talk about the curtailment of the drink traffic, those interested in it join in one grand chorus: "Don't rob the poor man of his beer!"

The reading of Divorce cases is never very edifying, but those who do read them can hardly fail to notice the prominent part which drink plays in many of these distressing cases; sometimes on the one side, sometimes on the other, and not infrequently on both there is the old and deplorable drunk habit. Quite recently it came out in evidence that secret drinking had changed the petitioner's wife "from a sweet young maid into a hard and cruel devil." There is no habit to human happiness for a moment comparable to the habit of taking strong drink.

It is sometimes said that liquor will not hurt anyone if he will let it alone. That is a mistaken conclusion. Dean Farrar says that in London alone at least a thousand babies are suffocated every year by drunken mothers. It might be difficult to determine whether the

sufferers from intemperance are more numerous amongst those who do not drink or amongst those who do.

JOHN RUSKIN says, "Drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, it is crime, and the encouragement to drunkenness, for the sake of profit on the sale of drink, is certainly one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money ever adopted by the bravos of any age or country." This, from the son of a wine merchant, is doubly emphatic.

With people speak of Strong Drink, they would do well to bear in mind the testimony of the late Sir B. W. Richardson, F.R.S.—"It is 'strong' only to destroy. It can never by any possibility add strength to those who take it; and to resort to it for the sake of getting strength is like seeking for strength in exhausting and tiring exercise."

MRI. THOMAS HODGES, farmer, of Basingstoke, Hampshire, says, "I have myself farmed by giving beer, and without, and my own experience, after more than a quarter of a century, during which time I have never given any kind of intoxicating drink, is that if a fair, quiet day's work is to be done it is done best in the absence of beer or cider."



By C. N. WHITE

THE British workman, as a rule, likes to turn his hours of recreation to advantage, so that while obtaining that rest from ordinary everyday toil which is necessary to keep a healthy mind in a healthy body, he may at the same time make the hours spent in recreation a source of profit.

To those who dwell in rural districts or are within easy distance of green fields, I advise bee-keeping, because I know of no hobby that is more interesting, and if properly conducted, more profitable.

In the space allowed for these articles I cannot do more than give hints, but if readers meet with difficulties in managing their aparies, and will write to the Editor about them, I will do my best to help them with advice.

During the winter months bees are best left alone; in fact, they should not be touched from October 1st to March 1st, if they were properly prepared for winter in September. As soon as the warm days of February induce the bees to leave the hive, a glance at the combs should be given to see how the food is lasting. If it is running short, or if we wish to urge on the breeding, the best thing to do is to place direct upon the frames a skep of honey, which has been allowed to change from the honey of a wild state in a sacer. Then cover up again, see that the bees are not more than two inches wide, and do not open the hive again before March, unless it is to give another cake of candy.

Many people keep bees, but they do not publish very glowing accounts of the profit they make, although they reside in good honey districts. In all such cases it is more than probable that the fault lies with the bee-keeper, and not with the bees. He forgets, or does not know, that success mainly depends upon having in every hive a young queen—one never beyond her second season.

The queen does nothing but lay eggs, which produce in due course queens, drones, or workers. There is only one queen in a hive, and she is the only female. The drones are the males, but they do no work, and are, therefore, too often produced in far too great numbers. If thousands, instead of hundreds, are produced, it is because there is too much drone comb in the hive. All combs ought to be made from what is known as foundation—sheets of wax stamped with the shapes of worker cells; we then secure combs of worker cells only, and the bees can only build a few larger or drone cells upon the bottom edges of the combs.

If we have a good queen, and only a small quantity of drone comb in the hive, the feeding referred to will hurry on breeding, so much so that we shall thus have a strong colony of worker bees just at the right time—that when the honey-flow commences.

Between now and April, when further hints will appear, every bee-keeper who hopes to succeed will appear himself in preparing his crates of sections of foundation comb, and also in getting some to obtain, early in the year, whatever bee appliances are likely to be required later on, or the inevitable delay caused by a rush in the busy time may prove disastrous.

"SAVING'S EARNING."

By M. B. MARWELL.

BUT I can't do without it, I tell you! Man and boy, I've been accustomed to my glass of beer whenever and however I chose to have it. Stop it, and I should run down in a week, until I'd not the ghost of a muscle left. Then where should I be? I ask you?" Frank Staples stared angrily at his neighbour, Jack Chivers.

The two men were trudging home through the dusk and cold of winter afternoon. They were both "on the same job," finishing up the interior of a new house for old Master Marley, the hardware dealer, who had scraped and saved up enough to build a roomy cottage of his very own—every brick of it. The two skilled carpenters were old friends as well as neighbours; but between them there was a saving difference, Jack Chivers had an eye to the man chance, which main chance, in his case, meant the living a God-fearing, temperate, orderly life. He was an abstainer for one thing, and a man of method. Because he was an abstainer in the matter of drink, he was not a glutton in wasting extravagant food. His tiny, well-ordered home enshrined Jack's two most precious possessions—his bright, winsome wife Mary, and his baby-boy Harry, the man thing about whom was that they, both of them, looked as if they belonged to Jack, and you couldn't well say more in their favour.

"Talking of muscle," said Jack slowly, in answer to Frank's hasty outburst, "I don't know as I'd care to kick you against myself in an up-and-down tussle, seeing we're sich old chums. Doing without hasn't run me down." Jack stretched out a well-developed, powerful arm, with more of his loud, hearty laughs. "But I'll tell you what it *has* done, Frank. I've kept it a secret until I could say straight as the thing was mine. I've bought that bicycle in Marley! It's mine, and the money paid shone very silver. To-night I be to fetch it."

"No! You ain't done that!" exclaimed Frank, when his heart began to throb after the surprise, which was almost a shock. His dream, as well as Jack's, had been to possess the really good bicycle in the Marley shop. Marley was the newest market-town to the village where the two friends lived. Many a time they had walked over to gaze at this machine—Frank covetously, Jack secretly hopeful.

"You could have had it," said Jack presently. "You've not had the pull-lucks such as we've had, what with Mary's long illness in the autumn, and the doctor's bill for it come Christmas."

"Then how on earth did you earn the money to buy the bike?" blurted out Frank. He was jealous, incredulous, confounded.

"Earned it by saving," significantly rejoined Jack. Then he added, "Did you never hear the old-fashioned saying—'A penny saved's a penny earned'?"

Frank turned away, an angry flush on his cheek, and the rest of the road was tramped in silence.

When they reached their respective homes, next door to each other, Mary Chivers was standing in the doorway of Frank Staples' cottage,

"Hush!" she whispered, with uplifted hand. "Little Letty's been terrible sulky to day. She was bad this morning, and the doctor says its some-thing on the brain. Your wife's that upset I'm glad to see you back home!"

Baby Letty, the very light of Frank Staples' eyes, was truly most seriously ill. For a spell, her frantic parents believed her dead and lost her. But God is so good to us all. Baby Letty was spared.

"But, understand this for all, her life hangs on a thread," said the doctor. "Nothing but the best nourishment will pull her quite through."

"If money can buy such, she shall have it, sir, never fear!" said Frank, steadily, and he kept his word. Screw and save, save and screw! From morn to

night it was his one thought, until it came to be downright stupid. He went without his beer and his pipe, all for Baby Letty, and, to his secret surprise, he did not feel as weak as a cat, not he! His head was all the clearer, his hands all the steadier, so markedly that Frank was promoted to a superior job at a large compensation.

Winter was past, and the gladness of high summer was over the land. It had brought healing and strength to Baby Letty, now a sturdy, rosy little maid. She and mother sat in the open doorway, when evening came, to wait. Sunpy was shimmering cheerily on the side of the fire. It would not be long before father got home now, for the sun was slanting.

Presently, shadows darkened the doorway. "Baby Letty!" With a shout and a gurgle, Harry Chivers from next door rushed in. "Here's apples—



Sharing the Feast.

two; one for 'oo!' and Baby Letty's fat, small hand was outstretched for the prize; while bonnie Mary Chivers, who had come to take a present from Master Sun's board of last winter's apples, smiled down upon the little pair from the background.

It was a fair home-picture to make the two men's eyes gladden when they wheeled up to the cottage doors; yes, wheeled, for Frank now possessed a bicycle of his own as good as Jack's purchase.

"Gladly earnings some savings make I! Eh, Frank!" said Jack, quietly.

"True for you, friend!" rejoined Frank, heartily. Then he added, in a lower voice, "Thank God that He showed me how to make such earnings!"

EVERY evil to which we do not succumb is a bane-factor. We gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

Do not drudge like a galley slave, nor do business in such a laborious manner as if you had a mind to be pitiéd or wondered at. —*Marius Aurelius.*

LONGFELLOW'S MOTTO.

IT is said that when the poet Longfellow was a professor in college he gave as a motto to his pupils, "Live up to the best that is in you." We can not vouch for the anecdote, but the thought which it suggests is a noble one. There are two natures in every man—one looking down, the other looking up. One prompts the lower life; the other the higher. One says, "Have a good time, never mind to-morrow;" the other says, "Love not pleasures, love God." One seeks to gratify desire, appetite, passion, ambition; the other seeks to know the right and the noble, that he may

every man at every moment is living either for the better or for the worse that is in him. There are moments when even the commonest of us have high aspirations and longings, and there are moments when

the best of us have temptations and inclinations towards the baser life. We clung to our aims and ideals and, consciously or unconsciously, we grow toward them. We can't we choose, live down to the lowest that is in us, or we can live up to the best that is in us, and we can find aspirations which do not stop short of heaven. Let us seek those things which are above, and live up to our best of thought and character and aim.

About Ourselves.

OUR hearty thanks are due for the many cheering messages which are daily reaching us about THE BRITISH WORKMAN, and we are most grateful, too, for the offers of practical help that we have received. We feel convinced that a great work is going to be done through the medium of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, and we shall anxiously await the result of the special effort now being made to scatter the magazine broadcast all over the country. Further help will be gladly welcomed. Readers willing to assist in the matter are referred for particulars to the announcement on page 7 of our January number.

It has been mentioned as a cause for regret that THE BRITISH WORKMAN which of course cannot be everything! is not a *family* magazine. That is very true; but may we point out that every member of the home circle is entitled for in the group of monthly magazines published by Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co? We have no space to do more than name them, as follows:

The Family Friend.

is an ideal magazine for general reading. Its stories, pictures, and articles are the work of the best authors and artists, and every page is practically helpful as well as interesting.

For the Old Folks.

is a Gospel magazine full of bright pictures, inspiring poems, and short, crisp articles, all designed as helps heartward. Its large size makes it specially acceptable to those whose eyes are getting dimmed by age.

The Children's Friend, and The Infants' Magazine.

and THE BAND OF HOPE REVIEW (id monthly), are for the boys and girls and tiny tots of the family circle. They are full of pretty pictures and clever stories, and are a source of endless delight to scores of thousands of little folks who eagerly scan their pages month by month.

Here, then, is a monthly budget of pure literature in which every member of the family is specially considered. We urge those of our readers who do not already know them, to make acquaintance with the magazines we have named. On receipt of 12d. in stamps, Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., 8 and 9 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., will send a packet containing a free specimen copy of each of these five publications by post to any address.

SEND FOR THE PACKET TO DAY!



No. 75, New Series.

OVER A POOL OF FIRE.

(Drawn by ARTHUR GARRATT.)

A POOL OF FIRE.

By C. N. BARHAM

IN the dark grey dawn of a winter's morning the door of a workman's dwelling, situated in a long dreary-looking street of houses, all built to a similar pattern, was opened. A strong, swarthy man and a pallid-faced, large-eyed lassie stood together on the doorstep.

The girl gazed wistfully up into the man's face, took his rough hand and fondled it lovingly, as she said, "Daddy, you will be careful o' them ladles? I had such a horrid dream last night, and it was about you."

"Don't you worry about me, Pollie. I set no store by dreams." Twas then sassages. You ate uncommon hearty, bain'; and pork be bad for supper, as you another used to say, when she was alive. Leek chilly little one, and give me a buss, the 'bzzer' ill go in ten minutes."

George Burley, as he spoke, kissed the child gently, pushed her backward into the house, closed the door softly, and, swinging the red bundle-humkerchief in which Pollie had carefully tied his day's provender, strode off, whistling down the street. He was a skilled hand at Blaster and Caster's, the great steel manufacturers who had done as much for Sheffield as had done for them; and if he were late, other workmen would be kept waiting. It was neither his creed nor his practice to hinder others.

As the "bzzer" sounded, the great doors of the manufactory were thrown open, and George Burley, a unit among hundreds of men, all of them as rough and hardy as himself, passed from the comparative quiet of the street into the blast of the tempest of industry. Trade was brisk, for a large order for steel rails had been received from abroad, so that the works were running day and night. As the day gangs streamed in, the night shifts hurried out; and the new arrivals took up the work where their companions had left it.

The mechanics took to the task of the gigantic hammers, huge rollers, and glowing furnaces which are so startling to a stranger; they constituted a sort of his daily surroundings. He did not even hear the crash of falling iron, the screams of circular saws cutting through half-molten steel, the hissing steam, nor see the showers of golden sparks of liquid metal, as he hastened onward to the Bessemer shop where his work was.

Directly afterwards a converter, full of molten metal, was lowered; and George Burley stood ready to throw, in the manganese, by which the iron would be changed into steel, as the mass was poured into a receiver, called a hole. As the manganese fell, long tongues of ruddy orange flame shot out, in every direction, over the pit in which the ladle stood, and over the moulds which were ready to receive their charges. These pyrotechnic displays were swiftly followed by a flash of dazzling brightness, and a sharp explosion. So the iron was converted into steel, and the ladle was swung round to the front of the pit. A plug was withdrawn, and the white-hot metal was run into the moulds, which were immediately caught up by the steel teeth of cranes; the men having to brave the scorching heat, to get the gripers into position.

So the arduous work went on all through the morning, and until long into the afternoon, when an ingot stuck in its mould, and George Burley went forward to knock it out with a heavy crow-bar. The operation was a more than ordinarily difficult one, for the heat was intense. After a gallant attempt, during which his hair and beard were singed, he was compelled to desist.

The failure excited the mocking mirth of his shopmates, with whom, for more reasons than one, he was not a favourite. Among the loudest was Terry Flanagan, a herculean Irishman.

"By howly Saint Patrick, you're a white-livered hound, Burley; a beggarly lump o' dirty chawk what never screamed a score, begeera!" the Irishman howled, flinging a bar of iron over Burley's head as if it were only a white-thorsh shillagh.

The laughter at this coarse wit, which was well deserved, was loud and prolonged. Many of the men had a chuckle written up behind some public-house door, as a staving wives and children could testify.

Terry was encouraged, and being wistful to shame Burley, whom he despised for a coward, advanced to the mould; and, shading his face from the heat with one hand, succeeded in hammering out the refractory ingot with the other.

He was naturally a reckless, thoughtless fellow, and this success tempted him to folly.

Near to the ladle lay a mass of iron, not more than a foot in thickness, which, being battered out of all shape, was destined for the furnace, or cupola, as it was called. When the converter, which contained upwards of eight tons of seething molten metal, was being again lowered, Terry Flanagan, to show his contempt of heat, mounted this block. Where he stood the huge cauldron would pass within a yard of him, giving forth sufficient heat to roast an ox.

"Don't be a danted fool, Terry!" "Come away, good lad!" "My boy, it's warming yourself at a latter fire you'll be directly!" were only a few of the warning ejaculations which the now alarmed and angry workmen addressed to their foolishly impudent comrade. The Irishman, who was amazed at the terror which his recklessness provoked, only laughed and waved his arms in bewilderment. Only when George Burley rushed forward, and would have dragged him from his perilous position, he growled, "Be jahers if ye lay a hand on me, 'm brain ye'll will. Och, sure, I've bin could over sun! I turned me face on dear old Tipperary, and went pale to the tips."

The workmen crowded together with cries of horror, and involuntarily covered their eyes with their hands.

The converter was already being moved, when the teeth of the crane slipped; it tilted, and eight tons of molten metal streamed out, hissing, flashing, and emitting fiery sparks—lemon-yellow, primrose, saffron, and the ruddy orange of red gold—which flew upwards in a blinding cloud. This awful river, its surface already changing to a hue of bluish black, rolled around the block on which the Irishman stood, reaching nearly to its top, until he was surrounded by a lake of liquid fire.

All Terry Flanagan's boastfulness had gone. The boy became craven; he shrieked in agony and dread, now reaching forth his hands appealingly, and then burying his already blistering face in them as if to shut out the sight of coming death.

The men watched the iron changing colour, as it began to glow dully red, and sickeningly awaited the moment when Terry should be overcome, and fall into the molten pool, where, of what was as yet a man, all should be consumed until not a bone remained.

"There is a chance, mateys, lend a hand!" George Burley exclaimed, gripping a long iron girder, which, in his excitement, he actually lifted from the floor. He was understood. A dozen pair of hands raised and threw the huge girder forward, until its extremest end rested on the feet of Terry Flanagan's feet, forming a bridge across which he might gain his way to safety.

But terror had robbed the Irishman of wit, as pain had numbed him. He stood helpless, making no effort, if bereft of sense. He was reeling, and all expected to see him fall when George Burley, having saturated his jacket with water, strode along the girder, and caught him in his strong arms. Even then Terry moved not; so the hardy rescuer clutched him to his breast, and slowly hauled him across the narrow bridge.

But the molten lake had done its work. The heated girder bent beneath its double burden, and the last steps were taken over red-hot iron. Still George Burley struggled on, until his comrades, reaching out, took the unconscious Terry from him.

"Fetch the ambulance, and take him home!" the foreman said. "As for you, my lad—" turning to George Burley. But Burley had faintied. His shoes and stockings were burnt to tinder, and, when they would have taken them off, the skin came with them. So admiring shopmates took him home also.

When he came to himself, Pollie was sitting by his bedside. "Daddie," she asked, "what is a 'ero?"

"I don't rightly know, lassie," was the reply, "but I guess it is a chap who does his duty. But what makes you ask?"

The lassie's eyes glistened, and she caught up his hand to kiss it, as she answered, "Because, daddie, them men what brought you 'ome said as ov you was a 'ero."

• • •

SHINE WHERE YOU ARE.

WOULD you have the world better and brighter? Then light up the way as you go;

Make some little-part of it lighter

With beams from your life's steady glow.

Make the world that you live in your debtor.

As though it you journey along;

Be good, and the earth will grow better;

Do right, and the right will grow strong.

Trim the lamp that is left to your keeping,

And fan it with breezes of hope,

Let shadows over creeping,

Leave others in darkness to grope.

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* * * The April BRITISH WORKMAN will contain a striking original story by the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A., entitled "The Bridal Veil"; a strong article by J. Woodford Causier in favour of the Sunday Closing of Public-Houses, and many other items of special interest, Order early. Of all booksellers. Price id.

THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.

BY REV. HENRY T. SMART.

AT a meeting held in London in aid of the movement for closing public-houses on Sunday, I heard a man shout out, "Shut up the churches." The speaker was unknown; he was what reporters call "a voice," and presumably he belonged to "the pipe and glass men" of whom we hear so often.

This voice gave me reason to think of a certain class of men who look with aversion on the churches, and it furthermore describes what would certainly happen if churchgoers were to imitate the example of non-churchgoers; since if no one went to church the churches would have to be closed for lack of support. Is this desirable? You know the old story of the man who owned a goose that laid

A GOLDEN EGG EVERY DAY.

but not being satisfied with this he killed the goose, thinking he should secure a gold mine, and thereafter had no golden eggs at all.

The Christian churches do not make every one as rich as he desires to be; they do not raise men in the social world quite as quickly as the "lift" in your warehouse raises you when you wish to go from the basement to the top storey; and yet every day, like the goose in the fable, they do enrich the world. You judge Limited Liability Companies by the dividends they pay, judge the churches by the same rule; if they pay nothing, close them; if they pay well, join them! Only, remember, there is something better than cash, and though churches pay nothing in cash, they may yet pay in what is better.

Mr John Burns, M.P., has said that, of all countries in the world, England, with all her faults, is the one which answers best to his ideal; and the reason is that England is more of a Christian land than any other, which I hope Mr. Burns would admit.

There was a time when there were no Christian churches for this voice to "shut up," for none existed in the old world. Do you think the old world was as good as the new? Well, for one thing, in the old world

THERE WERE NO CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS. Every now and then we get a glimpse into the old world. In Bath, for example, you may see a fine specimen of the Roman bath, which shows that the Romans were a well-washed people. In York you may often dig up old coins, and the like, which belong to the old world. But nowhere do we ever discover any proof that in the pagan world there were such institutions as hospitals, asylums for the insane, the blind, the deaf and dumb, and homes for outcast children. The old world knew as little of these beautiful institutions as it knew of the motor car.

Nor does the non-Christian world to-day know much of them. The annual charities of London alone have a revenue of five millions sterling, which is equal to the sum of some of the smaller states. What is the revenue of all the Turkish charities in Turkey, think you? Not so long ago, John Bull sent £10,000 for the relief of the poor Armenians. When has Turkey or China sent such a sum for the relief of any body of sufferers?

Before we shut up the churches, suppose we invite a visitor from Mars to come and see this planet.

We will assume that the visitor knows nothing of our churches or their religion, and nothing of our country. We will take him round and show him the "lives." We will point out to him the noble hospitals for the sick, the asylums for the insane, the homes for orphan children, the schools for the deaf and dumb, the parks, museums, baths, gymnasiums, and savings banks, and ask him what he thinks of these institutions. He would probably say,

"YOUR RELIGION IS EVIDENTLY FOR THIS WORLD. You believe in the life that now is—in cleanliness, fresh air, education, thrift, and recreation—and your danger appears to be lest you should overlook the importance of unseen and spiritual things."

Now, what would be the astonishment of such a man from Mars if we told him, in reply, that some of our working men think just the opposite of our religion; that they find fault with it for paying too much attention to mansions above, and not enough to workmen's dwellings? Would he not open both his eyes—if the Mars people have eyes—very widely when we told him that some men here propose to kill this goose because she does not lay golden eggs fast enough?

Why, if it had not been for the Christian churches, the body of my friend whose voice cried "Shut up the churches," might long since have been

Eaten by Cannibals

like the South Sea Islanders, or his head might have been cut off and his hide tanned, as was done with

many during the French Revolution. Can you find a town in which a decent man can live in safety and comfort, bring up his children well, find security for his savings, have his womenfolk revered, and yet in that town not see a single Christian church?

Preaching in Birmingham a year or two ago, Dr. Parker afterwards held a conference, and during the course of proceedings a gentleman rose and publicly thanked Dr. Parker for the spiritual benefits he had received from his ministry, adding that Dr. Parker had enabled him by his teaching to secure a fortune for this world as well as life hereafter. How many golden eggs have come from this source, think you? Preaching in London a few months ago, Mr. W. S. Caine, who is one of those who wish to shut up the public-houses and keep open the churches, asked his hearers if any one of them who had found religion would sell it for millions of money? "No," said a voice. "Well then," said Mr. Caine, "YOU'RE A MILLIONAIRE."

for stock is as good as money any day. And because the churches enrich men in this way, as well as in other ways, an old profligate, who went by the name of Paul, once said, that although he was poor, he made "many rich." In like manner Yorkshreman's wife, in good circumstances, lately told a brother minister of the writer's, who was about to leave his church, that it would pay her to give the minister £100 a year to stay; because her husband liked his preaching, and she had the effect of keeping him away from the public-house, where he usually spent £4 to £5 a week.

But the chief value of the work of the churches is found in its spiritual results. Working men are not all stomachs; they have minds, they have souls; and they can no more feed their souls with material things than the rich fool could feed his soul with the goods laid up in his barns.

The Saviour spoke once of a pearl of great price, so valuable as to be worth all the else; and every one who has found the kingdom of heaven knows that that pearl is to be met with in the churches that are called by the Saviour's name.

I have alluded to Paul. On one occasion he was defending himself before Agrippa the king, when he appealed to him on the ground that he believed the prophets, to accept the Christian religion. Agrippa seems to have laughed outright at the suggestion as you have heard a workman laugh in the shop when a mate has urged him to become a Christian.

"**ME A CHRISTIAN!**" said Agrippa. Paul's answer was, "I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds." Ah, yes, Paul knew the value of what he had received, and could not but wish that kings and princes and fine ladies enjoyed the same infinite blessing.

We wish to God that all the workmen of England were altogether such as we are who have found in the Church of Christ what is above all price; and therefore instead of wishing to see the churches shut up, we desire to see them open on week-days as well as Sundays, and worked in double shifts, as the mines are worked, so that the "output"—as our friends the miners would say—in the form of Christian men and women might greatly increase.

STOP THE GAMBLING!

A GENTLEMAN in Lincoln was so impressed with the idea of checking this evil that he designed and printed a Covenant Card, as heretofore. Is not the idea worthy of general adoption? If every reader of THE BRITISH WORKMAN were to sign this pledge, what an impetus would be given to the anti-gambling cause!

A Covenant.

I PROMISE to abstain from, and to disown, BETTING AND GAMBLING in all forms. And I pray God for grace and strength to keep this promise unto life's end.

Signed

Date.....

There are very many forms and degrees of Betting, Gambling, and Chance. None are without danger; most are absolutely vicious and demoralising; and all are included in the above pledge.

A "TIS BUTS" THRESHING MACHINE.

SOME thirty-five years ago a story appeared in THE BRITISH WORKMAN, entitled "Take Care of the 'Tis Buts." We have heard of that story more often than of any other that was ever published in these pages. Continually we receive letters from men now getting old, telling how in their early days the "Tis Buts" story caused them to give up this expensive habit, or that unnecessary indulgence, and how the money thus saved gave them a start along the road that has since led to prosperity and fortune. The latest instance of this kind of which we have heard has reference to Mr Alfred Pellowe, a well-known and highly respected resident of Falmouth, in Cornwall.

Mr. Pellowe signed the pledge nearly half a century ago—at a time when total abstinence were regarded by most people as unfortunate creatures afflicted with a new variety of lunacy, and fair game for ridicule and even persecution. In those early days of the great Temperance movement it was customary for bands of men to hold Temperance meetings, at which many of the teetotalers present would speak, each emphasising after his own manner the evils of the drink traffic, and the advantages of total abstinence. Mr. Pellowe frequently attended meetings of this kind, and

craft, he receiving one-third of the profits for his owner ship, and the fisherman taking the other two-thirds for his living. He still kept on the forewood business which has now assumed very respectable proportions.

Three years ago Mr. Pellowe bought a threshing machine, and so far as this is the latest outcome of his savings from the pipe. From the first this venture has been a success, and during last season the machine had twenty-one engagements in the neighbourhood of Falmouth.

Mr. Pellowe may surely claim to have proved for himself the wonderful power of "Tis Buts"; and what he has done may give any reader of THE BRITISH WORKMAN may do. Smoke and drink cause the waste of a mint of money every year, and there are innumerable other leakages besides. Far be it from us to say that every rational pleasure should be given up simply because it costs money—we have no desire to found a society of money-grubbing skinflints; but are there not holes in all our purses which might easily be closed without sacrificing any of the real joy of life? How many unnecessary things we buy—how many positively harmful luxuries we permit ourselves on the plea that "tis but a few pence they cost us! We forget that "many a mickle



(From a photo by W. J. Osborn, Falmouth.)

Solid Smoke.

soon developed the power of public address. Quick of perception, observant, witty, and possessed of a wide experience, he always commanded a respectful hearing, and was in great demand as a speaker at Temperance gatherings. It was at about this time, when he was in the full swing of his Temperance work, that Mr. Pellowe read the famous "Tis Buts" story, and the tale made a great impression on him.

Although such an ardent worker in the cause of Induced, he had been a smoker from boyhood, and loved tobacco to such an extent that his pipe was seldom out of his mouth except at mid-morning, and when he was asleep. One night, after a successful meeting, he was preparing for a smoke, when the thought flashed across his mind—"I am not honest or consistent in speaking of total abstinence as a good thing and a means of truth, and at the same time wasting my money on tobacco. I'll give up smoking." He happened just then to have by him five shillings, with which he had intended to buy a pound of "the weed." Instead of buying tobacco, however, he expended his money in the purchase of some wood, which he cut and tied up in penny bundles. He found a ready sale for these, and soon satisfied himself that, as an investment, wood paid a great deal better than tobacco. Out of the profit he supplied himself with his weekly "collection" money, and the rest he saved.

As his means increased, he engaged in various other small enterprises, until at length he found himself in possession of sufficient capital to purchase a fishing boat. He arranged with a fisherman to work the little

makes a muckle"; and that if we would only learn to "take care of the pence" we should soon add to our store of the "pounds" which "take care of themselves."

Our old friend the "Tis Buts" Box is worth reviving, and we shall rejoice if some of our readers will revive it, and let us know the result at the end of this year.

The photograph which we reproduce on this page shows Mr. Pellowe's "Tis Buts" Threshing Machine at work. It supplies an object lesson which we believe sensible working men will appreciate.

Temperance Truths.

FOR the labouring man the ale-house is too often a place of unending evil; whether, indeed, he be single, he squanders the money which ought to be laid aside as a provision for marriage or old age, and where, if he frequent it after he is married, he commits the far heavier sin of spending for his own selfish gratification the earnings upon which the woman and children whom he has rendered dependent upon him have the strongest of all claims—*Souther.*

It is sometimes said that education will keep a man safe from the snares of intemperance. It is well to remember that Burns, Pitt, Porson, Addison, Charles Lamb—men of the highest genius and culture—had their great deadly dulled by the deadly habit.

Wine counsels solid prosper. When the wine is in the wits out. Drunkenness reveals what soberness conceals. The little drop to-day often tells the great prop-to-morrow.

THE QUIET HOUR.

SAFE HOME.

UG! how uncomfortable it is to walk along a slippery road with the rain beating in your face, an invalid umbrella in your hand, and the soles of your boots encumbered to take up as much of each puddle they are introduced to as possible! Just then is not the moment when you are inclined to hum the tune, "I feel like singing all the time."

And yet it is quite possible that you are conscious of a pleasurable feeling in spite of the shivers down your spine, and I shouldn't wonder if even you gave a whole hallopy to the whining crossing-sweeper. Why? Oh, simply because you know you are *going home!*—that at the end of the dark road is a bright, warm room; the leaky boots will be exchanged for warm slippers, the wet coat for a soft, free and easy packet; and even while your teeth are clattering your mouth is watering at the thought of the tea and toast that are being made specially for you, though, of course, you do not deserve such loving attention.

So you never mind the splashes, nor the thought of the governor's grumbles, you're going home!

It seems incredible, yet it is a fact, that in hundreds of wandering sons and daughters who won't go home! Out in the country, on some dark winter night, a mother

was made to feel the joy of being once again safe home! Alas! there is one great Father who has many prodigal children, yet He promises to all who will come back, the same hearty greeting as this father gave—*you guess who He is, don't you?* To the child who comes home again He gives

The shoes of peace. The past with its haunting memories will all be forgiven.

The ring of betrothal. No badge of disgrace still to bear?—One Heavenly Father has no "I-forget-but-can-not-forget" kind of way with Him. We become altogether His sons and He likes us to know this.

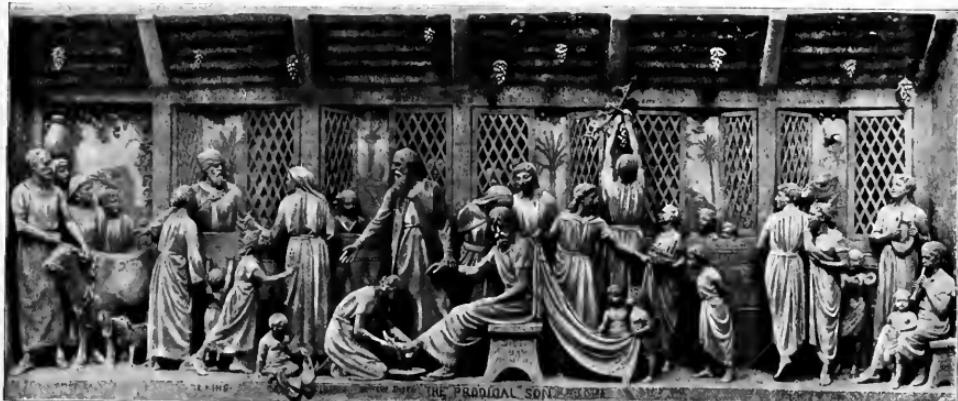
The garment of praise. We may not feel like singing on the way home, but we certainly do when we get there.

The feast of love. We hold sweet converse together; the banquet is all of His providing, for "we love Him because He first loved us."

But for the tear of grieving my Father, and bringing disgrace on the family name, I should be tempted to wander just a little way off in order to have the rapture of joy once more of the welcome home. Yet how could I waver, seeing that my heart is His for ever! And the home life never grows monotonous, for the joy of service equals the joy of the welcome.

Of course we must all expect some elder brother prancing round, trying to find fault, but we can afford to leave him to Father to deal with.

Please don't think all this joy comes when safe home



From the Panel by George Linnell (Woman & Co.)

THE PRODIGAL SON.

(Photo by F. W. Ladda.)

sometimes sits in a lonely farmhouse on a hillside. She has lighted the lamp, put a fresh log of wood on the fire, spread a white cloth on the table and prepared a warm supper, but the child she loves is missing. Maybe he is not far away, perhaps in the village yonder, or in the distant town in some low house of shame. But the mother goes to the door, holds the lamp in her hand; hope makes her think that the wandering, sin-stricken one is on his way home, and she calls out in a clear but trembling voice, "Jack, where are you? Are you coming?" But no voice answers save the voice of the moaning wind, and she re-enters the house, sits down in her chair, and with face buried in her hands, gives way to deepest grief.

In every clime there are wandering children. So it once happened that a father in an Eastern city had a vacant chair in his home, and an aching pain in his heart. But one day—oh, how the sun did shine! And the birds never made such a chatter before, and the flowers had all evidently put on their best Sunday gowns. That was how things seemed. The fact was, everything was just as usual, with only this difference, *the boy had come home again!* And what a fuss there was made over him! You never saw the like of it! The father fondly begged him, and kissed him just like a mother would; and, after all this was over, his old clouted shoes were exchanged for new ones, which looked as if they never would get shabby; the old mantle was taken from him and a dazzling robe fit for a prince put on his back; and then to make him quite the swell, the father gave him a ring. Of course there had to be some extra eating and drinking, and you can show full joy without that sort of thing!—so the fattest call in the farmyard was killed; and, although the eldest stay-at-home son showed a little jealousy, yet even that was smoothed away, and to the strains of music the lad

after death; there is such a thing as "a home away from home," and it is possible to be safe home with God even while dwelling in a tent. We have still the ecstatic joy to look forward to of the welcome to the Eternal Home.

If the mother watching and calling at the door of the lonely hillside house should hear the voice of her child making answer, "I'm coming, mother!" wouldn't her heart bound with joy? God is calling, calling, calling in many ways. Oh, do make answer to His loving, pleading voice, and say, "Yes, I'm coming, Father!"

C. SKINNER.

ON A SUN-DIAL.

WITH warning hand I mark Time's rapid flight
From life's glad morning to its solemn night;
Yet, through the dear God's love, I also show
There's Light above me by the shade below.

J. G. Whittier.

SOON STOPPED THE FIGHTING.

SOME few years back, a certain colonel was much exercised in his mind how to deal with two of his men, who were continually fighting. Threats, pack drill, and even cells were tried, but were of no avail; so sooner were they free than they flew at one another and were at it again with worse results than before.

At last he hit on a happy expedient. The next time the men were brought before him he set them to clean all the windows in the barracks, one inside, the other out, and neither to go to the next window till the other had finished. The next morning they started, and after glaring at one another for three or four windows, the situation became too ludicrous, and they both burst out laughing, and have been good friends ever since.

THE GREATNESS OF LITTLE THINGS.

BY SIR RICHARD TANGYE.

[Our readers will appreciate the following sound advice from Sir Richard Tangye, whose interesting autobiography, "One and All," has had such a wonderful sale.]

CLERGYMAN in the North of England wrote me recently asking for a few hints, gathered from my own experience, to aid him in an address to young men, which he proposed to give. My correspondent referred to the large measure of success which has attended me in my business; and, in replying, I said—

"One great secret of the success which has been given to me is, undoubtedly, the life-long habit I have had of giving close attention to small details. Nothing has been more difficult to receive my attention. Things which most people seem to think are really too trifling, and which they regard having their notice drawn to, have never been too small for me. I often think that the human race is divided mainly into two classes—those who attend to small details (such as closing doors behind them and tipping up the basin in the laboratory), and those who don't."

"It is, of course, very much easier for an energetic person to do a multitude of little things than to ask his

young people to do them, although they pertain to themselves; but when a man has a host of children, or is much in contact with young people, it often affects as much his duty *not* to do a thing as it does *to* do it. And so, often fearing that I shall be considered foolish or cranky, I, for the household time, call their attention to what they think 'small things' (generally ending by doing it myself), feeling that I am responsible for their training, and that it may all 'come to them,' although perhaps 'after many days.'

"If young men could only realize what an influence attention to 'little things' has upon the formation of character, they would never despise the 'day of small things.'

"During a very busy life I have often been asked, 'How do you manage to do it all?' The answer is very simple; it is because I do everything *promptly*. Procrastination, in the hope of finding more time 'tomorrow,' is fatal. 'To-morrow' has always duties enough of its own to be attended to. The young man in the parable said, 'I go, sir,' but went not. It is very likely he intended to go all the while, but put it off and then forgot all about it. When I was a boy I had a companion who often accompanied me to school—or, rather, he kept twenty yards behind me; and in response to calls to 'Come on,' would reply, 'Stop a bit.' That characteristic has stuck to him all through life. Now, to 'stop a bit' and reflect, is very good occasionally; but great difficulties have been overcome by going FORWARD, not by 'stopping a bit.' And so, to sum up the whole matter, I would say, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might,' and DO IT AT ONCE."

"* One and All," by Sir Richard Tangye. Published by S. W. Partridge and Co., price 1s. 6d. This little book ought to be read by every working man in the country.

A PEEP AT THE POST OFFICE.

BY ARCHIBALD GRANGER BOWIE.

HERE is in this country no more interesting institution than the Post Office. It is the one department of the State that appeals directly to the sympathy of every individual of the nation, for its work enters largely into our daily life in all its varied relations. The business of the Post Office is carried on day by day with regularity and despatch of which it is fairly entitled to boast, for the benefit of the working masses, no less than for the more leisureed classes; and so it seems to me that a brief account of the methods by which the work of this great department is managed will not be without interest to the readers of this paper.

The great landmark in Post Office history is, of course, the year 1830, when Rowland Hill's grand idea of "penny postage" became an accomplished fact. Prior to that date postal facilities were very limited, the charges were high, and the system generally uncertain and irregular. That was the time when the letter-franking privilege was abused to such an incredible extent, that it was used not only for the conveyance of letters, but also for goods, servants, dogs, etc. At that period, too, the postman, who, as will be seen from our illustration, appeared in a more elegant uniform than does the postman of to-day, announced his coming by means of large hand-bell.

It is difficult to realise the effect of Rowland Hill's scheme, but it may be stated that in 1839 the number of chargeable letters which passed through the post was 76 millions, while in 1850, the first year of penny postage, the number was 169 millions. To-day the number is at the rate of over 300 million in the year!

As may be imagined, London absorbs the largest proportion of that fabulous number. At St. Martin's-le-Grand, where the General Post Office is represented by three huge edifices, it is to be found the great English home of letters. The oldest of the three buildings, the G.P.O. East, is now given over entirely to the purposes of letter sorting. If you are strolling past the building just before six o'clock in the evening, especially on a Friday, you will observe what is really one of the strongest sights of the city.

The latest time for posting without extra charge is six o'clock, and the public are hurrying and scurrying up the steps under the portico to get their letters, etc., through the yawning letter-slots before the stroke of the watchful hour. Our illustration shows the mass of human energy and bustle before the letter boxes just as the clock has gone wild and frantic in their endeavours not to be too late. At the last stroke of the hour, the flap falls with a sharp, sudden snap, and the tardy stragglers who have come up one moment too late find themselves face to face with the big notches put up by the post-locking, policemen standing hard by, indicating the amount of the extra fee required for late letters.

Inside the huge building, if you have been privileged to enter therein, you will find a scene that at first sight is quite bewildering. Taking a bird's-eye view from one of the galleries of the great sorting hall, which is now provided with electric light, you seem to see nothing but one huge, confused mass of letters, bags, baskets, etc. Mountains of letters and packages meet the gaze at every turn. You also see the dark forms of hundreds of human beings apparently struggling frantically to overcome these maddest legions. But though the scene appears to be one of chaos, there is precision, regularity, and system in all that is being done, and by eight o'clock

each evening the sorting hall is cleared of all the letters, which are fast speeding away to their destinations in the various parts of the United Kingdom. The number is at the rate of over half-a-million a night.

In the limits of an article such as the present, it is impossible to do more than give a peep at the work of the Post Office, but there are one or two very interesting features connected with the *Circulation Office* at St. Martin's-le-Grand which I cannot leave unnoticed. Such for example is the *Blind Room*, of which an illustration is here given. It is to this room that all letters are brought, the addresses of which are insufficient, or through bad writing or spelling are scarcely legible. Specialized experts are here employed to decipher writing which others have given up as hopeless. That they possess considerable skill in this respect may be gathered from the following instances of their work. Thus "Santlings, Hilewhite," was correctly interpreted as "St. Helens, Isle of Wight"; "Hasefeach in no fumfthere," was meant for "Hazelbeach, Northamptonshire"; and "Coneyach lametick a Solum," was found to be intended for "Cobey Hatch Lunatic Asylum." Ashby-de-la-Zouch is spelt in fifty different ways, the favourite way being "Hasbedellar-suech." The following is a true copy of an address for that town —

"Ash Beddes in such
for John Horzel Grider,
in the county of Lestyshire."

Some of the addresses are so puzzling as to baffle even the *blind-room* officials, as was the case with a letter addressed to "Mister Willy won brinds de Baber in Lang Gaster were te gal is." It was only on its being opened in the Returned Letter Office that the letter was discovered to be intended for the editor of a Lancaster paper "where the gad vs."

The Hospital is another interesting feature at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Here all letters are brought which have got damaged in posting, so that they may be repaired before being sent on their way. Hundreds of letters are posted quite open, not the slightest effort, evidently, having been made to fasten them, so thoughtless are many of the public! Of course this throws much extra trouble on the Post Office, as the work thus left undone has to be completed in the hospital.

Let us now turn for a moment to the Telegraph Department of the Post Office, the business of which is also stupendous. This may be gathered when we find that over 79 million telegrams are sent in this country in the year. The headquarters of the "Telegraphs" are in the G.P.O. West, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and in



Outside the General Post Office at Six o'clock.
The annexed picture will be found one of the important galleries into which the office is divided. A mixed staff is here employed, numbering 2,911 persons, of whom 869 are females.

The Central Telegraph Office is, as may be imagined, fitted up with every variety of telegraphic instrument extant. The most interesting perhaps, is the Hughes type-printing instrument. It has a keyboard like a piano, and when a particular key is depressed the message

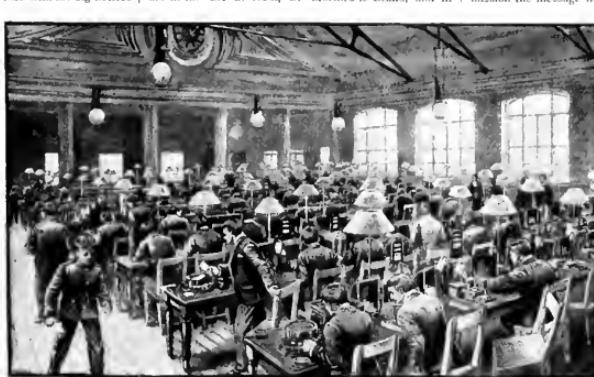
which is being sent is printed simultaneously at the destination and office of origin in clear Roman characters on narrow slips of paper which run out from the instruments at both ends of the circuit while being manipulated. The rapidity with which messages are sent on this instrument is quite marvellous. The Wheatstone automatic instrument, too, is much used, being found invaluable on the busier circuits, and for the despatch of news and press telegrams. The messages are punched out on strips of paper by two clerks, and then passed through the

instrument, which at the other end of the circuit becomes printed in the Morse code of dot and dash. The pneumatic tube system is a useful aid to telegraphy, and is much made use of at the Post Office. These tubes run in all directions in the E.C. and W.C. districts of London, and through them messages are sent almost wholesale.

On the numerous humorous incidents frequently occurring in connection with the telegraphs, the following is one of the best. A certain Earl telegraphed from Braemar to Edinburgh for his "cocked hat"; in transmission the message was converted into "cooked ham," which was actually forwarded to him. You can well picture his surprise and indignation on receiving the succulent joint.

Considerations of space only permit my mentioning the Money Order and Savings Banks departments as very important branches of the Post Office, the work in each of which especially the latter, is enormous. On a future occasion I may perhaps be allowed to refer to that work at greater length.

[We shall certainly arrange with Mr. Bowie for another peep at the Post Office if possible; and meanwhile our readers may be glad to know that he has written a most interesting book on the subject. "The Romance of the Post Office" is its title, and it can be obtained from any bookseller, for 1s. 6d., or through the publishers, Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co.—Ed. B.H.]



Telegraphic Operating Room, Central Telegraph Office.

RECKLESS RICHARD.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

RICHARD GRIFFIN's grandfather—a wise old fellow, given to profound silence and rather pungent remarks—had shortly before his death said to his grandson: "Some day thyself'll land thee in a hole; there'll find it hard to get out from Mind what I tell thee." But, of course, "Reckless Richard" (as he was called even then) paid no heed to the warning. He just laughed and went on his own impulsive, and often passionate, way as before.

He fancied he could afford to do pretty much as he pleased, for he had enough faith in his own good sense to believe he should never want to commit a crime, or anything like that one. The world was not at all inclined to him. He earned good money, of which he put by five shillings at least every week. He had a good home with his parents. They always welcomed him at the Bewston W.M.C., or Working Men's Club, for he had a very fair tenor voice and no shyness in the matter of songs. And, best of all, he had settled it these six months with pretty Jess Sutton, that when he had saved £50 he was to be entitled to name a certain very desirable day and blossom out into a married man.

Things seemed, so short, so bright with him that if he had not been so reckless, he would have got his armful ready for a bout with Dickie Field or something. But Dickie Griffin was, of course, not that sort of fellow. He had quite made up his mind that he was to live a life of unclouded sunshine. He expected it as his due.

But one day young Field came to Bewston, got employment at the same cycle factory as Richard himself, and—on the best of recom-

a week asked why he had broken it off with Jess Sutton. "Broken it off! What do you mean, man?" exclaimed Richard.

"Oh," was the reply, "I thought you had, that's all I've seen that lodger of theirs and her about so much together. Why, last night for instance—"

But Reckless Richard did not want to hear more. He set off for Mrs. Sutton's house, raging furiously. As it happened, too, there was young Field outside, smoking a pipe, and when Dick said authoritatively, "I want a word with you," young Field simply smiled and assented with the calmest way.

The two walked down the road, and in the heat of his own words Richard got so carried away by passion that he suddenly exchanged words for blows. He hit hard too, right on the temple, and felt quite glad when young Field lay motionless at his feet.

But he was himself again in the presence of the half-dozen people who came round the prostrate man, and the constable who put a hand on his shoulder and remarked:

"You must come with me. I saw it all."

Two days later, Reckless Richard found himself seated in a cell in the county gaol, well-nigh broken-hearted as he thought of what he had done.

It was not enough that he had seriously hurt an innocent man, but he had no doubt also injured his own prospects, both with Jess and with his employers.

Then it was that he remembered his grandfather's words, and acknowledged dismaly that the old man was right.

A week passed and the cloud lifted. The unexpected once more came, this time to bless him; and its messenger was the gaol chaplain, who knew all about him and Jess and young Field. He was who told Dick about young Field's generous pecuniary assistance to Mrs. Sutton in trouble, about which a very natural deficiency kept her.

Young Field's hand was the first he shook when he was out of the gaol, and this time he appreciated his fellow-workman's quiet, good-natured smile.

"Oh, it's all right," said Field. "I hope you and Miss Sutton will both come to my wedding in October."

And so they did, but before then young Field himself was Reckless Richard's best man at a wedding in the Bewston old church.



Help and Hope for Reckless Richard.

mendations—was received as a lodger into Mrs. Sutton's little cottage on the Shirebrook Road.

Young Field was a strong contrast to Reckless Richard. He was very quiet, fond of reading, and as spry of speech as old Grandfather Griffin had been in his later years.

"I have that sort of clasp," said Jess Sutton's lover promptly, and he asked Mrs. Sutton, quite angrily, who made her take a lodger all of a sudden?

"I was obliged to do so of leave," Jess's mother replied, "because of that dreadful bank failure."

But this excuse, good though it was, did not satisfy our friend, who went off with a frown.

Something he said to Jess, not long afterwards, hurt the poor girl very much, so that she could not help replying:

"You have no idea what a good fellow Alfred Field is, Dick, though you do despise him so."

"Despise him! I don't trouble myself that much about him. I don't reckon he's worth it."

"There you are wrong, Dick," retorted Jess, with such earnestness that her lover looked sharply at her. In fact, though he would not have admitted it, even to himself, the beginning of jealousy was in him.

After that he had less still to say to his fellow workman, but he was ready to think any evil of him.

And sure enough, as usual in such circumstances, the temptation soon had a chance of ripening.

One Gratzbrook, a loose-tongued carpenter, stopped Richard in the Shirebrook Road one evening, and with

or Jess from saying anything to Richard. He told him more too, how young Field was himself engaged to a young woman in Coveney, and therefore—

In short, Reckless Richard was thoroughly ashamed of himself, and in the right frame of mind to profit by the chaplain's Gospel ministrations.

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OUR SILVER MEDAL.

WE are anxious that every working man in the country should be aware of our intention to offer a SILVER MEDAL to the British workman who performs the bravest deed during this year. Will you help us, please, by mentioning the matter to your mates?

We shall also be glad if those of our readers who may witness deeds of bravery on the part of working men, or hear of them from reliable sources, will kindly communicate the facts to us.

Address the Editor, THE BRITISH WORKMAN, care of Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

LEARN TO DO WITHOUT.

BY L. A. LEMPRIERE KNIGHT.
Does the sparkling liquor tempt you?
Are its fascinations great?
Slum, oh! shin the "small beginning."
Ere it be for you too late,
Death and ruin lurk within it.
This you know beyond a doubt,
Moderation is delusive.
Safety means "to do without."

Are you tempted e'er to gamble?
Is the fascination great?
Slum, oh! shin the fatal habit,
Or it may be too late.
Covet not young Field's money;
It is meant beyond a doubt,
Cash to grasp, yet gives value!
Bravely "learn to do without."

Many smaller selfish pleasures,
If not really actual sin,
Are like weights to drag you backward
In the race that you would win.
Cast aside each weak indulgence
That besets your way about;
You will gain "backbone" and "muscle"
When you "learn to do without."

God will help you, will sustain you,
Ever present in your need;
Do not try alone to conquer,
Or you never will succeed.
When victorious, tell your comrades
That you found this secret out,
When thus helped, it comes quite easy
Then to "learn to do without."

Facts for Workers.

ONE MAN IN TWENTY MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT YEARLY.

THERE ARE NEARLY 3000 STITCHES IN A PAIR OF HAND-SEWN BOOTS.

ENGINE-DRIVERS IN GERMANY RECEIVE FROM THE GOVERNMENT A GOLD MEDAL AND £100 FOR EVERY TEN YEARS OF SERVICE WITHOUT ACCIDENT.

COPPER WAS ACTUALLY USED IN SWEDEN DURING THE LAST CENTURY AS THE CHIEF MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE, AND AT TIMES MERCHANTS HAD TO TAKE WHEELBARROWS WITH THEM WHEN THEY WENT TO RECEIVE PAYMENT IN LARGE SUMS.

WHAT IS CLAIMED TO BE THE MOST POWERFUL LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD HAS JUST BEEN COMPLETED AT LIEGE. AT A TRIAL TRIP A SPEED OF FORTY-SIX MILES AN HOUR WAS ATTAINED WITH A LOAD OF EIGHTY TRUCKS, EACH CONTAINING A DEAD WEIGHT OF TWELVE TONS.

ALMOST THE MOST DIFFICULT PART OF THE DELICATE WORK OF MAKING A WAX MODEL OF A LIFE-SEIZED FIGURE IS THAT OF PLACING THE HAIR IN THE HEAD. TO MAKE THIS APPEAR NATURAL, ONLY ONE OR TWO HAIRS CAN BE STUCK IN THE WAX AT ONCE, AND THE PROCESS IS A SECRET KNOWN TO ONLY A FEW PERSONS. Indeed, it is said to be not known at all outside the Tussaud family.

THE BRUSH FIELD IS FULL OF DECEPTIONS. AN EXPERIENCED HAND WILL, BY TOUCH, TELL IF A BROOM OR BRUSH BE ALL HAIR OR A MIXTURE. BUT IF EVER IN DOUBT, PULL OUT OR CUT OFF A SUSPICIOUS HAIR AND APPLY A MATCH. HOWEVER WELL DOCTORED, THE DECEPTION WILL BE SHOWN AT ONCE. HAIRS WILL BURN, ROLLING UP BALL-LIKE, WITH THE WELL-KNOWN SMELL OF BURNT HAIR; WHILE A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE WILL CONSUME, LEAVING THE PARTED PORION LIKE A BURN MATCH.

PAPER CAN NOW BE HUNG ON THE WALL BY MACHINERY. THE DEVICE HAS A ROD ON WHICH A ROLL OF PAPER IS PLACED, AND A PASTE RESERVOIR WITH A FEEDER PLACED SO AS TO ENGAGE THE WRONG SIDE OF THE PAPER. THE END OF THE PAPER IS FASTENED TO THE BOTTOM OF THE WALL AND THE MACHINE STARTED UP THE WALL, BEING HELD IN PLACE BY THE OPERATOR. WHEN THE TOP OF THE WALL IS REACHED THE OPERATOR PULLS A STRING, WHICH CUTS THE PAPER OFF FROM THE ROLL.

THE GREATEST WORKSHOP IN THE WORLD IS THAT OF THE GREAT KRUPP AT ESSEN, IN GERMANY. IT EMPLOYS BETWEEN 20,000 AND 25,000 MEN, NEARLY ALL OF WHOM RESIDE IN DWELLINGS BELONGING TO THE FIRM. IN THE GREAT MILL OF ESSEN ARE 1,195 FURNACES OF VARIOUS KINDS, 286 BOILERS, 92 STEAM HAMMERS OF FROM 200 TO 16,000 POUNDS, 370 STEAM-ENGINES, WITH A TOTAL OF 27,000 HORSES-POWER, 1,724 DIFFERENT MACHINES, AND 361 CRANES. IN 1833 THE WORKS EMPLOYED ONLY NINE MEN; IN 1848, 74; AND IN JULY, 1888, 20,500.

Famous Working-Men.

MR. F. W. WEBB, OF THE L. AND N. W. RAILWAY.

By F. M. HOLMES.

MR. F. W. WEBB stands in the line of the great Locomotive Engineers of Great Britain. Not only was he pupil of Francis Trevethick, the son of Richard Trevethick who—as well as “Gordie” Stephenson—did so much towards the invention and introduction of the locomotive, but for over a quarter of a century he has been the Locomotive Superintendent and Chief Mechanical Engineer of the North-Western Railway; and it was he who invented and introduced the now well-known type of very powerful compound locomotive engines which bears his name as patentee, and has performed such extraordinary work with such a comparatively small consumption of coal.

He loved engines when he was a boy. His father, the Rev. William Webb, was the rector of Tixall, in Staffordshire, for fifty-two years, and the lad, who was the second son, used to wander down to the works of the Trent Valley line which were then in progress, and where he saw his first locomotive. Here he used to watch the then somewhat novel proceedings with great interest.

When therefore the time came for him to choose a profession, he naturally turned to engineering, and he had also been influenced in the same direction, not only by his love of engines, but further by the reading of Dick's “Christian Philosopher.” He therefore entered the works of the London and North-Western Railway Company at Crewe, a place with which, as the sequel has shown, he was to enjoy such a long and honourable connection. This was in 1851, and he began as a pupil of Mr. Trevethick, afterwards becoming chief draughtsman and works manager under Mr. John Ramsbottom, who was then the Chief Mechanical Engineer of the Company.

Mr. Webb remained here until 1866, when he joined the Bolton Iron and Steel Company, his connection lasting for five years. In 1871 he returned to his first love, the North-Western Railway Company, as Chief Mechanical Engineer, a post he still holds. In this position the number of men under his leadership has almost continually increased, until now it has reached to an army of about 10,000; while as to the number of engines running, building, and under repair, their name is legion. Here are gigantic expresses for whirling trains to and from the metropolis at nearly sixty miles an hour; here are heavy goods engines of great traction

power for hauling enormous loads at a steadier pace; and here are light locos for suburban and short distance passenger traffic, able to stop frequently and yet maintain an average high rate of speed.

Many of these are built on Mr. Webb's three-cylinder compound system, that is, the steam issuing from the boiler at a very high pressure, passes through two cylinders for the driving-wheels—one cylinder on each

side, and then introduced to a third and larger cylinder at a lower pressure, which by a connecting rod and crank applies additional power to the wheels.

Before introducing the compound on the main lines—indeed, before building a new one—Mr. Webb, in 1878, converted one of the old type engines into a compound, and worked it as an experiment on the Ashby and Nuneaton branch. The results were so satisfactory that he gave special attention to the subject, and in 1881-82 built a new one at Crewe after design he had patented. This machine was suitably enough called the “Experi-

ment.” For a christening trip he booked it on, before it was even painted, to assist a heavy express of thirteen coaches from Liverpool. Steam was shut off the other engine, and the “Experiment” ran along the Trent Valley all right, in fact, it ran from Crewe to London.

Arrived at Euston, it was quite reliable, so Mr. Webb timed it round, booked it to the morning mail, and sped away for Holylead. Still all right, the engine was again turned, and it whirled the load express back to Crewe.

Thus the “Experiment” did 528 miles as a trial trip—not a bad performance for a new type's first journey.

Others of a similar kind were proceeded with, one class of which, the magnificent “Greater Britain,” has, of course, won great renown.

Since the trial trip of the “Experiment” the compound engines on the London and North-Western Railway have run up to November 1st, 1897, the enormous number of 30,492.65 miles, a sufficiently strong and satisfactory test of their efficiency. It is also claimed that though more powerful they burn less fuel in proportion than the older types. The whole of the main line goods running to the north is now done with 3-wheel coupled compound engines at an average coal consumption of 48.5 lbs. per mile.

Mr. Webb is a member of the Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers, to which body he has contributed several valuable papers, and he is also a member of various other Engineering or cognate Associations both at home and abroad. He is, moreover, an Alderman of the Cheshire County Council. But indeed his name is honoured everywhere by those who can appreciate high-spirited enterprise and persevering endeavour in any department of our varied and interesting human life.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Those Societies and Friends who use periodicals for gratuitous distribution can have parcels of assorted back numbers of our publications at reduced prices, as under, viz., —

BRITISH WORKMAN	- 125	Back Nos., assorted, for 5s.
BAUD OF HOPE REVIEW	250	" " " 5s.
CHILDREN'S FRIEND	- 125	" " " 5s.
INFANTS' MAGAZINE	- 125	" " " 5s.
FAMILY FRIEND	- 125	" " " 5s.
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* * * The above prices do not include cost of carriage. Be careful to specify “BACK NUMBERS PACKETS.” Orders can be given through any bookseller; or remittances by Postal Order can be sent direct to Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

** THE HOME WORKSHOP. **

By MARK MALLETT, III.—A Coffer.

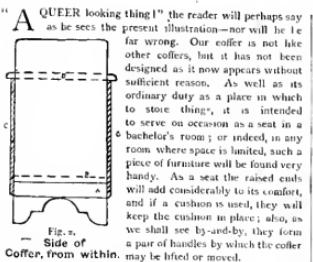


Fig. 2.
Side of
Coffer, from within.

Without reckoning the ends, the height of my coffin is that of an ordinary chair, that is 18 in.; it is 30 in. long, and the lid is 12 in. wide. Though fig. 1 shows the ends like a perspective drawing, it will be found—so far as regards the front—correctly drawn, and the scale in this, as also in figs. 2 and 3, being an inch to the foot.

This is scarcely a piece of furniture one would think of chiseling. The more suitable finish will be to stain on a dark oak or to a walnut colour, and to varnish. Any kind of deal will serve for making it; the only reason for preferring our favourite pine will be, that wood works more easily and smoothly than any other when we have only knife and glass-paper as tools. We shall use two thicknesses of board only, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. for the ends, bottom, lid, for the back, and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. as cross-ledgers, and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. for the front and back.

Now first as to the ends. They are 11 in. wide, and 22 in. long, for they rise $\frac{1}{2}$ in. above the top of the lid. Fig. 2 is the inner side of one of them. From it we can see the shaping of its foot, which may readily be done with the knife if a three-cornered piece is first cut out with the saw. At A, the side is crossed by a ledger, a strip $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, screwed to it

side, and then introduced to a third and larger cylinder at a lower pressure, which by a connecting rod and crank applies additional power to the wheels.

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with flat-headed screws, which must not be so long as to show on the outer side. This ledger and its fellow at the opposite end support the bottom, the place of which is marked by the dotted line at A. At C we have the ends of the front and back boards, and the dotted lines at d show where the lid will come. A second ledger strip will be screwed to each end close to its top, but this does not show in fig. 2, as it is on the outer side; we see it, however, in fig. 1. As well as having other uses, these two ledgers serve to keep the sides from warping.

In fig. 1, the front is shown to be made of two lengths of

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A DANGEROUS ERROR.

DR. ERIC MORTIMER'S hospitality was proverbial among his friends, and his warm-hearted generosity made him beloved by the poor in his own neighbourhood. At the tables of the county families he was a frequent guest, for many a dull dinner had its sparkle brightened, making "good digestion wait on appetite."

The Mayor of Rockhill had been giving a banquet, and no guest was so brilliant in his talk, so erudite, so successful with his speech, as Dr. Mortimer, and he looked at with a pleasant sense of satisfaction. The wine began to circulate more freely, and the doctor, with a reckless good-humour born in the sparkling cup, drank with careless freedom.

But the feast was ended, the guests departed, and Dr. Mortimer drove away. Arrived at home, he proceeded at once to the dining room, sitting himself in the great high-backed chair in the clumsy corner, and impatiently rang the bell.

"Mary," he said to the servant who answered his summons, "I am very tired—I was up nearly all last night, you remember—and I am going to have an hour's sleep. It should be wanted, say I can see no one—unless the case is urgent. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the maid, sympathetically, and departed, leaving the doctor to repose.

But Dr. Mortimer had not been asleep for more than five minutes, when he was aroused by a knocking at the door. "Come in," he muttered drowsily, and Mary entered again, to say that a man had called, all breathless, to get the doctor to go with him and attend to his sick child, who was dangerously ill.

A few moments, and the doctor went to his visitor. "Hullo, Brown," he exclaimed, in his usual hearty manner, and extending his hand—"it's you! Take a chair."

"No thank you, doctor," answered Brown, who looked anxious and care-worn. "Our little Ethel is very poorly—you know she has never been a strong child—and I can't rest until you have seen her."

"All nothing alarming, I hope. But I'll be with you in a moment," said the doctor, trying to pull himself together. "The fact is, I feel rather out of sorts—I was out during the night, and this morning I've been to that lunch of the Mayor's—have just got back, in fact,

He had walked slowly round the table, as he was speaking, towards the sideboard. "I must have a nap to brace me up," he continued, opening a liqueur case. "You're not a teetotaller, are you, Brown?"

"No, sir, but—"

"Rather not? Never mind, then. I never press people."

Dr. Mortimer leaned against the side-board and filled a glass, which he quickly emptied, and then declared his readiness to depart.

and its reaction only aggravating that of the wine of the banquet.

The doctor prepared the medicine himself, affixing the Label mechanically and drowsily after he had filled and corked the bottle.

"There you are, Brown," he said. "You will find full instructions on the label. I think this will pull you little one through, and I will call to-morrow morning."

But as the day wore away the remedy appeared to the watching father and mother to make the child much worse, instead of better. Night brought no relief, and Dr. Mortimer was hurriedly summoned from his bed in the grey hours of early morning. He had gone early to rest, and felt as fresh as possible, having slept off all the muddling influences of the previous day. His jolly spiciness was in vivid contrast to the haggard whiteness of the father and mother whom love had turned to a dead watches.

The doctor sat by the sick child's bedside. Something in the symptoms puzzled and perplexed him. They seemed inexplicable, until a sudden suspicion seized him.

"Let me see the bottle you had from me," he said unexpectedly. "Ah!" he remarked, with a strange tremor in his voice, after having examined its contents. "I see, I must change the treatment."

He felt like a guilty creature. Not wholly recovered from the previous evening's indiscretion, he had made a mistake in mixing the medicine.

He saved little Ethel's life, but no one ever knew how nearly he had come to taking it, except the child's father, who guessed the truth, but held his tongue.

And that is how clever Dr. Mortimer and William touch drink nowadays.

A BIBLE FOR YOU!

The Editor of THE BRITISH WORKMAN is prepared to send to any reader forwarding 5s 6d, and promising to distribute gratis twenty-five copies of this magazine, a parcel carriage paid, containing the copies for distribution amongst friends in the workshop and elsewhere, and

A BEAUTIFUL HALF-GUINEA BIBLE.

Sent 5s. 6d. *to-day* to the Editor, care of Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., at 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and the parcel will be despatched at once.



"Not a teetotaller, are you, Brown?"

He found that Brown had not exaggerated the nature of the child's illness, although he did his best to soothe the fears of the little sufferer's mother. Having made his examination, he pronounced the trouble to be congestion of the lungs, and declared that the utmost care would have to be taken of the little one, as the weather was unfavourable to a speedy recovery.

"And if you will come back to the house with me," he said to the father, "I will make up and give you a bottle of medicine at once."

Brown accompanied the doctor, leaving his wife, with sad eyes, beside the little bed.

Dr. Mortimer, usually so chatty and cheerful, was strangely silent on the way. He was, in fact, tired and drowsy, the stimulus of the brandy having vanished,



From an Original Painting by J. Charles.]

NO. 76, New Series.

SIGNING THE MARRIAGE REGISTER.

[See also: Gallery of the Bradford Corporation.]

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE OILED FEATHER," ETC.

"*Y*ES," said the clergyman of Ryebread-cum-Watercroft, "we have had some interesting weddings in this old church, but to my mind the most interesting of any was that of Mary Groves to John Stanton. The bride was a beautiful girl, and the bridegroom was a fine, noble fellow; and I fancy I can see them now, as I pointed out the place to her in the register where she was to sign Mary Groves—her maiden name—for the first time."

"And old Granfer Groves—her grandfather! I can see him in his honest smock frock with his wedding favour pinned on his coat, looking very happy but pale as if it had been for sorrow—as indeed it was—in that dreamland which is so mercifully the heritage of the old. He was thinking, I have no doubt, of the time when he was young himself, and of his own wedding day. Granfer was, I dare say, excited enough then, but he was very calm now; and it had told him to put down his name as the bridegroom, instead of a witness. I have no doubt he would have done just as I told him to do, for Granfer was very passive now as regards all earthly things and situations—all were pretty much alike to him. If old age has its trials, it has its alleviations too, and this quietude is one of them—a quietude which is like the still, shaded backwater of some rushing stream, all calm and placid while the main stream is rushing along with ripple or with foam."

"But you want to hear about this wedding. Well, in these quiet parts we are rather proud of it, for we say no parish round can produce the like; and I often think that if some of those people who write stories go hold of it, they could spin it out into a three-volume tale—indeed, I've sometimes thought of trying my hand upon it myself. But I'll tell you the story in a few words."

"Well, there lived in our village the old man whose name I have already mentioned; he was always called 'Granfer' or 'Grandfather Groves.' He was only a poor man, and had little learning, but he was looked up to as an honest, God-fearing man—a man of principle, and a man of sense. Most of the village quarrels were brought to him for settlement, and no one ever thought of going to law in these parts—Granfer was judge and jury in one."

"Old Groves had seen better days, but had come down to being bailiff to our Squire, who at the time of which I speak had pensioned him off, and that handsomely. The old man had had but one child—a daughter; and that daughter had married a gentleman's son—a clerk in a lawyer's office—who saw the girl when he came down to Ryebread on the Squire's business."

"The only children of the marriage were twins—the girl of whose marriage I am now telling you, and a boy. Their father and mother both died within a few years of their birth, and they came to live here with their grandparents."

"The children grew under the old man's roof, and very proud he was of them. Dick was a fine-looking fellow, an adventurous and daring lad, but with no vice in him. His worst fault was fighting a neighbour's turkey cock, with which he was continually at war, and finally slaying the bird in single combat, for which his grandfather had to pay. To climb the top of the highest tree on the common, and hang out on the very outermost edge of one of its boughs, was his delight; for then he imagined himself on board ship; and the more perilous the climb, the better was he pleased."

"Nothing but the sea would satisfy the boy, so to sea he was sent, or rather was allowed to go, to his own great joy, but to his sister's great sorrow. For she loved this brother dearly; indeed, her heart was quite wrapped up in him, and to part with him seemed to be parting with almost all she had."

"However, to sea he went, and Mary heard from him from time to time—the boy loved her too well to neglect her. Many of Dick's letters were full of sea life and the wonderful things he saw in foreign parts, but all of them contained something or other about his missus, John Stanton. John was to him a superior being, the fact that John patched his 'togs' for him, and even made a canvas pair for him more than once, did not in the least detract from his reverence for him. Moreover, John had taught him to knit and do worsted work, and many a little sailor-like accomplishment, which helped away a lonely hour; then, he kept him steady when others were going astray; and, to crown all, he taught him not to pooh-pooh his Bible and give it a wide berth, but to read it, and think over it too."

"Dick Groves owed much to his friend in life, he owed much in death too. For the lad was stricken down with fever when off the coast of Africa, and the one to nurse him was John Stanton. Sailors can be as tender as women, and the strong arm that can pull at a brace

can, if need be, carry a baby as tenderly as a train mouse; and John gave every spare moment to Dick, and the lad at last died upon his shoulder."

"Dick Groves knew that he was a dying lad, and two days before he died he got his friend to bring him a sheet of paper, and to leg the loan of a pen, and, having written from the captain of the ship, he showed the poor hand-sister writing it could hardly be called, the poor hands were too weak and trembling for that, and all the better end was this: 'My Dick is dying, and John Stanton has been his friend. Next to you loves Jack more than anyone else. Jack will go and see you some day, and marry him for my sake.' This letter Dick Groves carefully sealed, so that none should know the contents but his sister and himself."

"Meanwhile, Mary Groves went as part companion part maid to the Squire's daughter, and it was not long before she became her friend too. And so she remained for two years, when the young lady died—died almost on the eve of her marriage; but a fortnight more and she would have been a bride. A day or two before she died she Hale Mary open a drawer and take out of it her bridal veil. 'Mary,' said she, 'make me one promise; it is that you wear that veil on your wedding day.' It was in vain that the girl protested it would be too grand, the promise had to be given, and it was kept."

"Sutors for Mary Groves were plenty, for it was well known that the Squire's daughter had left her £1,000 out of her own money, but she would not listen to any. Some day her brother's friend would turn up, and until then she was not for marriage with anyone. And at last came John Stanton arrived, bringing with him some memorials of poor Dick—and bringing with him also his own handsome face and noble heart, which in truth he could not well have left behind, and his own gentle ways, sailor though he was. He was now the mate of the ship in which he and poor Dick Groves sailed."

"There could be but one end to all this. When Mary Groves saw the tears trickle down the cheeks of the stalwart friend of her brother, and caught the sorrowful shade that passed over his handsome face as he told her how the lad died on his shoulder, the whole thing was settled; she belonged to herself no more."

"The handsome mate of *The Vernon* would gladly have appeared as bridegroom in ordinary gentleman's attire, but his bride had made one stipulation with him—and only one—that he should marry her in the same kind of dress in which he had nursed the one she had loved so well. And so they were married; and, as you may be sure all Ryebread-cum-Watercroft was there to see."

THE SUNDAY CLOSING OF PUBLIC-HOUSES.

By J. WOOFORD CAUSER, Secretary of the *Sunday Closing Association*

Close public-houses on Sunday would be good for the individual, the home, the community, and the State. Many arguments may be adduced in support of this.

Sunday closing would diminish temptation. It is sometimes said, "If working men do not want the public houses they need not use them." This shows very little knowledge of human nature. There are three circumstances in the case of the working man on Sunday—he has recently received his wages; he has nothing to do; the public-house is the only place of resort open to him. If the Legislature desired men to drink to excess on Sundays, they could hardly invent a more effective plan. Open public-houses on Sundays are traps placed right in the way of the weak and unwary.

Again, it is sometimes said that man cannot be

MADE SOBER BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Perhaps not; but you can frame laws which, by removing temptation, will help them to keep sober. Every man in his better moments desires to be sober. Drunks have their moments of remorse and shame. What is more probable than that these moments come to them most frequently on the Lord's Day, when the children talk of Sunday School, and the echoes of religious song and prayer are heard on every hand? Is it fair to the tempted to open on such a day the one door through which more men are led to sin and shame and sorrow than any other? No one knows this better, no one feels it more, than the working men themselves. Listen to the report of Lord Balfour's Commission in 1890:

"The evidence of representatives of large bodies of working men, delegated by these bodies to come before us, is of great weight, not only on the general question submitted to us, but especially as to the existence of a large class of men to whom the temptation of idle

Sundays, with public-houses open for certain hours all round them, was so great as to be

PRACTICALLY IRREPRESSIBLE;

and, at any rate, it has convinced us of the existence of a large number of persons who know and realise their own weaknesses, and desire to be protected against the temptation to which they were exposed."

Could there be a stronger plea for the tempted or a better reason for closing liquor-shops on Sundays? A Royal Commission have thus reported that working men believed that Sunday closing would diminish the strain of temptation upon them. Is it not a shame that during the seven years which have passed since Parliament received that report it has done nothing to extend or strengthen Sunday closing? It follows that if Sunday closing would diminish temptation it would reduce drunkenness. Fortunately there are facts which prove that it has done this, where it has been tried. Take Scotland for example. In Edinburgh and Glasgow during the three years before the famous Mackenzie Act closed the public-houses on Sunday, there were 11,471 drunken commitments; and in the three years after the number fell to 4,299, a decrease of 7,172 or nearly two-thirds; and similar results followed in nearly every large town in Scotland. The same thing is true of England. If Sunday closing produced similar results in England—and why should it not?—there would be a reduction of over 20,000 cases of Sunday drunkenness. Is it not an object worth striving for, to

RESCE 20,000 UNHAPPY MEN AND WOMEN from the police court and the prison cell? But these figures are official and relate only to convictions in the courts. There are thousands of cases which never come before the magistrates, and undoubtedly a large proportion of these would be prevented by Sunday closing.

If Sunday closing resulted in reducing drunkenness, its good effects would be immediately apparent in our streets. Dean Farrar, in a sermon in Westminster Abbey some time ago, said, "Last Sunday a good nobleman, unable to get into the Abbey for the crowd, walked about this neighbourhood, and told me that, having just returned from long visits to European and other countries, he had seen in two hours

SIGHTS OF MISERY AND HUMAN SHIPWRECK in this our serene self-complaisant England, such as he had not seen in any other land." Sunday closing has done much to alter a similar state of things which at one time could be seen on any Sunday night in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Cardiff. A witness before the Welsh Royal Commission, a Cardiff alderman, described the state of Cardiff streets under Sunday closing as "heavily" compared with what was seen before the Sunday sale of liquor was stopped.

But the improved behaviour in public implies a corresponding improvement in other matters. The state of the streets may be taken to some extent as an indication of the character of the people. The hours formerly spent in the public-house are now spent at home or in a place of worship. The money which formerly found its way into the publican's till on Sundays now goes to feed and clothe the wife and children.

It is a fact that Sunday closing does in this way bless the home and the lives of the people.

A petition signed by a large number of Welsh women was presented to the Welsh Sunday Closing Commission. It contained the following remarkable words:

"We, the undersigned, being wives of working men, desire to express our conviction that the Act has proved of great benefit. Principally generally, and to ourselves as a class in particular. We propose to re-open public-houses for any time after Sunday would fill us with the greatest alarm, and the consequence of such a provision would prove most disastrous to us; and we humbly but earnestly pray your honourable Commissioners never to entertain such a proposal for a moment, if it be submitted to you. We sincerely desire your honourable Commissioners to recommend such further safeguards and restrictions as may be necessary to overcome all evasions of the Act, and to secure the more complete removal of every temptation to our husbands, our children, and ourselves for drinking on Sunday."

The foregoing facts are taken from the experience of countries where Sunday closing has been tried, and they are therefore of the highest value. It is said, however, that English working men differ from Scotch and Irish, and Welsh. Perhaps they do in some respects, but not in this matter. Of course there are working men and men who ought to be working men, but who do not deserve so honourable an appellation. Doubtless some of these might be found, especially when incited by the publicans, who would resent the closing of public-houses on Sunday; but the truth about such men is that, though they do not *want* it, yet they *sadly need*, for their own welfare, a Sunday closing law.

The typical English working man is no friend of the public-house. He certainly prefers that it should be shut all day on Sunday, as the following figures prove. In upwards of 1,200 places in England the householders have been canvassed on this question. They were asked, "Are you in favour of stopping the sale of intoxicating liquors throughout England during the whole of Sunday, except to bona-fide travellers?" Their replies, given in writing, were: Yes, 76,405; No, 108,664; Neutral, 70,232. This shows a majority of over 7 in favour of Sunday closing to *t* against. With regard to 256 of the places thus canvassed, the votes of which canvasses were analysed, the working class replies showed a majority of over to in favour to *t* against. The working class votes were: For Sunday closing, 114,837; Against, 11,766; Neutral, 6,214. These figures reveal the interesting fact that Sunday closing is far more popular with the classes who would be most affected by it than with the other classes.

Sundayclosing is essentially a workingman's question. It is a labour question. There is no class of servants who work longer hours, nor under more disadvantageous circumstances, than public-house servants. It is estimated that there are at least

40,000 BARMEN AND BARMEN'IDS IN THIS COUNTRY.

In one stroke, Sunday closing would release, at one stroke, this vast number of "white slaves," as they have, not inaptly, been termed, from seven-day labour. It is impossible to believe that working men, whose condition in this respect has been so much improved in recent years, would resent legislation which would release such a large number of their fellow-workers from Sunday labour. No wonder that every direct representative of labour in Parliament is in favour of Sunday closing. The wonder is that the trade-unions have not long since raised a protest against the long hours of publicans' servants.

It has been shown that in a number of ways Sunday closing would benefit the individual. What is good for the individual is good for the State. Every drunkard reclaimed, every vice controlled, every removal of hindrance to social and moral reform, raises the character of the country. "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

SUNDAY CLOSING IS RIGHT IN ITSELF, and it makes for righteousness in every direction; so that it would contribute largely to raising the character of England. For these reasons let all who love their fellow-men, all who love the Lord's Day, and all who love their country, unite in earnest effort and prayer until the iniquity and disgrace of the Sunday Liquor Traffic has been swept from the land.



FACTS FOR WORKERS.

It is stated that every year the railway servants of Great Britain get no less than £500,000 in tips from the public.



THE LONGEST UNDERGROUND THOROUGHFARE IN ENGLAND is in Central Derbyshire, where you can walk seven miles on a road connecting several coal mines.



WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE LATEST MACHINES, a piece of leather can be transformed into a pair of boots in thirty-four minutes, in which time it passes through the hands of more than a score of people and through fifteen machines.



THE AVERAGE PRICE OF A RAILWAY ENGINE is about £30,000 per lb. all round. Considering that a locomotive consists of upwards of 5,000 pieces, which, in Robert Stephenson's phrase, "must be put together as carefully as a watch," it cannot be denied that the price is strictly reasonable.



BREAD CAN NOW BE CUT AND BUTTERED by machinery. The machine has been invented for use in prisons, work-houses, and reformatory schools. A cylindrical-shaped brush lays a thin layer of butter on the bread as it comes from the cutter.



A LESSON FROM NATURE.—The air-tight compartment theory of building ships was copied from a provision of Nature shown in the case of the nautilus. The shell of this animal has forty or fifty compartments, into which air or water may be admitted, to allow the occupant to sink or float as it pleases.



FISHERMEN in many parts complain that the mackerel of to-day are not to be taken by any of the methods that proved successful with their ancestors. The first result of the constant pursuit of which these fish were the objects was almost to exterminate them. Only the most knowing mackerel survived, and their progeny, though now very numerous again, manifest an aversion in escaping from nets and hooks that is immensely pleasing to people seeking confirmation for the theory of natural selection, but most exasperating to men with a living to earn.



H.—THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

FEW names are more closely identified with public and private benevolence on behalf of the working classes of this country than that of the Baroneess Burdett-Coutts. The Prince of Wales once styled her "the second lady in the land after my mother," and this position she has reached by a rare combination of immense wealth and extraordinary business capacities, with open and intelligent generosity.

Angela Georgina Burdett was born in 1814, and was the youngest daughter of the celebrated Sir Francis Burdett, whose advocacy of reform won him the distinction of being the last person imprisoned in the Tower for political opinions, and from whom doubtless his daughter inherited her ardent sympathy with the oppressed and her keen sense of justice. In 1837 she inherited the immense wealth of her grandfather, Mr. Thomas Coutts, the banker, whose name she then assumed, and her wife and liberal use of this fortune

has caused her name to become a household word wherever the English tongue is spoken.

It is only possible to glance at a tithe of the Baroneess Burdett-Coutts' philanthropic labours. She takes a special interest in all that concerns the welfare of her sex; at different times she has established sewing schools in various parts of London, with a view to teaching girls to be self-supporting, and she was almost the first to start in England a reformatory on broad and simple lines. She has always been an earnest supporter of the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and to Animals, and in the East End the improved condition of the eastern donkeys testifies to her practical work for these humble servants of man.

Emigration has always had a steady adherent in the Baroneess, and she has on various occasions assisted hundreds of poor East End weavers to go to the colonies, where their craft ensured them a decent living. She lent on one occasion, as passage money, over a thousand pounds, and it is one of her pleasures to recall the fact that nearly all this money has been faithfully repaid. The housing of the poor has always occupied much of her attention, and owing to her efforts many open spaces were provided for crowded towns long before sanitary reformers admitted their value. Some years ago one of the plague spots of London was a certain waste in Bethnal Green, known as Nova Scotia Gardens, a thieves' and murderers' sanctuary, through which even the police were afraid to venture after dark. Miss Coutts, as she then was, bought the freehold, swept away the unwholesome hovels, and erected the model dwellings known as Columbia Square, which are let at weekly rents to about two hundred families. Close by was also built Columbia Market, founded to supply fish at a cheap rate to the poor. This has, however, been closed, and the buildings applied to another purpose.

Various schools and churches in the metropolis owe their erection to the Baroneess's generosity, and she has also established three colonial bishoprics of Adelaide, Cape Town, and British Columbia. Yet neither country, nor any part of India, nor America. The case of the suffering Turks moved her in 1877 to constitute the Turkish Compensative Fund, by which £50,000 was raised and thousands were kept from starvation. As a mark of gratitude the Sultan of the Medjidieh, the only instance in which the decoration has been given to a woman, five years previously Miss Coutts had been raised to the peerage, and in thus marking her appreciation of a subject who had done so much for her country the Queen did but express the universal feeling of English people everywhere.



Photo by T. H. D. The Baroneess Burdett-Coutts. (Illustrated Press.)

in literature, whilst Holly Lodge, Highgate, has seen many delightful country festivities. Happy days spent by Holly Lodge are among the fairest memories of thousands of jolly little city children, for it has never been the gentle hostess's habit "to keep her best for self."

A life long and full of service has been hers, and perhaps we need no stronger proof of the invincible power of goodness than the fact that one woman has indefinitely impressed herself on the history of our country because she "has made her life one sweet record of deeds of charity."

ISABEL STUART ROBSON.

ABOUT GAMBLING.

By gaming we lose both our time and temper, two things most precious to the life of man.—*Feltham.*

* * *

The gamester begins by being a dupe, speedily becomes a knave, and generally ends his career as a pauper.—*Chapfield.*

* * *

WALPOLI tells of a man who at a gambling-table fell down in a fit of apoplexy, wherein his companions instantly began to bet upon the chances of his recovery; and when the physician came in they positively would not allow him to minister to the sufferer, on the ground that it would affect the bet!

The CHAPLAIN OF NEWGATE PRISON says: "I am afraid that betting and gambling are on the increase, and I am quite sure that most of the cases of young men in prison charged with forgery and embezzlement, and crimes of a like nature, are brought into that position by betting and gambling."



A HUMAN WASTREL.

By C. N. BARIHAM.

JUST when Frank Freeman packed his chisels and planes in the tool basket, Jennie Merricourt was tying on her hat before a foot-long glass, which reflected back her comely face. Each of the two had in sight what the other was doing, although a mile of idle and wooden-sounding speech.

Jennie Merricourt was her father's housekeeper, and the cottage was a daily witness to her cleanly thrift. John Merricourt, blind at Cherry-tree Farm, had his dead wife over again in the girl which she had left him as an heiress. It was his boast that no woman in Codnor Cross could compare with his little lassie in the making of puddings, scrubbing floors, or darning a thorn-plucked jacket.

Jennie saw that everything was placed on the table ready for tea, and then tripped out, closing the door behind her. She was going down the date to meet her father, and Frank Freeman would come along that way. Her face flushed at the thought.

Codnor Hall had been for several months in the hands of the builders, and Frank Freeman was a carpenter engaged theron. He had come as a stranger to the village, but being a steady man, and a church-goer, quickly found friends. He was possessed of a good voice, so the vicar pressed him into the choir, where he met Jennie Merricourt.

That was the commencement of an acquaintance which ripened into more than friendship.

Jennie, revolving in pleasant reflections, turned up a lane where wild flowers blossomed, and the air was odorous with the scent of bursting buds. The lane was skirted by a wood, while a stile cut it off from the dyke beyond.

When the girl reached this stile it was occupied by a fellow whose hard, cruel face and frowsy clothes proclaimed him a tramp of the most irreclaimable type. He was steadily drawing at a short, dirty pipe, one hand thrust in his pocket, and made no effort to move.

"Let me pass, please!" Jennie gasped, with her heart in her mouth. She was afraid of tramps, and the spot was a lonely one.

The man looked at her out of his shifting eyes, smoked on, and kept his seat.

Jennie made a show of courage, although she was desperately nervous. One hand clutched her apron; but her other arm was bent across her breast, with the hand clenched. She was so close to the obstructor that her elbow touched the stile, as she exclaimed, panting with fear, "If you won't allow me to pass, I shall call out for help. My father is in the date."

"Sartain, and there's a pond in the wood. If I was minded a knock over the 'ead, an' a plague, 'ell perwint ye shoutin'."

"You wouldn't murder me?" Jennie cried. She would have fled, but her feet seemed shod with lead.

"I was on'y tellin' on ye," he said rancously. "I on'y wants a wif wi' yer, an' then yer can go. There's a fellow, Franky Freeman, workin' over there," indicating the hall with a jerk of his head. "I seen yed wif 'im yesterday."

"You wouldn't harm him?" Jennie cried, pleadingly. "By no means. I'd a chum once what knewed Franky's mother and—his father!" was the unlock'd forte.

"Frank is an orphan!" Jennie answered, forgetting to what a reprobate she spoke.

"Aye, 'es an orfin!" the man said, while a curious expression fitted over his face. "My chum knowned ha-

father. In the m'lisch, he wor; and once when 'e was at the trainin' there wor—well, a burglary. Franky's old man didn't crack the crib, but 'e 'ad to dance. When time was done, 'e found his missus dead, an' Franky wor at an orfinage. The landlord ad turned 'em out to starve."

"Well, my chum said Franky's father went mad, an' that landlord got hurt. The m'lisch man went away an' died at Dartmoor. My chum allowed as 'ow the law made im a cross-un. Sin' then I've kept my eye on the lad, an' when 'e folters is work, I follers 'im."

"And you have come here to see Frank?" Jennie said, wonderingly.

"That's the 'ay, but I sooner do a year in chink than disgrace 'im. Only it does me proud to see 'im. A fine feller 'e's growed. Little gal, yet needn't fear to yoke in wi' 'im, for 'e's clear gal, an' won't turn out a crook, as is father war durin' to do. You're sartin I told ye Franky's father war dead—"

"Here's Frank comin'" Jennie cried. Whereat the tramp climbed down, and the girl hastened to meet her lover, who was informed that she was watching for her father's homecoming.

"We will go and meet your father, for I have something to say to him that won't keep. Jennie, the manager has offered me a foreman's birth!" Frank said as he drew her arm within his own.

Jennie kicked the daisies at her feet, through sheer bashfulness. Her heart assured her of what Frank intended to say, and what her father's reply would be.

The tramp watched them from among the trees of the wood. His eyes were no longer cunning but tender, and wet with scalding tears. "God, my chum," he cried, "keep my Franky straight!" "T'vor a lie I told the lassie, when I said I war an orfin. It's wunner, if 'e on'y knew. Thank God, 'e don't know me!"

At last he gave in. "Right you are, sir, I'll give it up. I don't want to go to rain. I'm going to 'Change' it's stand back' from that dangerous spot. And thankee, sir, for all your trouble."

Ben Starling was a porter at the East Codnor Station, and a good porter he was from all accounts. He not only knew what he had to do, but he also knew when he had to do it, and, moreover, he did it like a man. Whatever other porters might do, Ben did his duty, and was proud of it.

You should have heard him calling out the name of his station when the passenger trains pulled up at East Codnor Junction. You could hear distinctly what he said, and nobody was ever known to be misled by his pronunciation. His voice rang out as loud and clear as a bell.

And he never slammed the carriage doors. Some porters are always trying to imitate pistol shots, to the great annoyance and disturbance of nervous folk. Ben closed the doors like a butler shutting the drawing room door of a duchess. He made a practice of doing it, old Ben.

And he never lost his temper over passengers' inquiries. Sometimes he had half a dozen questions fired off at the same moment, and sometimes indigent travellers would ask him the same question two or three

times running; but he never refused to answer, and never answered anybody short. "It's all in the day's work," he would say to himself, and so he replied politely to everybody.

He was at his best, perhaps, on excursion days, when the good people of East Codnor and the neighbourhood crowded the station, treading on one another in their eagerness to get a seat, and, if possible, the best seat. He was in his element at those times. He felt like a general, and issued his orders like one. "Stand back, please! Stand back!"

Now we can quite understand that Ben's good temper and obliging ways proved profitable. Porters of that sort are not forgotten in a hurry. And he got all the more because he was not at all greedy. He was kind because he couldn't help it—not because he wanted to be tipped every minute of the day. And people, somehow, got to know it.

Whether it was that Ben's work was especially heating, or that the wear and tear took a great deal out of him, and that he wanted variety, or that he was sociably inclined—whether it was for one or all of these reasons, he often found his way after hours to the village public-house, the "Roscoe Arms." It was the one bad feature of his character. And it grew worse.

Now, Ben was a man worth saving, and I made up my mind that if I could do anything, he should be saved. Long did I turn over in my mind certain ways and means by which he might be rescued. I will tell you how I went to work, and how my humble efforts succeeded in the end.

One day, as he was entering the "Roscoe Arms" I tapped him quickly on the shoulder and said in his own best tones, "This way to—run." Ben started. The termination was not a familiar one, however much the introduction was. And when I pointed out to him very gently how many had already gone that way "to the dogs," and how certain the consequences of living strong drink were, and how he himself was being switched off to that ugly down line, he looked grave, and turned away homewards.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "I'll think about it."

He had never thought the matter over at all before. He had been simply led by his appetite and thirst. So that there was a clear gain when he declared his purpose of thinking the matter over.

But Ben's drinking did not come to much, for before long I found him forging ahead in the direction of the village public, as if his thirst had reached an uncommon height. So I had another try. "Change—for heaven," I quickly observed in his ear. I did not follow up the appeal, but let it work in Ben's mind. It could not fail to occur to him that if he had to change for heaven he must get on another road altogether, and that to follow strong drink as he was doing was really and truly following the devil's lead.

This not being effectual, I tried a third call. Just about the same spot I shouted in his ear, "Porter!" and when he turned with his usual brisk "Yes, sir, I took 'im by the hand and said, "You've carried enough to-day, Ben. Don't carry any more. You're carrying on too much. Let the porter and the ale and the spirit alone. Drop it, man, drop it!"

The summons, however, which had the greatest effect of all, was an imperative call in his ear, "Stand back, please!" This time he took the stroke along like a dangerous engine, and here was Ben with a passenger in danger, pressing nearer and nearer to death. "This I pointed out to him. "Stand back, please!" I said again.

At last he gave in. "Right you are, sir, I'll give it up. I don't want to go to rain. I'm going to 'Change' it's stand back' from that dangerous spot. And thankee, sir, for all your trouble."

Ben has kept his word. He is now a consistent teetotaller, and, better still, he has sought and found forgiveness for his past sin at the Saviour's feet.

SEEN TOO OFT.

HABIT familiarises with evil and diminishes the sense of it as well. A man that has been for half a day in some ill-ventilated room does not notice the poisonous atmosphere; if you go into it, you are half suffocated at first, and breathe more easily as you get used to it.

A man can live amid the foulest poison of evil, and, as the Syrian peasants get fat upon arsenic, his whole nature may seem to thrive by the poison that it absorbs. They tell us that the breed of fish that live in the lightless caverns in the bowels of some mountains, by long disuse have had their eyes atrophied out of them, and are blind because they have lived out of the light.

And so men that live in the love of evil lose the capacity of discerning evil. And he that walked in darkness becomes blind—blind to his sun, and blind to all the realities of life.—Dr. Macrae.



"Let me pass, please!"

"STAND BACK, PLEASE!"

By THE REV. CHARLES COURTEENAY, M.A.

BEN STARLING was a porter at the East Codnor Station, and a good porter he was from all accounts. He not only knew what he had to do, but he also knew when he had to do it, and, moreover, he did it like a man. Whatever other porters might do, Ben did his duty, and was proud of it.

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FIGHTING THE FAMINE IN INDIA: THE STORY OF A GREAT CONQUEST.

By F. M. HOLMES.

ONCE more Great Britain has fought and conquered a terrible famine in India. Last June (1867) no fewer than four and a half million persons were receiving relief, and Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, speaking at the Mansion House in

nothing less than to build an immense "ancut" or dam of masonry across the river where it had expanded to a width of about four miles, to raise the wall 12 feet high, and link it by embankments on islands, and so prevent the water from running to waste. The water



A Lock on the Mundapetta Canal (Eastern Delta, Godavery).

London concerning the terrible calamity, declared that it had cost upwards of ten million pounds sterling.

Unhappily, famines are periodical in India. During the present century there have been no fewer than fourteen, and the victims have been counted by millions. They have not always been in the same district—for India is a very vast country, but the causes have been generally the same. These are great drought and want of water for the crops, or else floods and too much water, which have swept away and destroyed the crops.

These causes should indicate the remedy, and great as have been our efforts to effect a cure when famine stalks hideously over the land, yet, as we all know, "Prevention is better than cure," and undoubtedly it is so in the case of dreadful famine.

What, then, is the remedy? How can these terrible and ever-recurring famines be prevented?

We cannot produce refreshing rain at will, but we can do our best to control the water; we can construct canals for irrigating the country, as well as for barge traffic and cheap means of communication; we can construct artificial lakes to supply water in time of drought; and we can build breakwaters or suitable outlets to prevent floods.

In some parts of India, the English have already done this, and I have a story to tell of one such great triumph as may well fill the heart of every "Britisher" with an honest pride. This has been called the "Conquest of the Godavery," and its great moving spirit was Captain (now Sir) Arthur Cotton—nobly assisted by his lieutenants, among whom may be mentioned Mr. (now Major-General) Haig and Captain Orr.

There appears to be plenty of water in India, but it is too often in the wrong place. That is, it rolls away to the sea in grand and lengthy rivers, instead of being adequately used for purposes of irrigation. Thus the Godavery, one of the twelve holy rivers in India, about 900 miles long, spreads itself to waste in a number of sandy flats, and oozes imperceptibly into the Bay of Bengal. For ages this giant stream has brought only poverty and destruction, in place of assistance to the unfortunate inhabitants—now pouring the fertilising water into the sea and soon devastating life and labour in one terrible ruin.

Captain Cotton proposed a most daring remedy. It was

thus accumulated was to be run off by means of canals to irrigate a wide area, and by this means reclaim from the waste and desolation of hundreds of years 800,000 acres of land. This, in existence, was the great enterprise, and nobly was it carried out, in spite of well-nigh insuperable difficulties.

The story of its glorious accomplishment is told in a volume of Reports by Mr. G. T. Welch, and though Reports are often accounted dry reading, and this one is necessarily somewhat technical, yet it is full of fascinating interest.

The water from such rivers can be carried by aqueducts—such as the great Gunnarao Aqueduct which serves about 50,000 acres with water from the Godavery river, and which was built in about five months—as well as by canals which may also serve as channels of communication by means of steamboat barges. The pillars of the great aqueduct had actually to be founded in wells eight feet deep in a bed of sand; the huge bricks had to be burnt on the spot, and so great was the haste that they had to be conveyed to the works from the kiln so hot that they could scarcely be touched. And the bricks came to be made so large that one only formed a load for a man to carry. Generously, but not without good reason, might Sir Arthur Cotton record

that he had "never yet seen such energy displayed by any other man" as by Lieutenant Haig.

This magnificent work—the Gunnarao Aqueduct—is carried over a minor branch of the Godavery river, and is 2,350 feet long, with a fine waterway of 22 feet and a depth of four feet. It conveys water from the river and is built on 49 arches with 40 feet span and piers of 6 feet, while it will convey 70,000 cubic yards of water per hour for about 50,000 acres. It has footpaths on each side six feet wide, and the tract of country it irrigates is probably one of the richest in India, where grow sugar, plantains, chillics, and other valuable produce.

Very great interest also centres in the huge "ancut" which keeps back so much of the water hitherto running to waste. The bed of the river is of pure sand, and the dam had to be so strong as not only to withstand floods, but also to rest secure against the continual "scouring" of under-currents and the shock of immense timbers borne down from the woods and thrown violently against the masonry. The plan pursued by Sir Arthur Cotton was apparently much the same as that followed by Rennell in building Plymouth Breakwater. A million tons of rough stone were poured into the river



Head of Bezvada Canal (Eastern Delta, Kistna).

below the "face" of the dam to secure its safety. Difficultly after difficulty had to be conquered in building the various works, and at times heavy floods whirled down the masonry like a pack of children's bricks. But the indomitable English spirit prevailed.

The result, in one word, has been to turn the river from a source of waste and destruction to a means of abounding prosperity, and to change a desert, as by a rotary wand, into a rich and fruitful garden. The return, not only in the happiness and contentment of the people, but in solid financial interest, has been exceedingly satisfactory, estimated in fact at a rate of nearly 18 per cent., while similar works in different parts of India have also shown good returns. The great Kista Delta works in Madras show nearly 14 per cent., the Ganges Canal again, nearly 6 per cent., while it may be added that canals connect the Kista and Godavery, there being a space of ninety miles between the two rivers.

There are many such noble works in India, but there are not enough; and unfortunately, as some think, the Government is spending fourteen times as much money on railways as on irrigation and navigation canals. Undoubtedly railways are a much easier means of transit, but they cannot fertilise the earth as does the great plant-forming work of India's noble rivers, and it is rather an immense extension of irrigation works, which have already proved so successful in their several districts, that we must look for the prevention of famine and for assistance in promoting the well-being, the happiness, and solid contentment of the people.



Upper Part of the Main Western Canal from the River Kistna.
(Showing also the hill on which one end of the Ancut, or masonry dam rests. A canal of 90 miles connects the Kistna and the river Godavery.)

The Quiet Hour.

"NOBODY WE WOULD CHANGE WITH."

By THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

I LEARNED a lesson once that has been to me a life-long blessing. It was away in a little village in Bedfordsire, as I was walking home one winter's night; the moon was at its full, and brilliant in the frosty air. My companion was an old labourer whose way lay for him to town, and whom company was a joy to him when I passed him at that late hour. I can see him now—the tall, thin figure, somewhat bent with years and toil, the dark smock-frock, and the tightly-buttoned leggings reaching down to the heavy boots. His face, always lit with a smile, was reddened with the sun and winds in which he spent his days. Working away in the stillness of the fields he merely had time to talk to his God, and that blessed opportunity he turned to such an account that he grew rich indeed in wisdom and grace. We had walked in silence thinking for a while, when he stopped and turned to me: "I have been walking over a thing, sir, that I should like to say to you."

"What's that, friend?" I asked.

"Well—I been thinking that if you and me only knew all about everybody else, there is nobody in the world that you and I would change with."

Everybody else! And instantly there crowded before me hosts of the great and famous men of the earth—kings and mighty men of renown, high lords and dainty ladies, wealth, splendour, brilliant honours, genius—were they all so little that the summit of life's blessedness could be reached by a poor labourer with perhaps twelve shillings a week? Then I turned wondering, and caught sight of that face where heaven's peace and sunny joy seemed to have traced itself in every curve and feature. "Nobady we would change with," I said to myself as we went on our way, and before my master was ready we had reached the place where our ways parted.

"Well," I said, "years is too big a thought to take in all in a minute. I will turn it over and tell you what I think about it when we meet again." Then I held the hand in mine, and felt the hard edges of the cracks that ran across the horny palm, and almost wished that I could change places with a man who had such a trust in God as that.

"I do believe that you will find it to be true," said he, and I hurried on my way alone.

True! Why, as I began to think of it, everything became full of its truth. It was a master-truth to which all things did homage—all the voices of heaven and earth seemed to take it up and proclaim it in mighty chorus. Can God order the stars, teach them by their names, and assigning to each its place—can God guide the birds, teaching them of the seasons, and leading them over sea and land to find their fittest home—can God suit soil and circumstances to every common bush and wayside flower—ah! shall men and women be flung into the world haplessly, without love or wisdom, without order or meaning? On every side the truth opened new avenues of beauty. Day after day it lived in me and interpreted the mysteries of life. My heart found in it strength and a new song. And then I met my old friend. I grasped that horny hand,

"Is it true, sir?" he said, and his eyes lit up with joy as he read the answer in my face.

"True! True!" I cried—"it is gloriously true! It is wonderful! Tell me, where did you find that thought?"

"I picked it up at the plough-tail, sir," and as he spoke the ruddy cheeks shone with gladness.

"Ah," said I, "I wish I could make my sermons at that plough-tail of yours. 'Nobody in the world that he would change with.' Why look here!"—and I showed him the string that grew in the hedge—"there, see how the strings hangs thy bell upon the breeze; it is exactly adapted, so that the birds should do for it what the insects do for the later flowers. God can fit men and women to their times and places as well as snow-drops."

"Ah, bless Him, He does!" said my friend devoutly.

Science teaches us the fitness of things to their "environment." Oh, blessed science that believes, and rests in the belief, that when we do but let our Father have His own way with us, He leads us day by day where all things are best fitted to shape us after the image and likeness of God,

OUR SILVER MIRAL.

We again urge our readers to make you offer of A SILVER MIRAL as widely known as possible. The medal is to be presented to the British working man who performs the bravest deed during this year. Every workman is eligible, whether he is a reader of THE BRITISH WORKMAN or not.

GAMBLERS AT THE CROSS.

I HAVE long thought that one of the most revolting pictures of degraded humanity that ever was drawn is that scene which St. John describes as occurring beside the Cross in the last hour of our Saviour's agony, when the brutal men who had crucified Him sat down to cast lots over His clothes. The enraged priests could taunt the sufferer on His helplessness, the inviolate passers-by could wag their heads, or shout in cruel derision; but no creature but a gambler could be so lost to all feeling as to sit down coldly under a dying man to wrangle for his garments, and, with hands still spattered with his blood, cast dice for the very coat he had

wherever it is known, and the Editor would like it to be known and welcomed in every home in the land. It contains 16 large pages of helpful reading matter set in beautifully clear, bold type, and is published monthly at 1d. by Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., who will be glad to send a specimen copy post free to any address on receipt of a penny stamp.

CHANCE, TALENT, AND GRIT.

By THE REV. R. L. BELLAMY, B.D.

"If you'd So-and-so's chances or So-and-so's talents, you'd manage?" Now listen, my friend. You make the mistake of a good many folk—you want to begin at wrong end. What you need, mate, is not smoother paths or more powers, but a backbone a trifle more stiff. A chap's a good step on the road to success when he's learnt to leave off saying "if."

A man who does something with means that are poor might do great things with means that were good. But you can't say the same for the man who stands by and explains how with great means he *could*. Who he wants to begin till some favouring turn in affairs its kind succour shall lend. Is precisely the time to neglect the most rich opportunity Heaven could send.

You examine the bumps on a man's head and go by a grand physiological law. To judge of his prospects in life's hurry-hurry, but *Id* sooner glance at his jaw! His talents, however first-rate they may be, won't reckon for much without grit. And however third-rate they may be, he will likely do well if he only gets it.

Do we find that all those who've made names for themselves always had such an extra good start, Or a mind to which nothing was difficult? No; but they earned a sound, sturdy heart.

Seems to me that the chief thing we gather is this, as their stirring life stories we scan. That a man's chance is mostly enough of a chance if the man is enough of a man.

Then waste no more time with your profitless "ifs," but change the false plan for the true,

Began by just putting yourself into shape, and your chances will soon improve too.

Use what talent you have on what chance is to hand with a grit that shall grow day by day, And I think on fair trial you'll own there's some truth in the things I have ventured to say.



"They parted His garments, casting lots upon them."

(Drawn by Frank Dadd.)

CHRIST'S LOVE.

THE sense of Christ's love is the mightiest of all constraining motives. It embraces our whole spiritual nature, touches it in all its springs, moves it in all its affections, stirs it in all its energies. Hope will make men strive, and fear will make men tremble; but love alone will waken love, and create real joy amidst the gloomiest surroundings. Wheresoever the love of Christ pours itself like a flood into the soul, it draws all things after it with irresistible attraction.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH WORKMAN is anxious to direct the attention of all who are interested in mission work to *The Friendly Visitor*—a magazine which he considers deserving of the widest support.

From reports that have reached him as to the high value placed upon this little periodical by the many who know and use it, he is convinced that it only needs to be more widely known to be even still more generally appreciated. It is a purely Gospel magazine, entirely sectarian and evangelical, and its bright stories, crisp articles, and attractive pictures make it of the greatest possible value to Christian workers. *Each number is complete in itself.*

The Friendly Visitor is indeed a welcome "visitor."

NOTES FOR BEEKEEPERS.

By C. N. WHITE.

FOR several weeks stocks that have been properly wintered will have been progressing satisfactorily—so much so that swarming time will be thought of, particularly in cottagers' gardens, because of the loud hum of drones from the most prosperous colonies.

It is of great importance that we should know something about the bees in the hive if we are to manage them with success. I shall therefore give a little information on the three kinds of bees now found in every bee-hive in a normal condition:

The *Queen*, upon which herre success or failure depends, is a most interesting creature. She is the only female in the hive, and is distinguished from the other bees by her long tapering body, and majestic gait when moving along the combs. The only duty in life the queen has is to lay eggs, and this she does in a most remarkable manner. Early in January she commences, after her winter rest, laying a few eggs daily in the warmest part of the hive; but as the season advances she increases her work until during the summer, when honey comes in freely, she is laying the enormous number of between two and three thousand eggs in the twenty-four hours. The more prolific a queen is early in the year, the greater the quantity of bees when the time for honey gathering arrives, and therefore the

greater the quantity of honey stored for the beekeeper. The queen puts forth her power to the greatest extent during a season of plenty, and while the weather is warm, but by protecting the brood chamber with shafts, cushioning, and feeding slowly, we induce the queen to lay more eggs daily early in the year than she would if the hive were not interfered with. In this way we obtain the best results, but we soon wear out our queens; and, therefore, it is a rule to be generally observed, that queens should not be allowed to remain in hives after they have done their duty of egg-laying satisfactorily for two seasons.

The *Drones* are the male bees, and, as stated in the February article, are often produced in far too large numbers. This is a great mistake, because drones do no work, and therefore may be looked upon as consumers only. If the combs are composed almost wholly of worker cells, the undue production of drones is prevented, and prosperity may be expected. The queen prefers to deposit eggs in produce droppings, because they are unfertilized, and therefore to prevent the production of drones worker cells only must be used, which is effected very easily by the system to be explained in my next article.

The drones, being the least needed part of the population of a bee-hive, are turned out by the worker bees to die, as soon as the income of honey ceases. They may also be turned out even during the summer should there be a spell of cold weather causing the supply of food in the hive to run short. Their length of life is therefore short, lasting at the most only through the summer.

The *Workers*, which form the bulk of all properly arranged bee-hives, are those bees that do all the work of wax-making and comb-building. For the first fortnight of their lives, which in the summer are never more than six weeks, they perform the duty of nurse bees in preparing and digesting a food composed of honey and pollen, which they give, as it is required, to the queen, and also the grubs in the cells, which need an enormous quantity of food while they are in the grub state.

As soon as they cease this important work they commence the more arduous duties referred to, which cut short a very busy life. Those bees that issue from the cells, say on June 1st, when most flowers are in bloom, live the shortest time, while those hatched at the close of the season, when the hard work is over, live through the winter, and start the work of brood-rearing in the spring.

From these remarks it will be seen how necessary it is that in every bee-hive there should always be a good—that is, a young and prolific queen; and as large an army of workers as can be by good management be produced by the time the honey-flow commences.

Temperance Truths.

THIS art of causing intemperance and health to exist in the same body is as visionary as the philosopher's stone and judicial astrology. The highest medical testimony declares emphatically for total abstinence.

What will not people do in the way of drinking? It seems that the very poor amongst the inhabitants of Edinburgh positively get drunk on a taw compound of taw whisky mixed with methyl and parafin oil.

DEFENCE ON INTEMPERANCE.—Oh, the power of intemperance! How it encroaches on the best depositions in the world! How it comes upon us gradually and insensibly, and what dismal effects it works upon our morals, changing the most virtuous, regular, well-instructed, and well-inclined tempers into worse than brutes!

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON once said: "It is a cheap device to brand the Temperance movement as fanatical. Now, I deny that it has a single feature of fanaticism; for it is based upon physiological principles, chemical relations, the welfare of society, the laws of self-preservation, the claims of suffering humanity, all that is noble in patriotism, generous in philanthropy, and pure and good in Christianity."

FOR THE BAHNS.—In the home of every working man where there are children, there ought to be a copy of *The Hand of Hope Review*. There is no better Temperance magazine for young people. It can be obtained from any bookseller or carpenter for one half-penny monthly, or Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Peterhouse Row, London, E.C., will send a copy every month for a year, post free, to any address for ONE SHILLING. ORDER TO-DAY!

WHERE DICK CURZON FOUND HIS UGLY FACE.

BY FLORENCE F. BURCH



-Dick Curzon-

"I've had a knock of doing a precious sight o' harm in their sleep; and Bill Curzon ain't often awake."

Having delivered himself of this little bit of sarcasm, he returned to his work with redoubled vigour.

"Oh! well!" fit was the young master he was talking to, "that's just as well, perhaps. A man isn't responsible in his sleep, you see. He'll come off that much easier in the reckoning."

The man threw up the earth in silence for some minutes. Then he straightened up his back again.

"Not so sure o' that!" said he. "Leastways, this is how I put it. There's a time to sleep, and a time to be awake; and if a man does things in his sleep when he ought to be awake, why!—he's only got to shift the story and answer for being asleep."

"Well done!" cried the young master. "You're smarter than I thought for."

"Got my head screwed on the right way, sir, thank God," returned the man, with a kind of quiet assurance that was without its comical side—"this two year, anyhow."

"This two year, eh? I thought people eat their wisdom teeth at forty."

"And I. It didn't come Christmas, sir. That's the worst of it. I don't leave many years at the most."

"Oh! well!"—This new man was an oddity. The young master was having his pennymouth of amusement out of him. "Oh! well, you've had the sixty years, you know."

But the man shook his head. "Had 'em, sir? Not a bit of it! The devil's had 'em, sir."

"Anyhow," contended the young master, "it's something to have got that little bit o' screwing set right. Not everybody knows the specialist for that kind of operation. In fact, now I come to think, it might be handy to have his name. Who's your man?"

The man stood up a minute before he answered. Then he raised the hat off his head. "Jesus Christ, sir," said he reverently.

Now, this was a name the young master was not accustomed to hear, except in church, and not very often. No human being, what living, regular might have been, had not his dog Spot afforded a somewhat opportune diversion just then. Presently, however, he came strolling back.

"You know this Bill Curzon pretty well, I suppose?" said he.

During Spot's gambols the digging had made tremendous progress.

Some lines of thought retard work; but others hurry it. There were certain years of this rough man's life, the very memory of which he hated. He had been—so to speak—digging it in with the weeds

"Takes it out of you," observed he, with a little puff, as he straightened up his back again. "Then stepping over to on the path, and leaning on his spade. 'Do I know Bill Curzon? Well, seem's he's over mother's son to me. I should rather guess I do.'

"Brother, eh? Shouldn't have guessed it. Thought your name was Fletcher."

Curzon, sir, same as his. Richard Curzon, mostly known as Dick. Dick Curzon.

"You're thinking," he went on,

"that him and me don't favour one another much."

"Well," admitted the young master, "you're not exactly 'two peas'—except that, out of the proverb, they're by no means always alike."

"And Bill always took better looking than what I was, sir," admitted Dick, "though I'm bound to say the young woman that thought me good-looking enough to stand at the altar with her hadn't her equal for looks in all our parts."

He said it with pride. But a sorrowful shade fell over his features instantly.

"You'll say—and rightly, sir"—he continued, deprecatingly—"I'm an ugly old beggar now, though yodd better not say it in her hearing, even now. But if you want to know where I got my ugly pink— and I don't care who knows, if so be it may serve as a scarecrow to em—well, it was over at the 'Cock and Bull' there, where more than me has got an ugly face. A lot of hard-earned silver that ought to have gone to her, I bid out on it, to.

"And the worst is, sir, when you lay out money on that sort of article, you can't get it again. If it's clothes, or the like, may be they'll change 'em over the counter if they're not to your mind, so long as you hasn't worn 'em. But this 'eas a like the lice system. You wear your face all the time you're a-biting it, and even that don't tell the whole of the story. You're growing *all the time you're paying for it*."

"See that black mark, bottom o' my thumb nail," he continued, after a minute's pause. "Done that yesterday, in a tick o' the clock, as you may say; and that'll take pretty high on six months growing out. It's pretty much like that kind o' thing along o' you face, when you've come by it the way I come by mine. Six months won't grow that out—not yet ten year, I doubt they'll bury it with me when they put me in my grave."

And probably they would; for, though a changed heart does mean a changed face, there are lines and marks that never come out in this life.

"Comes a bit rough on me sometimes," Dick went on, "that now I've thrown it all over, it sticks to me like an ugly label. There's your health, you see, sir, as well as your looks—though it never held hold o' Bill's nose as it did mine. Of course Bill, he never went in for it as I did. But then I'd rather be myself than Bill, sleeping his life away over a mug o' beer, though he is what you may call a harmless sort o' chap. Don't get roaring drunk, nor yet a swearer, nor wife-beater. But what's he doing with his life when you come to it? Sleepin' it away over a beer mug, never awake enough to know how



-Sleeping his life away over a mug of beer-

many a young fellow he might save from that and worse, if only he'd wake up and put that mug away and stand up on his feet. Better by half he me, bad as I was. I'm awake now, anyhow, for the rest of my life."

And he looked it too.

"The missis do say," he concluded, as he gathered up his tools to proceed to the next job, "as how I'm improving wonderful. I go and get a look in her glass now and again to encourage myself. It was that glass o' hers that woke me up at the first start. 'Go and look at your face, Dick,' says she; and I did, and I was a sight when I see what I'd come to! But somehow I always come awayabit disengaged. 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap'—that's what I seem to see in that glass, sir. But the missis she says—and there's a lot in it too—as it's a blessed thing that what we sow 'to the flesh' is 'corruption.' If only we give it up here, it'll give us up yonder, falling away like the dead leaves on the trees. 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. Old things are passed away.' Even in this life, she declares, there's hopes of a man in some degree getting back a little of his youth; and we know the old Book says right plain that we're to be 'raised a glorious body'—no poor, weak limbs or ugly scars in them beautiful mansions above. And I don't doubt there'll be a new face for me there."

ENGLAND'S ENTERPRISE.

THERE is probably nothing more surprising in the history of the British Empire than the enormous extension of its colonial possessions. Every intelligent subject of the Queen should, as a matter of patriotic duty, make himself acquainted with the rise and growth

ago. Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. are printing England's colonial history in a really delightful form. The latest addition to the series is the history of the United States of America, in two volumes, published at half-a-crown each. We should like to know that copies of these splendid books were to be found in every village club, in reading rooms, and libraries throughout the country. We strongly advise our readers to get one or both of the volumes from their local bookseller.

The illustration on this page is taken from the second volume, of which it forms the frontispiece.

THE HOME WORKSHOP.

By MARK MALLETT. IV.—A Neat Corner Cupboard.

AS we go on making our own furniture the time will come when we shall want to make some article which less panelled-work. Now paneling, made in the proper and usual manner, needs special tools and appliances, and an amount of skill altogether beyond our reach. There is, however, a way in which we can get much the effect of real

paneling with the limited means at our command, and it will be well for us to see how this can be done. We will make a corner cupboard—always a useful thing in its way, and give it a simple design. Fig. 1 shows us an elevation of the front of our cupboard. We propose to make it 4 ft. 2 in. high, but as the top forms a kind of open shelf, we will carry up the housing 4 in. higher to make a back to it. The opening of the door is 16 in. wide; the whole width, as we see it in the figure, is some 5 ft. in, more than this. The illustrations are on a scale of 1 in. to the foot.

The shelves—in which we will include the top and bottom, which are in all respects like the shelves proper—are four in number, and they should be made of 1 in. wood. We see one of them in fig. 2. This figure is a cross section of the cupboard just above the lower shelf, and from it we may learn much of the way in which our cupboard is put together; *a* is the lower shelf, *b* and *c* are the back boards which go against the walls, *d* and *e* are the two side strips of the front, to one of which the door is hinged, whilst it locks into the other; *f* marks the door, and show how it is formed of two thicknesses of board—and about which we shall have more to say presently.

But to return to the shelves. These shelves which fit against the back-boards are 13 in. long; that side, or rather front, which is towards the door is 16 in. long, whilst from the back angle to the front they measure 2 in. Thus, if we set them out on a 10 in. board and saw diagonally we shall cut them with no waste of stuff.

In making and fixing the shelves it will be necessary to have correct right angles—in other words, to work to the true square. And as among our few tools that known as a "square" may not be included, it will be well to know how

of Greater England. A few years ago it would have been unfair to expect the average man to do this, the history of our colonial enterprise being mostly buried in ponderous tomes that none but enthusiastic hook-worms would attempt to read.

Now, however, the story of our colonial growth is being popularised; and in their new "Romance of Colonisation" series, mentioned in these pages a month or two

WORTH IMITATING.

A CORRESPONDENT in a Northern city writes— "For some time I have made a point of giving a copy of THE BRITISH WORKMAN each month to every man in the employ of our engineering company. Without exception the men accept the paper most willingly, and I know several cases where it is so valued that it is carefully preserved, and bound when the volume is complete. I am pleased to be able to state that many of the men have been led through THE BRITISH WORKMAN to give up evil habits and to become sincere followers of Jesus Christ."

This is very cheering testimony. We should rejoice if it could be echoed in every city and town in the country; and we will gladly do our part by supplying THE BRITISH WORKMAN at a reduced rate for free distribution amongst large bodies of working men. Christian workers who would like to take advantage of this offer are invited to address The Editor of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, Distribution Department, 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

A WONDERFUL OFFER.

FOR THIS MONTH ONLY.

ANY reader of THE BRITISH WORKMAN sending 5s. 6d. to the Editor at 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and promising to distribute carefully 25 copies of this magazine, will receive, by return, carriage paid, a parcel containing 25 copies for distribution amongst fellow workmen and others, and also

A Beautiful Bible,

the usual price of which is HALF-A-GUINEA. A full description of this splendid volume has already appeared in these pages. SEND AT ONCE.

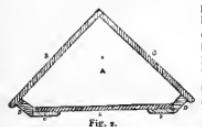


Fig. 2.
Section of Cupboard.

The illustration shows an elevation of the front of our cupboard. We propose to make it 4 ft. 2 in. high, but as the top forms a kind of open shelf, we will carry up the housing 4 in. higher to make a back to it. The opening of the door is 16 in. wide; the whole width, as we see it in the figure, is some 5 ft. in, more than this. The illustrations are on a scale of 1 in. to the foot.

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In making and fixing the shelves it will be necessary to have correct right angles—in other words, to work to the true square. And as among our few tools that known as a "square" may not be included, it will be well to know how

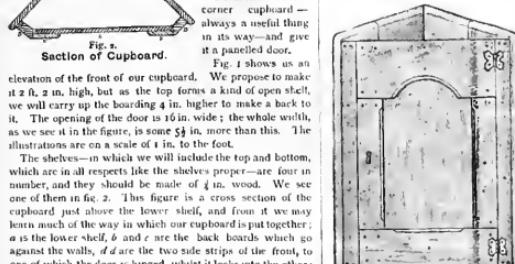


Fig. 1.
Front Elevation of Cupboard.

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We must next look to the side strips which serve as door checks. As they have to bear the weight of the door, they should be made of inch board. Their sections at *d* and *e*, fig. 2, show the shape to which they have to be cut. They are 2 in. wide, and as long as the door is high, viz. 26 in.; they are screwed with long round-headed screws to the top, *b*, in and shelves.

The cupboard itself being thus put together, we come to that very important part, the panelled door. Our make-up paneling will be formed by placing together two layers of thin board, and firmly uniting them; the effect of panels we shall get by leaving openings in the outer layer. So far as is possible we shall make the grain in one layer cross that in the other; this gives strength and prevents warping. Round-headed screws will be used for fastening the two layers together, and by arranging these in an orderly manner we may add much to the appearance of the work.

The two layers in our door will be of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. board. In the inner one (*e*, fig. 2), the grain will be sprung; it is 26 in. long by 16 in. wide. The outer layer will be of four pieces, of which three are 16 in. wide and one 10 in. wide. These are laid horizontally, crossing the grain of the inner layer. The upper one is 6 in. wide; the lower one 4 in. wide. The two upright pieces which connect these (*f*, fig. 2), which are 3 in. wide, are necessary to complete the panel, but as their grain runs in the same direction as that of the inner layer, they add but little to the strength of the door. Fig. 1 shows how all these pieces are shaped and chamfered, and the arrangement of the screws which fit them in their places. If the work is carefully and neatly done, we shall have a panelled door scarcely inferior in appearance or strength to real paneling.

The back-boards are fixed to each other, and to the shelves, and to the door, with flat-headed screws. The illustration shows that the edges of the top and bottom back-boards are well rounded off; *f*, to allow the cupboard to go well back into its corner.

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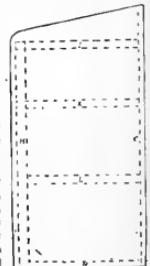


Fig. 3.
Back-board of Cupboard.

* * * The subject of Mark Mallett's article in our next issue will be FRAMING PICTURES.



DANGER.



SAFETY.



FOLLY.



INDUSTRY.



DISSIPATION.



HAPPINESS.



DEGRADATION.



TWO WAYS OF LIFE.

quality, it will be seen that three quarts of food are mixed and diluted with 141 quarts of water and other materials, and the whole is sold for about £3. A popular way of stating this fact is, that there is as much nourishment in a penny loaf as in a gallon of ale costing two shillings.

A HEALTHY BODY

requires certain kinds of food to maintain it in good health, and it may be useful to see what these requirements are. An average day's rations, for an adult, could be made up as follows:—

	Per cent.	Lbs.	Oz.	Grs.
Water	5	0	800
Nitrogenous matter	39	0	4	110
Starch, Sugar, etc.	10.9	0	11	178
Fat	3.9	0	337
Common Salt07	0	0	325
Phosphates, etc.03	0	0	170
1000				

Such a diet might be obtained by the following foods:—

	Or.
Bread	... 18
Butter	... 1
Milk	... 4
Bacon	... 2
Potatoes	... 1
Cabbage	... 6
Cheese	... 3½
Sugar	... 1
Salt04
Water	... 661
6 lbs. 143 ozs.	

Here we see that bread plays a very important part in maintaining strength, but beer does not come in at all.

ALCOHOL NOT A FOOD.

It is evident from what we have seen that the nutrient in malt liquors is so small as to be of no value as a strength giver, but the question may arise, "Is not alcohol food?" A food must be able to supply either tissue (to build up and repair the body), heat, or force. Any substance that cannot supply one or more of these things is not a food. Alcohol does not contain anything but carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and it cannot supply muscle, bone, or nerve substance. All that it can possibly do is to supply heat, but there is strong evidence that it does not even do this.

A GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Sir Benj. Ward Richardson, who spent many years in the study of this question, says: "By particular and varied experiment, it was placed beyond the range of controversy that alcohol, instead of being a producer of heat in those who consume it, and therefore a food in that sense, is a depresser. Alcohol cannot by any ingenuity be classed among the foods of man. It neither supplies matter for construction nor heat. On the contrary, it hinders construction and reduces temperature."

Dr. Bronto, who also paid special attention to this subject, gave his verdict that "It is quite a delusion to imagine that alcohol causes warmth; it lowers the whole temperature of the body."

We see, then, that we cannot rely upon alcohol either for making tissue, giving heat, or supplying force.

MUSCULAR STRENGTH.

Our food must contain nitrogenous material in order to renew and build up muscle cells, and it must contain carbonaceous matter in order that there may be the necessary heat generated.

Alcohol itself contains no nitrogenous material, and any form of strong drink that may be used will contain so small an amount, that it cannot in any sense be regarded as food.

Sir B. W. Richardson carried out an elaborate set of experiments to test the action of alcohol on the muscles, and as a result found that in every case, lifting power was decreased. Dr. Kaye Greville, of Glasgow, states as a result of his observations on the subject, "that the strength which alcoholic liquors seem to impart is temporary and unnatural. It is present energy purchased at the expense of future weakness."

A NOTABLE FEAT.

There is the evidence of large numbers of athletes confirming the facts above stated, that alcohol lessens muscular power and does not increase it. Then there is the most notable case of Weston, an abstainer who walked 5000 miles in 10 days, afeat spoken of by Dr. Blyth as "The greatest recorded labour, its continuity being considered, ever undertaken by a human being without injury." Afeat accomplished without strong drink, and never even attempted by any one with its assistance. One would have thought that if strong drink could impart strength that somebody would have come forward and demonstrated its value as such by out-doing what Weston did.

The conclusion we must come to after a consideration of these facts is, that alcoholic liquors may be called "strong" drink, but that in no sense of the term are they strengthening.

BY ALBERT E. HOOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE SAVING OF THE 'WELLINGTON,'" ETC.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS DREAMS.

THE old man sat beside a fire in a comfortable London attic alone. One hand lay upon the arm of his wooden chair and the other rested upon his knee, and, as he leaned forward, gazing into the golden caverns among the glowing coals in the grate, he dreamed dreams of the past. The redness of his face was all reflected from the fire; his unclean hair and beard were nearly white, and there was a look of deep sadness in his sunken eyes.

The old man's dreams were of a beautiful country side; of a cottage home—a very bower of roses and honeysuckle; of a young wife, passing fair to look upon, with a voice glad as the birds in springtime; of a grave beneath a silver birch in an old churchyard; of a baby boy who had his mother's voice and his mother's eyes; and the last of the old man's dreams was the troubled dream of "Lost Son."

Pictures after pictures unrolled itself in the train process, projected after the dim eyes, and then, by some wonderful process, projected into the golden caverns of the past.

"Don't be a fool, lad, and marry a girl for her pretty face and voice. Songs and fiddle tunes won't keep the home together, and a wise fatherly voice. And, strange to say, the old deaf man village that voice much clearer than the young man to whom the words were spoken over fifty years before!"

Then a beautiful voice sang a sweet cradle-song, and, in his dreams, the old man saw a young mother rocking her baby to sleep.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" said a strangely monotonous voice; but the old man only heard the rustling of the silver birch in the churchyard.

For a moment there was silence, and the listener's head sank lower. Then—"Your son has a wonderful voice, Mr. Graham. I heard him in the choir today. You mustn't keep him in the village—such a talent is a gift from God; it would be wrong to bury it here!"

After this there was a confusion of tongues, speaking in muffled tones among the fading glories of the fairytale; a fresh young voice pleading, a stern man's voice harshly commanding—could that have been his own voice?—and, at last, the young voice, suddenly grown louder and stronger, firmly deciding—"I will go!"

Hark! what was that? A perceptory knock on the attic door.

The old man straightened himself in his chair, rubbed his eyes, and gazed blankly at the handful of ashes at the threshold. "Come in," he cried.

A police-sergeant entered the attic.

"Good evening, Mr. Graham," he said cheerily. "I've run the youngster to earth. Come along o' me an' I'll take you to

PART II.

THE YOUNG MAN SEES VISIONS.

The young man longed against one of the wongs of "The Home of Melody" Music Hall, wanting to "go on." He was dressed in the holiday attire of a city clerk, rendered more than usually conspicuous by yellow shoes, grass-cloth waistcoat, and a flame-coloured tie. As he stood, he twisted his tan bowler uneasily round and round in his hand, and paid my attention to the strange company around him.

"Star-gazing?" cried a voice beside him. "You should look behind the scenes for stars, as you can't see the sky, my boy. What are you looking at?"

"An old man," he replied, recognising the manager's voice.

The man laughed.

"Well, what of that? Don't you think it's a fit place for him, eh?"

The young man turned suddenly on his questioner. "He's not here," he cried fiercely. "He's miles away in the country all alone!"

The manager of the "Home of Melody" lifted his eyebrows.

"Using, eh?" he said. "That won't do, Graham. They'll take the jolly ring out of your voice, and that won't pay, my boy!"

"I don't care. I'm going to quit this, I tell you. I've been a bad long enough, and I'm not ashamed to say that I mean to go home to my father."

"Bosh, Phil! Go on, can't you? that's your cue!"

A shabby foreign-looking man had sat down at a piano at the back of the stage and struck a chord.

Phil Graham tossed his hat on to his head, thrust his hands into his pockets, and, striding on to the stage, burst into a rollicking song. He was in splendid voice, and more than once his singing was drowned in a thunder of applause. The excitement made him forget his gloomy thoughts, and his spirits rose as he sang, just as he reached the end of his song. His glass fell upon a white-haired old man sitting at the back of the hall. A pair of sad eyes met his friend's eyes, and he stopped singing.

As he hurried off, the manager met him.

"You're in luck, Phil," he said; "here's Maitland of the New Opera wants to see you."

A tall man stepped up, and the young man, with a beating heart, recognised the great actor.

"Let me congratulate you on your voice, Mr. Graham," he said. "Can you spare me a few minutes?—I'm on the lookout for just such a man as you."

"You're very good, sir," answered Phil; "but—but please excuse me, I—I've just seen my father, and—and I want to catch him before he goes! I—I must see him!"

"All right! Here, take my card, and try and call on me to-night!—I leave London to-morrow."

An hour later father and son—the old man leaning on the young man's arm—entered Mr. Maitland's handsomely furnished chambers.

"I have come to thank you for your kindness, sir," said Phil; "and to say that I can't sing any more at music halls, or—or even at a great theatre, sir. My father doesn't like it, and—and I'm going to do as he likes!"

The actor grasped his hand. "Bravo, my boy," he said. "I wish I had always had the pluck to say that."

He was silent and grave for a moment; then he said:

"I don't want you to come with me. My brother is canon of Winchester Cathedral—he has asked me to look after just such a tenor as you." Turning to the old man, he went on, "This will be a good thing for your son, Mr. Graham—you won't say 'no.' He has a wonderful voice, and such a talent is a gift from God."

The words spoken in his ear seemed to the old man to come from the far past.

"I won't try to keep him to myself any longer, sir," he said. "God has given him to me again, and I will give him back to God. He has come back to his father of his own will, and I believe his Father in Heaven will make him worthy to serve Him."

"Come here, my boy, and sing this," said Mr. Maitland, sitting down at a grand piano.

The young man crossed the floor, and in another moment the room was full of the music of his magnifico voice, singing—

"I will arise—I will arise, and go to my Father."



A Young Man's Folly.

BUILDERS WITHOUT HANDS.

By WOOD SMITH, AUTHOR OF "WONDERLAND, OR, CURIOSITIES OF NATURE AND ART."



"Where shall we build?"

WONDEROUS as are the works of man, they do not bear comparison with the marvellous handiwork of nature. Whilst we admire the science and art of man as displayed, for instance, in the designing and erection of costly buildings and the construction of wonderful tunnels and bridges, let us not forget the greater skill manifested by many of God's creatures in the building of their habitations.

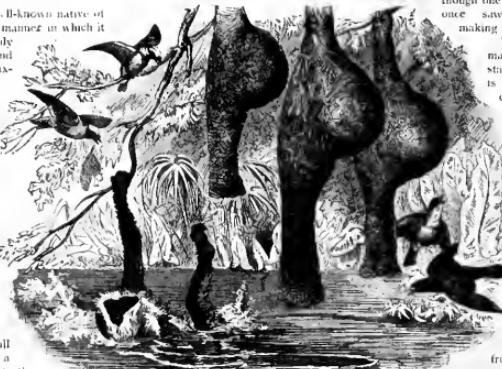
In the study of these beautiful works we have a mine of wealth open to all who are willing to take the trouble to explore it, and yet how many of us know of the treasure? Therefore, although the theme of the present paper is only some curious birds' nests and their builders, I make no apology for its simplicity, leaving assured in advance that it will appeal to many who have hitherto thought little of the subject.

The clever little Tailor Bird is a well-known native of Asia, and derives its name from the manner in which it constructs its nest. The bird is only three and a half inches in length, and weighs, it is stated, about thirty-sevenths of an ounce. It frequents the whole of the Indian Peninsula, the Burmese countries, and China, being most common in well-wooded districts, and usually found in pairs, but at times in small flocks.

In India, says Mr. Hume, the breeding season of the tailor bird lasts from May till August, both months included; but in the plains more nests are to be found in July, and in the hills more in June than during the other months.

The nest, of which an illustration is given, is a deep soft cup enclosed in a leaf or leaves, which the bird sews together, to form a receptacle for it. It is placed at all elevations, as often high upon a mango tree as low down amongst the leaves of the edible egg-plant. The nests vary much in appearance, according to the number and description of leaves which the bird employs, and the manner in which it employs them; but the nest itself is usually chiefly composed of fine cotton wool, with a few horse hairs, and at times a very few grass stems as a lining, apparently to keep the wool in its place, and to enable the cavity to retain perfume.

The bird literally sews the



Tailor Bird and Nest.

leaves together at their edges, its bill and feet working in concert, drilling the necessary holes and passing the vegetable fibres through them with

to which is by a passage constructed on one side. Several large folio volumes have been written upon the wonderful family of Humming Birds, the largest family of birds known. These miniature and perfect gems among birds are found in the American continent, and though principally tropical, some few species, it is stated, extend upwards on the slopes of the Great Andes to the very regions of perpetual snow. By far the greater number of the species, however, occur in South America, and glory in a variety of traits it is almost impossible to describe.

Their nests are usually attached to the extremities of hanging leaves, but some species seem to prefer twigs and rocks. They are funnel-shaped with long tapering ends, and are composed of moss, the silky fibres of flowers, the cotton-like down of seed vessels, and a kind of woolly substance which is believed to be extracted from a species of fungus. These materials are knotted together with spiders' webs, and form delightful miniature dwellings.

There is a great variety in the shape of the nests constructed by the different species of Weaver Birds. Some build a kind of pouch elongated into tubes, the entrance being from below; others are oval-shaped with the entrance at the side. In order to protect its home from the attacks of monkeys, snakes, and other enemies, the bird generally suspends its nest from the frail extremities of branches overhanging water; but this clever arrangement does not always save them from the attack of monkeys, which have been known to support themselves in the water by clinging to the overhanging boughs, and in this manner to rob the nests.

The nest proper is at the top, and is a small hollow globe made of dry grass interwoven and lined with feathers. A tube or passage leads from this downwards to the surface of the water, leaving just sufficient room for the

bird to fly under and to enter the tube.

The Indian Weaver Birds select apparently impossible situations for their hanging nests, such as the lower edges of bungalow thatches, the long slender branches hanging

over a pond, or the leaves of the date or fan palm. These frail supports are selected as the most secure for the nests, for no land animal can attack them, though one writer says that he once saw some monkeys making the attempt.

The grass-woven nests may be seen in every stage of building, but it is next to impossible to detect how the actual weaving proceeds.

The late Surgeon-General Hutchinson relates that he was sitting outside his bungalow at Allahabad, and noticed that two of these birds were making a great chattering in an adjoining bush. Suddenly the cock bird flew on to the thatch, and inspected first with one eye and then with the other, a straw which protruded some six inches from the thatch; then he rejoined his mate, and after a noisy consultation both took their flight.

Early next morning he again heard their chatter, and on going out he found a tuft of dry stalks of grass a gigantic six or eight feet high, depending from the straw, to which it had been attached while the bird was on the way. The blade was twisted, plainly round the straw, but how it was attached, and then prevented from uncoiling, the observer could not discover. From this slender and precarious foundation the wondrous fabric grew downwards to completion.

The Weavers are very sociable birds in their habits, and many nests of the same species are often found together. Some have a curious habit of attaching the nest of one year to that of the year preceding. One species found in Madagascar sometimes, in this manner makes five nests in succession, one hanging to another.

The Sociable Weaver birds of South Africa excel all birds in the extent of their habitation. They usually select a large and lofty tree in which they construct an umbrella-like roof of coarse grass, each pair of birds afterwards building their own nest, which is attached to the roof. In this manner several hundreds of nests are sometimes built in honeycomb style with marvelous regularity, and finally the whole community sets to work to make an under covering for the huge dwelling.

Many other curious facts could be given showing how wonderfully the Creator has provided for His creatures by endowing each with the marvelous instinct which enables it to provide for its nourishment, its home, and its protection. Truly, "His mercy is over all His works."



Humming Birds and Nest.

SALVATION ON THE WATER.

By WILLIAM LUKE.

EVERY first day of the week is as much a Sunday on the water as it is on the land; on a barge as in a cathedral; only all do not keep it carefully as our friend in the picture. He cannot go to church; but his boat is consecrated, and his wife acts as chaplain.

There are some fine fellows among these men. Here is but from the biography of one, as I heard him tell it:

A STORY OF FOUR FALLS.

"When I was a child I wanted to get into father's boat; but, leaning my little hands upon it, I pushed it from me, and so fell in the water. That was my first fall, and fortunately I was seen and rescued.

"When older, I was wheeling a harrow along a plank over the hold of a vessel when I slipped, and striking a shovel, cut myself so that I was laid up seven weeks. That was my second fall."

Getting too old for Sunday-school, as he thought, he began to prefer a walk; but a converted sister held on to him. One night she was going with the superintendent who was to preach four or five miles away. Would he also come?

He went, and the good man used the opportunity to talk of Jesus to his young companion all the way home. He left next day, still putting off the great salvation, and five days afterwards fell overboard. This was his third fall, and it seemed likely to be his last, for after swimming as long as he was able he found he could only remain afloat, treading water with fatiguing strength.

" Didn't the old devil come at me then and say, 'If you had only settled it last Sunday all would have been well; now it is too late.' "

But he got hold of a floating spar and so he was saved. At that very hour his Christian sister dreamed she saw him sinking, and in the morning told her mother. This made her doubly anxious until his return home once more.

Time passed on and he married. Still misused, things seemed going to the bad with him, when he had a fourth fall.

One Saturday, being at home, he took the chair at a "sing-song," and in consequence got home late. His beloved wife, who was lying upon the couch, remarked upon the hour, and for the only time in a long life he spoke to her roughly, telling her he was not spending her money, though he knew it was money she ought to have.

On Sunday he was at home with a headache, when a knock came. He guessed it was his old class-leader, who asked,

"Will you not come to chapel to-day?"

"Yes, you go," said the husband—for he rather wanted to be on the way—"I have a headache."

However, in the evening he went to the little chapel, which was playfully nicknamed "The Teapot."

Here he heard of the great fall of man from fellowship with God, the brightness of holiness and privilege, down into the depths of sin and despair. He felt there was danger of a farther fall into "the bottomless pit."

He had fallen with a far more serious fall than either of his previous falls, for he personally had fallen into the mere of sin. But, blessed news! it was still true—

"There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains."

"I thought I should have to give up," said he. "But though he stayed to the prayer meeting, he stayed away from the Savoy."

At supper that night he could not touch his usual glass of ale, the excuse being his headache, but in reality his heart ached.

His barge was to sail on Tuesday, but Monday found him again at the chapel, where special services were being held.

"It may be my last chance. Can I do it? No." And Satan hindered.



[C. H. Weller.]

The Day of Rest.

many happy meetings on board his vessel, and were we not on board with him now I know he would ask,

"Has his Lord pardoned your sin?" "The blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed us from all sin." (1 John 1: 7)

GOD'S GENTLEMEN.

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D.

The world is false, even to its own best ideals. It professes to admire the ideal of the perfect gentleman. Yet it is indifferent to its truest and noblest elements. This was what one meant when he defined a gentleman as "the devil's imitation of a Christian." The devil's imitation—for a man may have upon the surface the semblance of those fine qualities which do make a gentleman, and he may have the sprightliness and good humour which are in themselves charming, and yet may be a scoundrel to the backbone.

Nevertheless, whatever is attractive and noble about the ideal of a gentleman is also essentially Christ-like. Exiled from your estimate of gentleman or lady all false or cynical elements. A man essentially coarse cannot be transmogrified into a gentleman by amassing a fortune, or by driving in a carriage and pair. A woman innately vulgar cannot pass off as a lady by tricking herself out in velvets and furs. Nor will outward grace of manner and appearance make a gentleman. A man cannot be turned into a gentleman by his tailor or his dancemaster.

Nor has rank anything to do with gentleness. I believe that there are as many of God's gentlemen among shepherds on the Highland hills, and peasants in Irish huts, and honest God-fearing artisans in crowded cities, as in castles and palaces.

Even the humblest who read this page would like to be ladies and gentlemen. They are quite right. They can be; they ought to be. Shall I tell you how? Not by aping the dress, or the manners, or the follies of those who are of greater wealth or higher rank that is the sure way not to do it. How then? Exactly in the same way as any one of us can be either—by self-respect, by modesty, by faithfulness. By a mind fair and candid, and loyal to truth; by a heart washed in the fountain of all pure humanities; by a

will at the mercy of no tyrant without and no passion within, by a conscience which will yield to nothing but the everlasting law of duty; by affections gentle enough for the humblest serfs of earth, lofty enough for the aspirations of the skies.

Stand fast in that manhood and that womanhood; and in its spirit, at once humane and heroic, do the work, accept the good, and bear the burdens of your life. Do this, and you shall be as true a gentleman or as true a lady as any who have ever worn soft clothing, or lived in king's houses. "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

OUR SILVER MEDAL.—We shall be glad if our readers will bear in mind the fact that we are offering a Solid Silver Medal to the British working man who performs the bravest deed during this year. Particulars should be addressed to the Editor of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



SIR HENRY DOULTON: THE GREAT POTTERY MAKER.

By F. H. MORELL.

D'OLTOUN'S Potteries and Doulton ware are now known all over the world; and they largely owe their great fame to the energy and enterprise of the late senior partner, Sir Henry Doulton, who did so much to revive the artistic production of pottery and earthenware in Great Britain.

He stands in the line of the great English pottery makers. About the end of the seventeenth century, the pottery made in England was coarse and common; and those persons who could afford better, bought it from the Continent. Then arose John Dwight, who took out a patent for "making stoneware, vulgarly called Cologne ware," and who established a factory at Fulham about 1671. This factory flourished, and in course of years a young man named John Doulton served his apprenticeship there, and when his industrial tutelage was over, he crossed the Thames, and together with Mr. J. Watts established in 1815 a small pottery in Vauxhall Walk. Nineteen years later they removed to High Street, and in the next year, 1835, a lad of fifteen entered the works, who has become so well known as Sir Henry Doulton.

In 1834 the establishment consisted of about a dozen persons who worked two kilns a week. In 1857, when (on November 17th) Sir Henry died, the employees at the Lambeth and various other potteries belonging to the firm were numbered by thousands, while the total quantity of "stoneware" drain pipes alone manufactured by the firm has been estimated at an average of some thirty-five miles per week.

Henry Doulton, who was born on 24th July, 1820, at Lambeth, was the second son of John Doulton, and was educated at University College School; he chose to go through the routine of the business, and learned to shape vessels himself on the pottery wheel. He also achieved the distinction of fashioning on the wheel, and with his own hands, the largest vessel which had then been made. These facts indicate something of his determination and also of his skill. He determined to understand his business thoroughly, and he had enterprise enough and was skilful enough to introduce developments. Evidently he was, as folio 539, "a go-ahead chap." At one time, eight gallons was about the limit of size for a pottery vessel, but Doulton and Watts increased it to 300 gallons, and at this capacity the limit stood for more than ten years. But now, by the perfecting of tools, Doulton's can make a vessel capable of holding a thousand gallons.

Then came another and very notable development. In 1846 Henry Doulton began to make stoneware drain-pipes. In fifty years these pipes have become so widely used as to be recognised among the commonest of objects; and it seems strange that up to about the middle of the nineteenth century brick drains—often with leaking joints—were largely used for sewers, and also pipes made of the hollowed trunks of trees. But the immense superiority of the new imperishable and impervious stoneware drain-pipes was very soon apparent, and they "took" like wildfire. The firm's special factory for this work at Rowley Regis, near Dudley, commenced in 1848, is the largest in the world. Henry Doulton, therefore, must be credited with the introduction of a new industry; and since 1846 pottery has been used for the production of every class of sanitary ware.

But he did something more. His name will perhaps be most celebrated in connection with Doulton ware and with the revival of artistic pottery. Since the year 1870 the superb works in stoneware produced by his firm have won great admiration and gained the highest awards at every notable exhibition throughout the world. It was in 1856 that Mr. John Sparkes, of the National Art Training School, South Kensington, took charge of the Lambeth School of Art. Among the pupils there came but one connected with the pottery industry, but he proved a link between the School and the Lambeth Potteries. In due time Mr. Sparkes was introduced to Messrs. Doulton, and was able to add their technical knowledge and advice to his artistic skill. Mr. Sparkes remained closely connected with Doulton's for some years, and great sympathy existed between them, both as to the merits and the methods to be adopted in guiding their craft.

Doulton ware is, in fact, a decorated salt-glazed ware; and salt-glazed ware was the ware first made at the Lambeth potteries. It is called salt-glazed because

a film of glaze (or glass) is formed over the ware by throwing in crystal salt at the top of the kiln when the pottery is being burnt in the fiery heat within, and the salt, vapouring in the heat, unites with the silica of the clay and covers the article with a film of glaze. Stoneware is composed of different kinds of clay mingled with sand and felspar, and sometimes a little lime, the formula no doubt varying greatly, but the point is that the clay used is often very silicious, much of it at Doulton's coming from Dorset and Devon. An ordinary brown ginger-beer bottle of to-day is an example of salt-glazed stoneware; and it speaks much for Sir Henry Doulton's enterprise and intelligence that he was able to produce such magnificent specimens of decorative and artistic pottery out of such apparently common materials. Nevertheless, it must be added that various processes have been added upon the foundation of the simple ordinary salt-glaze ware.

Sir Henry, no doubt, saw clearly the great field that



The late Sir Henry Doulton.

lay open before him in the union of the beautiful with the useful in pottery, and realised fully that useful things need not always be massive and ugly; he drew to his potteries a number of artists—many being women—who became able to produce things of great beauty and real excellence. One among them, Mr. George Tinworth, has gained great celebrity by his models and figure-pieces in terra cotta, but the names of many others could be given.

Doulton ware is often seen in jugs, cups, vases, etc., and a Doulton vase often appears of a brown or rather grey colour, but with a clearly incised design upon it, and some portion of the whole is beautifully enamelled in blue or brown. There are, however, some fourteen different methods of decoration in practice at Doulton's. Some years ago Sir Henry rebuilt the potteries, erecting the present vast building with its slender tower on the south side of the Thames, to the east of the venerable Lambeth Palace, and not far from St. Thomas's Hospital, of which he was almoner. He was also an active magistrate. Lady Doulton, to whom he was married in 1849, was a daughter of the late Mr. J. L. Kenbury. She died in 1888, one year after her husband was knighted. He also received other honours, being created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1878, and awarded the Albert Medal in 1885.

Sir Henry conducted the great works at Lambeth in a most generous spirit. He fully recognised that an artist, if a true artist, must have individual skill and taste, and he allowed wide scope for the individuality of his staff. Probably this full recognition of their services and of their artistic individuality conduced as much as anything else to the splendid and well-deserved success of the potteries associated with his name.

SIGN THE PLEDGE!

By REV. F. B. MEYER.

SIGN the pledge! It will give a sufficient answer to those who tempt you to drink. There is no answer that a man can give so good as this. If he refuses because he is hot, he will be advised to drink to get cool. If he refuses because he is cold, he will be recommended to drink to get warm. If he refuses because he cannot afford it, his companion will gladly treat him. If he refuses because he is not well, there is no ailment to which flesh is heir for which intoxicating drinks are not prescribed as a certain cure. Men who are well, drink till they are ill; and then drink to get themselves well again.

None of these excuses avail, but if a man says, "I have signed the pledge," they may think him a fool, but they cannot say that he has not given a sufficient reason; and if they are true men themselves, they dare not ask him to break his word. If a man asks you to drink, after you have signed the pledge, he is no true friend; he is doing the devil's work. It is certain to turn round and insult you after you have done his will, because he will have lost the last fragment of respect for you.

There are some men who must have a reason to give others for doing as they do. Here at least is a clear, straight-forward, intelligible reason, which puts an end to controversy, and settles the matter forever—"I have signed the pledge."

VOICES FROM PRISON.

A PRISON chaplain of one small gaol in the provinces sends notes of several cases in the cells at one time—all due to betting and gambling. Here are some of them —

"C," aged thirty-two, a commercial clerk, who is here for an act of forgery, says that "he knows clerks, and even boys, who earn 7s. or 8s. per week," stake their wages on racing issues, and who, in several cases, have been brought like himself into great trouble through betting.

"J," aged twenty-five, a railway clerk, states that "horse racing and betting led him into difficulties from which he sought to relieve himself by robbing his employers." He is an intelligent man, and he asserts that though betting is excluded from public-houses, it is carried on secretly both inside and outside by bookmakers, who, if one may judge from the number of them who hang about these places, must have a large circle of customers.

"K," an educated man who was a successful speculator in business, lost everything through gambling and betting, and these vices induced him to commit some very artful frauds, for one of which he had a sentence of penal servitude.

"P," aged twenty-eight, a butcher, got into fast company, took to betting, and finally was led to embezzle money belonging to his master in order that he might pay his gambling debts."

If all these cases came from one prison only, what would be the volume from the prisons of the land?



ANY handy, ingenious man ought to be able to make a fowl-house. The materials required are simple and inexpensive. A few posts for uprights, some thin pieces of wood for rafters, a few yards of cheap roofing felt, about half a dozen or a dozen yards of wire netting, and an orange-box or two would be plenty of material for the purpose.

The floor of a fowl-house should be made of coarse gravel, rammed and beaten very hard.

TO ENSURE SUCCESS IN CHICKEN REARING, AS IN ANY OTHER OCCUPATION, ONE PERSON ALONE SHOULD TAKE THE SOLE CARE.

TOO MUCH BUCK-WHEAT IS VERY INJURIOUS TO POULTRY, BUT FOR SLUGGISH HENS IT IS AN ADMIRABLE FOOD IN STARTING THEM, AND CAUSING THEM TO CONTINUE LAYING.

WHEN ROASTING ABOUT, THE FOOD FOR YOUR FOWLS SHOULD BE NOURISHING AND GOOD, AND, IN ADDITION TO HARD CORN, THEY SHOULD BE GIVEN EVERY NIGHT WHEN GOING TO ROAST A GOOD SUPPER OF STYL HARLEY-MEAL. THEN THERE ARE THE MANY SCRAPS FROM THE TABLE, WHICH GO A LONG WAY IN FEEDING POULTRY.

THE ACE OF HEARTS.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE HILLIER.

BY F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "THE GOLD SNUFF."

"**G**H! he is a juggins, he is; we can easily get the ten pounds out of him."

"Not so easy, I'm thinking; George plays a good game."

"Then we shall have to fake it up a bit. A tenner I must have—five pounds to pay you and five pounds for myself. I am stony broke."

"When shall you see him?"

"What, the juggins? Oh, he will be there to-night, you bet; George Hillier is always on a game."

George Hillier, whom the first speaker so politely denominated "a juggins," was a young man who thought it was mainly to play cards for money.

He did not perceive that there is something vicious in the very principle of gambling, and that night after night he lost a great deal more money than he could afford over the green cloth of the card-table.

The place to which Taylor, one of the two speakers, referred as that where he was likely to meet Hillier was a certain so-called social club, where there are clubs and clubs. There are some which are useful and admirable; there are others which are little better than sinks of iniquity.

The club which Hillier frequented enjoyed a fairly good reputation, but the doings of the card-room scarcely passed beyond the doors of that apartment. If so, certain subscriptions would probably not have been forthcoming.

"Here's Hillier," exclaimed the man Taylor that evening as George entered the room; "he is good for a hand at whist, I know, Gedge," he continued, calling the man to whom he had been speaking in the morning, "you will join us, and you, too, Martin?"

And so the quartette was made and the four sat down to play. Hillier and Martin were cut for partners, and the game at first went strongly in their favour; but as the evening wore on success passed to the other side, and then came the deciding game of the rubber. The number of points kept pretty even on either side, and as the end drew near the excitement became intense. The stakes would be accounted small in the eyes of many, but when Taylor and his partner had but one point to gain to give them the rubber, he cried to Hillier, "I'll bet you five to one, old man, that I pull this off. You're afraid to take me!"

"Not I," replied Hillier, whose glass of "Scotch" had been more frequently replenished by the watered Taylor than Hillier knew, "You play away!"

The cards were dealt and played in profound silence. Trick after trick was taken, first on one side and then on the other.

It came to the last point, and each side had taken six tricks. The four men paused, each with his last card in his hand, and looked around.

"The ace of hearts," said Hillier, "will take the trick, and—"

"Down with your cards," cried Gedge. "What, you have the ace, Hillier? Lucky man! It's your game, and Taylor will have to stump up."

"I am hanged if I do," replied Taylor, excitedly, going round the table opposite to Hillier and fumbling among the cards. "What is this you have been doing? You have played two aces of hearts."

And he threw another ace of hearts from the cards on to the table.

"You cheat!" he cried in an excited, angry voice; "you blackguardly cheat! You have played two aces of hearts. Look them!"

Hillier started back in his chair, horrified and astounded.

"I have not cheated!" he exclaimed, boldly, when he began to recover. "I played that ace—"

"Yes, and the other also," interrupted Taylor, wrathfully. "I remember that you did so."

"And I remember it," added Gedge, with equal warmth. "What say you, Martin?"

"Well, now I think of it," replied Martin, slowly, "I seem to remember that Hillier did play an ace before. But my memory for cards is not so good as yours, Taylor, you can remember every card that is played."

"You have substituted the ace of hearts for—Let me see," said Taylor, turning to Hillier, as he hastily ran through the cards. "Yes, I thought so, for the ace of diamonds. Where is that ace of diamonds?"

"You played it, Gedge," said Hillier.

"Let me search you," cried Taylor.

Cousins of his innocence, Hillier agreed, but to his amazement and alarm Taylor drew the missing card from his pocket.

In vain Hillier protested his innocence; the men regarded his guilt as proved, and thundered denunciation and oaths upon him.

Stunned and bewildered, Hillier hardly knew what he said or did, and the coupons slips of "Scotch" he had taken did not tend to clear his brain. For a few minutes he sat in his chair like one paralysed.



"You cheat! You have played two aces of hearts!"

Then Taylor said, "Now, look here, Hillier, I ought to denounce you to the committee, and you would be turned out of the club, and if it were known to your man that you spent your evenings in gambling and cheating at cards you would be likely to lose your snug little berth. Now, then, what is it worth your while to give in to 'dry up' on the subject, eh?"

Hillier was so dazed, that under the circumstances he not only parted with all his ready cash, but pledged a good portion of his salary to Taylor for some months to come.

"Did I not tell you he was a juggins?" exclaimed Taylor glibly, as he and Gedge walked away that night from the club. "What a good night's work! I'm pocketed solid."

The next evening as Hillier was returning home from business with his mind full of most painful thoughts, he was accosted by a man named Boyne whom he remembered to have seen occasionally in the club. "The committee are sitting now, and would like to see you," said he to Hillier. "I told them I thought I could find you at once."

Hillier turned deadly pale. Was the crest of last night to pursue him with terrible consequences after all?

He went to the committee room with fear and trembling, and he found Taylor and Gedge there also. "Now," said the chairman to Boyne, "repeat what you

have already told us." Boyne had witnessed some of the events of last evening, for part of the time he had been within the room unobserved; but after the men had gone he had noticed a green letter lying on the ground. Unearthing it together, the letter showed clearly a plot between Taylor and Gedge to charge Hillier with cheating and then blackmail him and hold it up. So the plot was discovered, and Boyne proposed that Taylor had placed the second ace of hearts among the cards and had introduced into Hillier's pocket the ace of diamonds when he pretended to search him. Martin also was an accomplice, but not so deeply in the plot as the others.

"I must have pulled that letter from my pocket when I took out the second ace of hearts," said Taylor.

"Well, I can understand now," replied Gedge, "the truth of the lies—

* * * * *

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men

Gang aft agley."

But the two men did not stop their nefarious schemes, and before long they were both in prison for forgery.

As for Hillier, he had had a lesson which he never forgot, and he began to think there was something after all in the principle that if a game is only worth playing for money it is not worth playing at all.

Temperance Truths.

WE shall never get real help from an article so destructive of real power as alcohol.—*Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S.*

* * * * *

WHAT is required now is that parents should supplement at home the teaching the children receive at the Band of Hope meeting.—*Mr. Thomas Whitaker, J.P.*

* * * * *

"WINE and wassail have taken more strong palaces than gun-stools," was a saying of Lord Chesterfield.

* * * * *

THERE can be no doubt that abstainers, on the average, live longer than non-abstainers.—*Dr. G. Archdale Reid.*

* * * * *

DRINKING habits are impairing the national life, but the future is still ours, and I trust the young men of England will be true to themselves, their manhood, and their God.—*Rev. Silas K. Hocking.*

A SPLENDID OFFER.

THE Editor wants his friends to help him still further to increase the circulation of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, and he therefore makes the following offer:

For £5 he will send to any reader who promises to distribute carefully TWELVE copies of the

CURRENT number of this magazine
A Magnificent Copy of John Bunyan's PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

The volume is large quarto size, and contains 240 pages, printed on specially made paper, highly calendered. It is gilt edged, with watered silk binding, thickly padded, and the front cover bears a beautifully designed title and medallion portrait in gold. There are SIXTY-TWO full-page and other illustrations by Frederick Barnard, J. D. Linton, W. Small, and other well-known artists.

The book is honestly worth half-a-guinea, and it is offered at this low price to readers of the B.W., simply as an inducement to them to bring the magazine under the notice of their friends who are not already amongst our subscribers.

Send £5 to the Editor, care of S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and this splendid book, together with the twelve copies, will be forwarded carriage paid, by return.

* * * * *

"BABY FINGER" is the title of a delightful story by Rev. Charles Courtenay, M.A., in the May number of *The Band of Hope Review*. This admirable Temperance magazine for children can be obtained from any bookseller for One Halfpenny monthly.



No. 78, New Series.

A BRAVE RESCUE

(Drawn by ENOCH WARD.)

A TRUE COMRADE.

By THE REV. EDWARD N. HOME, MA

"NOW then, my lad, what's that waiting for? It's not aferred you are, surely."

The speaker was a strongly-built, keen-eyed, determined-looking man of, it might be, forty years of age. At a glance you would say he possessed the qualities of mind and body that are requisite in one of his desperate calling—that of a chimney-climber or steeple-jack.

"I've no mind to work up yon, the day; there is too much wind," replied the "lad," who was, however, a young man of twenty or upwards, slight and active, but at the same time somewhat nervous-looking.

"Why, boy, I am ashamed of you! You are not fit for my girl if you are afraid to go where her father goes. Take a cup of tea and it will steady your nerves."

Dennis Hansard produced a flat bottom from his pocket and lighted it carefully.

"Nay, you know I don't touch the stuff, and if you'll take my advice, you'll just choke that bottle away. You've had enough this morning—not to say too much."

Hansard turned away with an oath and addressed himself to a group of workmen who were watching the scene.

"There now, what do you think of that, mates?" He's a blooming infant, to teach a chap like Dennis Hansard his work. But we are losing time. Just run me up to the top of the chimney, and then you can take him home to his mother, and ask her to give him some soothing syrup or the like of that. I guess it's not my Nellie will want to have much to say to him after he has shown the white feather, and let the old man go to work by himself."

Fred Morley flushed all over his face. "It is for you I am afraid, not for myself," he exclaimed, as he sprang forward and endeavoured to seize Hansard's arm. "You stay here till after dinner, and let me go up by myself; I know the work that has to be done."

"You! it's much you know about it. Why, you'd shake the scaffold down with your trembling. Now, lads, hand away—quick but steady." He seated himself carelessly on the little piece of wood provided for the purpose, and the men at once began to hoist up,

"Don't let him go up; it's a shame—it's murder!" cried Fred, as he made a grasp at the handle of the whulch.

"Stand aside, you young puppy; it's you that would kill the man with your shovin' and nonsense," shouted one of the men.

"He's right enough—no fear," said another man, in a kindly tone. "Dennis knows just what he can carry, and no man is fit to be a jack as doesn't."

Somewhat abashed and seeing that further remonstrance was useless, young Morley stood silent and motionless, and watched with the others till Hansard had safely reached the light scaffold that hung a few feet below the coping of the great chimney. Then, after a vain appeal to the men to let him also ascend, he turned and walked away.

Meanwhile Hansard had set to work as coolly and carelessly as though the plank on which he stood were but thin twigs from the ground. The chimney required pointing from the top, and the man immediately took his trivet and began breaking on the joints, pride and anger strung in his breast. The lad that he had taken in hand to train had passed him when, but a few weeks previously, he had meant to be a chimney that was not half the height of this one. What a jape of impudence it was! As if he, Dennis Hansard, hadn't as hard a head as any man in his line of business! As if he couldn't take care of himself, as if he didn't know when he had had enough!

Thus working himself up into a rage, and keeping up the steam by an occasional pull at the flat batte, Hansard raked savagely at the open joints in the brick-work. Suddenly the trowel slipped between two bricks, and the man fell as though the scaffold were sinking beneath him. His heart leaped into his mouth, but he had the presence of mind to remain perfectly still. After a moment he looked cautiously up. Then, to his horror, he saw that the brick above the iron spoke on which a great part of the weight of the scaffold depended, was being gradually forced outward. At any instant the slate might slip out, and then—

Dennis Hansard was a brave man, and in that awful crisis his courage did not fail him. Very cautiously he raised his hands above his head, sliding them up the face of the chimney, till he was just able to feel the coping at the top. Then he drew a long breath, closed his eyes, and sprang upward for dear life. As he did so, the planks gave way beneath him, and for an instant he did not know whether he was rising or falling. A moment later he became conscious that he was lying across the top of the chimney, his legs still

dangling in the air, while his dimmed eyes looked down into the black mouth of the flue.

For several minutes the man remained motionless, for the shock had completely unnerfed him. He felt as though he were in a dream; he could not realize where he was or what had happened. At last he gradually raised himself, clutching with strong, tenacious hands to the coping till he found himself seated straddle-legs. Then he ventured one shuddering glance around. The entire scaffold had fallen, with the exception of a single spoke which dangled horribly from one spike that had maintained its grip. The wretched man dared not look back another moment.

After what was but a short pause ensued, Hansard tested his toothed againt his chin and tried to think.

He also tried to pray. He recited the hymns that he had heard his daughter sing when she was a little girl attending Sunday School and Band of Hope, he recalled the gracious words that he had learnt when he was himself a child. The scenes of childhood came floating round him. He forgot where he was, and the fancy took him that he was being rocked to sleep among the branches of a great tree that had been a favorite refuge in the days of boyhood. Then he thought that his father was shouting to him to come down, but that, somehow, the lower boughs had leant away, and that so he was powerless to help himself.

But the shouting proved to be a reality. Opening his eyes, and for the first time, venturing to look down steadily towards the ground, Hansard perceived that the men below were making signals to him. He also became conscious of a shadow floating above him and of a ringing close at hand. Looking up, he saw a kite hanging over the chimney, the dependent tail of which was bobbing about within a few feet of him.

The sight of the kite, swaying higher and higher with uncertain undulating motion in the clear air, made the unfortunate man in his sick and giddy. He felt as though the slightest movement would o'erwhelm him; and it was not till the weighted tail struck him in the face that he had the courage to reach forth his hand and grasp it.

But with the string that secured communication with the ground in his hand, Dennis Hansard took courage. He pulled steadily at it till a rope was drawn up. The end of this he roved through the block which had fortunately remained in position, though the scaffolding had been carried away by the falling scaffold. He then let drop the cord and waited.

But again reaction had set in. The man felt exhausted and terrified. As in a dream he heard voices calling to him from below; but he made no effort to attend to them. Huddled together, he lay in a heap on the chimney-top, one hand convulsively grasping the ringing conductor, while the other rested cold and helpless on the blackened lining of the flue.

"Now then, Mr. Hansard, won't you rouse up and make an effort for your life?"

The man opened his eyes with a sharp cry, and there, right in front of him, he saw Fred Morley.

"Steady, steady, remember where you are. Don't move; but pull yourself together and be a man."

Then a great fear checked the young fellow's utterance. He gazed on the blanched, twitching face that was so close to his, noted the quivering lips and the glazing eyes, and the awful thought that he was perhaps in the presence of a madman almost overcame him.

"I know where I am right enough, and I know there is room for two of us on the top of this here chimney," he said.

"Then the sooner we get down the better," was the quick reply. "You go first, and then they can send up for me after."

Hansard glanced at the narrow seat—a mere spar—that was dangling beneath the black nose which was propped up about eighteen inches from the face of the chimney. "It frightens me to look at the thing. 'Tis make a clean jump and have it over," he whispered.

"What would Nellie say to that? It would be a mean thing for her to see her father smashed up and lying dead at her feet."

"Is she there—is there my little girl below?"

"Aye, the lassie is there, sae enough; and she's waitin' for you, and prayin' for you. It's only courage for a minute or two, and then you'll be on the ground beside her," urged Fred.

"I believe I'm drink or clean gone off my head; it makes me sick to look down," said Hansard.

"Keep looking at her; then aye; let us both look up and ast the God who is above us to be merciful."

"That's all right for you—you was always one of the rating sort. But what does Almighty God want with the likes of me?"

"It's you and the likes of you that He just does want;

He wants all of us," replied the young fellow, earnestly. "Take courage, Mr. Hansard, ask God to help you for the Saviour's sake, and then swing out and hold on for all your worth."

This encouraged, Hansard dropped into the seat, and was soon lowered to the ground in safety.

The seat was quickly hauled up again, and it only remained for Fred to descend. But now that the life of another was no longer depending upon him, the young fellow began to fear for himself. It was the first time he had ever been alone at such a terrible altitude, and his desperation broke out on his trembling hands as he incompletely cleared the short ledge, leaning the board on which it stood, necessary for him to take his seat.

But there was nothing for it save faith and manliness. So Fred Morley seated himself, took a firm grip on the rope, closed his eyes, and began to repeat the Lord's Prayer deliberately to himself. As the last words passed his lips his feet touched the ground. He crept like a snake. Nellie, too, made it a point that her husband should he content to pursue some *lesser* calling. Nor was Fred unwilling; he frankly admitted that he had had quite enough of his father-in-law's business.

Still are there men in England who take their lives with them as they go forth, day after day, courageous and uncomplaining, to fill their several places in the ranks of the great industrial army that is ever toiling for the Common Good.

VIVISECTION: A WORD OF PROTEST.

By WILLIAM TALLACK.

SOME ages ago very earnest protests against the torture of animals by vivisection were raised by such mild-mannered persons as Mr. R. H. Hutton (the late editor of the *Spectator*), Lord Tennyson, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, and others, and with such good effect that an Act of Parliament was passed which rendered it obligatory even for medical students to obtain a license for experimenting on living animals, with penalties for non-compliance or evasion. Since that time the public mind has taken comparatively little interest in the subject, as if concluding that all has been done that can be done to limit the great evil.

Several warning voices have lately been raised, calling upon English men and women to bestir themselves afresh in the interest of tortured creatures. Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., in an address at Liverpool, said that there is reason to apprehend that in spite of the Act alluded to, many secret and illegal cruelties take place. He mentioned one instance where an experimenter cut off, in succession, the ears and the paws of a poor dog in order to see if it would still lick the hand of its tormenter—which the two confiding creature actually did!

Doubtless some experimenters honestly believe that vivisection may facilitate discoveries tending to lessen human suffering. But very little proof of this appears to have been given. And even if it were so shown, yet is it right to do evil in order that good may come? Further, even if anaesthetics are used to deaden the pain whilst cutting the writhing animal, yet on their return to consciousness their sufferings are horrible. And some students leave the poor creatures, over night, maimed and in agony, for continuing torture another day. On the Continent these horrors are far worse. May our readers everywhere not only cultivate in themselves and their children a spirit of mercy and compassion, but also use their influence, as citizens and voters, against the practice, and especially against the inculcation of cruelty.

SMALL TEMPTATIONS.

SATAN seldom comes to a Christian with great temptation, or with a temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbours; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. There is no great harm in this, no great peril in that, and so by these little slips we are first easily lighted up, and at last the green log is burned. "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."—John Newton.

"A SET OF CRIPPLES!"

By FLORENCE L. HENDERSON.

"I'm not going to put up with it! I shall go and see Miss Swan myself! I won't have my business ruined for one lady in the hand, and so I mean to tell her!"

Young Mr. Early settled his hat firmly on his head, buttoned his Sunday gloves with some difficulty on his energetic hands, and with a parting glance at himself in the little hall mirror, opened the door, and set off at a brisk pace down the neat gravel path.

He was an active, bustling fellow, determined to make his way in the world, no master who was trampled under foot in the process, and in the village where he lived he was highly thought of.

For he had introduced much prosperity and comfort where poverty had hitherto prevailed, and Haslegrove was getting itself quite a name in the county. John Early was a successful gardener, and year after year fresh lines of glass-houses stretched themselves along the slope of the hill where his property lay, and large consignments of fruit and flowers went up in his name to the London markets.

Everything he touched seemed to prosper, and his energy must have been infectious, for all his men worked well, and were as proud of the tomatoes and the hyacinths as if they had been their very own.

Miss Swan was watering the plants in her small conservatory when John Early's quick step came up to the door.

He took off his hat as he wished her "good morning," and began at once upon the business which had brought him there.

"I understand, Miss Swan, that you have turned florist in the last few weeks?"

Miss Swan flushed ever so slightly, for his tone was rather more abrupt than his words.

"I am trying to make my garden pay, if that is what you mean, Mr. Early."

"I see no harm in that," said the young man, a little less loudly, "but I should like to come to an understanding with you. I am told you are employing Joseph Dawson, the drunken fellow I dismissed last autumn."

Miss Swan bowed.

"And that lame boy who stole my grapes to sell over at Headstone."

Again Miss Swan inclined her head.

"And that half-crazy creature who used to hawk watercresses about the place?" In fact, a whole set of cripples that no one else will have anything to do with. Now, do you call it fair, Miss Swan, to ruin an honest man's trade like that? We've had a hard life like a slave to make my gardens, and this village too, the most prosperous spot in the kingdom. Where would you find a better show of fruit and flowers than mine, or where a finer set of workmen? The ne'er-do-wells still want here, Miss Swan, and I've done my best to wean them out and keep them out too."

"There is no room in your world for anything that is not perfect, Mr. Early."

"No, that's clear enough," returned John, sharply. "Do I see a plant in my garden looking sickly, and let it stay there to harm the rest? Not a bit of it! Up it comes, and goes to the refuse heap. There's no place for sentiment in this work-day world!"

"Do you grow your grapes out of doors, Mr. Early, or your splendid prize tomatoes?"

"Why, no," said John, with a stare; "in a climate like this it would be impossible."

"Then they are worth attention, and shelter, and nourishment!"

"Of course! If you want the best, you must give the best," said John, wonderingly.

"Then you think vines are worth more than souls, Mr. Early?"

"There's no comparing people with plants," said John.

"Do you think not? I am afraid I can't agree there. When I saw you succeeding so well on the sunny side, I thought I would try my hand in the shade. I am sorry to annoy you, but I don't believe, in the long run, my small efforts will harm you, and perhaps they may benefit others."

John grunted impatiently, but it was useless to argue, and he went away defeated.

Strange to say, people grew interested in Miss Swan's efforts, and her little corner of ground prospers mightily. Instead of the good name of the village being harmed, it grew more established every day, and even the "lame" and halt and blind" felt there was hope for them if Miss Swan took them in hand.

Pat John was displeased.

One spring, however, there came a terribly sudden storm. The glass-houses suffered greatly from the hailstones, and, before they could be repaired, severe frosts set in.

Just when John had a large wedding order on hand, his flowers were almost ruined, and he was at his wits' end, and then came a note from Miss Swan:—

"DEAR MR.

EARLY,—We have an unusually large supply of white flowers this year, and shall be glad to let you have what you want for the next day or two. This place being sheltered, has suffered very little from the storm.—Yours truly,

"M. SWAN,
(on behalf of the
cripples)."

What could John do but accept the offer gratefully?

And now, when the strawberries are ripening, and the summer flowers crowding into bloom, there is no longer any rivalry between the big and little gardens. John has learnt that

there is room in the world for all, even the imp perfect ones, and that Miss Swan was only following in the Great Master's footsteps when she taught him that it is better to mend than to destroy.

WHY MEN BET.

DR. THOMAS DAVISON says: "The man who bets hopes to get money out of the pockets of other people without giving them anything in return." "But, replies such a one, 'they try to do as much by me.' Precisely; and what a noble attitude it is for persons who have no ill-will towards one another! The practice has its root in a union of indolence, selfishness, and avarice. When indulged it grows into a demolishing passion, before which everything must be sacrificed. The vice creeps on, acquiring more power every day, till it swallows up every good and generous instinct of the heart.

FOR THE HOME.

To those of our readers who are in search of a good magazine for family reading, we much pleasure in recommending *The Family Friend*. This magazine contains an excellent variety of highly written, well illustrated articles and stories, and is thoroughly pure and Christian in tone. It is published monthly by Messrs S. W. Partridge and Co., and may be obtained at any bookseller for One Penny.

**THE HONEY HARVEST.**

By C. N. WHITE.

THIS is, in the apriary, the busiest month in the year. At no other time is such activity shown as during the month of June. Swarms, where means for suppressing them are neglected, issue from the crowded bee-hives right merrily. On the contrary, except under exceptional circumstances, the bees in hives that have had supers or surplus chambers put upon them, busy themselves among the flowers and the storing of honey goes on peacefully.

The main honey crops, white and alsike clover, sainfoin, etc., will, during the present month, come into full bloom, and a bee-keeper who desires to take the fullest advantage of such a short harvest as bee-keepers in England are accustomed to, must adopt a sensible system of management. He will then be able to crowd his hives with worker bees by the time the fields are covered with flowers. Unless we have bees, that gather honey, in great numbers when flowers are blooming abundantly, we cannot reasonably expect those large returns per hive about which we hear so much.

Presuming that we have, by careful spring management, got our stocks strong in numbers, supers must be prepared and given as soon as it is evident that the bees will swarm unless they are provided with supers in which to store their surplus honey.

The supers are oiling boxes fitted either with shallow frames from which the honey is to be extracted, or with the more square boxes, which hold when nicely filled about one pound of comb honey in a convenient form for domestic use at home, or for packing and sending to other consumers.

During the honey-flow, the rapidity with which honey is gathered and stored is truly remarkable, and therefore not a day's work on the part of the bees must be lost for want of more room for the surplus if we want honey.

Some bee-keepers put upon a strong stock one super, and then leave the hive entirely alone. The bees quickly fill the first super, most probably within a week, then they remain for days or weeks spending their time in absolute laziness, clustering around the entrance to the hive, unless they swarm. A sensible and methodical bee-keeper, on the contrary, will give additional supers until they are two, three, or four high. This is known as the tiering system, and it is one that is here recommended. If the second super is given before the first is quite full, and others when the lowest is in a similar condition, the work of storing will be continued, and in all probability full supers and no swarms will be the bee-keeper's reward.

The condition of the work done in the super by the bees should be noticed by the bee-keeper through a small window with which every super should be fitted. As soon as it is apparent that the bees have nearly completed the comb near the window, it is certain they have quite finished those in the centre, and if more room is not given a swarm is almost sure to issue. In giving the second super, be sure to raise the first gently so as to disturb the bees as little as possible. Puff a little smoke in between the super and the frames as the former is raised, then lift the super bodily while an assistant places a similar one, but empty, immediately upon the broad comb. Now return the partly-filled super, cover up snugly, and give additional room as required during the honey-flow.

Facts for Workers.

Twenty per cent. of the sailors employed on British merchant vessels are foreigners.

The import of wheat into Great Britain during the last twenty-five years has increased by 152 per cent., while the quantity of home-grown wheat, on the other hand, has diminished by 45 per cent.

To the city of Liverpool must be awarded the somewhat doubtful distinction of having the biggest workhouse in the world. This huge institution has ample accommodation for 5,000 inmates, which, happily, is scarcely ever needed at one time.

A sulky can has been designed of such form that a milkman with too many customers can use a bicycle to make his rounds. The can, which is flat, is made just the size of the frame of the bicycle, so that it fits exactly, and is fastened to the tubing with straps.



"Do you call it fair to ruin an honest man's trade?"

GLASS AND GLASS-MAKING.

BY WALTER GANDY.



HOW true it is that many of the commonest objects we handle or use are the most wonderful! And yet so far from making them that it never occurs to us to trace their history or attempt to understand their manufacture.

We look out of our window in the morning; we very probably look at our self-portrait in a mirror, we perhaps put on our spectacles to read the newspaper, we ask for a glass of water—and we have already in four different ways had occasion to utilise the properties of a body "at once in a high degree," as Dr. Johnson says, "solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun and exclude the violence of the wind, which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life, and, what is yet of more importance, might supply the decay of nature and succour old age with subsidiary sight."

And this wonderful material—bright, clear, and colourless—is compounded from various mixtures of opaque substances: sand, soda, chalk, lead, saltpetre, coal dust, arsenic, manganese, and so on, subjected for days to the action of intense heat until the whole mass

dark blue glass, and the decoration, consisting of groups of classical figures, is in a white glass that has been so carefully made that the colours of the ground show through and help the effect of the modelling. The vase was found 250 years ago near Rome in a tomb dedicated to the emperor Alexander Severus, and after belonging to the Barberini family, was acquired by the Duke of Portland last century, and loaned to the British Museum. A fanatic smashed it to pieces some years ago, but it was pieced together again, and is now better protected. More interesting in colour, however, than this, is the immense quantity of Roman mosaic and "millefiori" work that has been found. A great deal of it is fragmentary, but every fragment is interesting. The novel patterns and striking colours, the ingenious use of twisted and interlaced threads of different glasses, combine to present problems of manufacture that have taxed the skill of all later workers.

During the Middle Ages the Venetians enjoyed a great reputation as glass-workers, and so many of the citizens took part in the industry that it was necessary to divide them into different guilds. There were the vessel makers, the speckle glass makers, makers of mirrors, of small beads, of large beads, and of glass in mass. The trade in beads of all kinds was immense, and they



Windows of Moreton Hall, Cheshire.



Glass Workers at Messrs. Powell's, London.

has fused together and become like working glass.

If a "stained" or coloured glass should be required, further opaque substances are added, such as oxides of certain metals. Gold will give a ruby colour; so will copper under certain conditions, and under others, blue and green; silver gives a yellow stain; cobalt a blue; titanium a peculiar canary yellow; iron in different states will give red, brown, yellow, or green. The use of these colouring materials is a problem for a chemist, for most of them require exact proportions and very careful manipulation.

As with so many of the useful arts, glass-making can be traced back through thousands of years to the time of the old Egyptians. It used to be thought that the Phoenicians, the great merchants of antiquity, were the inventors of glass; for numerous specimens of a distinctive style of opaque-decorated glass were found wherever their enterprise extended. But it is quite clear that the Egyptians knew all about it long before the Phoenicians were flourishing; and there is a representation of what must have been a great advance in the art, viz., *glass-blowing*, on the walls of a tomb in Egypt that dates from about 2700 B.C.—a thousand years before Joseph was sold into Egypt.

The skill of the Egyptians was transmitted in turn to the Romans, and with them it became an important art, embracing within its scope the simplest vessels for household use, and the most costly of coloured and carved vases. Perhaps the most celebrated of works in the latter style is the "Portland Vase," now preserved in the Gold Room at the British Museum. The body of this is of a very

were exported to all parts of the then known world. Borrowing some of their ideas from Venice, the Germans made very characteristic glass for ornamental purposes. The shapes they used are quaint, sturdy, and strong, and the ample proportions of the drinking vessels, or "wiederkoms," speak volumes. We English, however, were by no means abstemious in the "good old times," and can boast (?) of our wager rings, puzzle jugs, and other pleasantries. One form sometimes seen is the "windmill" cup, the special feat involved in this being to drain the contents completely before the salts, set in motion by a preliminary pull through the mouth-piece, should come to rest.

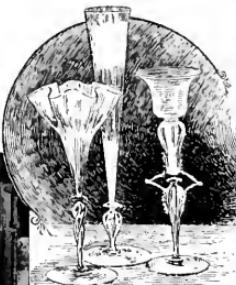
Glass has been made in the British Islands from an early date. Roman glass is often found in excavations, and the Guildhall Museum has a collection of pieces gathered from different parts of London. Much of it—originally of clear glass—is now somewhat opaque, and undistinguishable from the slow decomposition of its surface.

A few specimens of Anglo-Saxon glass are known, and there are occasional references to glass-making in early English history. But no very considerable advance was made until about 1550, when some workmen from Venice, at the risk of their lives, came to London and set up at Crutched Friars. Shortly after, some Flemings driven from the Low Countries by religious persecution also settled here, and it soon became possible for the traveller, Richard Hakluyt, to speak of carrying "glasses of English making" on his expedition for the discovery of Cathay. Since then, many and great changes have taken place, and English glass of all kinds and for all purposes is now one of our principal industries.

One of our illustrations represents the making of artistic glass at the Whitefriars Works, where Messrs. Powell carry on the best traditions of an establishment founded just upon 200 years ago. From these works

have proceeded many of the finest stained glass windows of modern times, and the tesserae or cubes of glass mosaic used in the recent decorations of St. Paul's Cathedral were also made there.

Of glass for windows we have hardly space to speak. It was reserved for modern times to invent methods of pulling off enormous sheets of plate glass. Until then, all window glass had to be blown as either sheet or crown glass, and the sizes obtainable were controlled by the capacity of the workman's lungs and the strength of his muscles. Whether due to the difficulty of obtaining larger sheets, or to an artistic appreciation of the effect that could be gained by using smaller pieces, is uncertain, but it will be noticed in most old English buildings that the original windows are built up of quite small pieces, "beaded" together, often in pretty patterns and set at different angles. Of such a nature were the windows in Sir Paul Pindar's house,



English Glass Vases.

the front of which was recently removed from Bishopsgate Street, and set up anew in South Kensington Museum; and the sketch we give of a part of Morton Hall, in Cheshire, shows how effectively the small panes carry out the homely and cheerful appearance of this thoroughly English mansion. With no little pride did the owner and builder have this legend carved deeply into the woodwork.

GOOD IS AL IN AL THING

THIS WINDBUS WHIRL

MADE BY WILLIAM MORETON

IN THE YEARE OF OUR LOR D MILIX.

RICHARD DALI CARPENTER MADE

THIS WINDBUS BY THE GRAC OF GOD.

There is a sermon in that inscription as eloquent as any that was cut short by the quaint old window still to be seen in the church of St. Alban, Wood Street, the last, so it is stated, of a once numerous band of those silent tumpies.

[Those of our readers who would like to learn more of glass and its history are advised to procure a copy of Mr. Walter Gandy's exceedingly interesting book entitled "The Art of Glass-Making." It can be obtained from any bookseller, or direct from Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., for 1s. 6d.—Ed. B. H.]



Hour Glass at St. Albans Church, Wood Street, London



PLoughing in Palestine.

BY W. J. WEBB.

THE farmers of Palestine take, apparently, little pains in preparing the ground for their crops. Indeed, to an English agriculturist, their method would appear slothful and slavey. They begin by hoing up the weeds and burning them. Then, without further preparation of any kind, the seed is scattered over the soil thus roughly cleared, and is covered with earth by means of a plough, which, as our picture and diagram show, is a primitive instrument, incapable of anything beyond merely scratching the surface of the ground.

But the Eastern farmer has good reasons for tilling and sowing his land in what seems to us such a haphazard fashion. To begin with, the soil is friable, and the climate usually dry, so that if the earth were stirred too deeply the crops would not have enough moisture. In many places, too, rocks and boulders are so near the surface of the land that ploughing in the ordinary way is quite impossible.

wheeled carriage for the pole to rest in, instead of the yoke, and a chain direct from the pulling power to the main part of the plough.

When the farmers' fields are tilling, the ploughs being light, but not adapted to dragging along the roads, they are fastened to the backs of donkeys, one on either side, the men returning home in their yokes. The writer, riding out from Jolia, saw such group, with the peasants returning in the evening light along the plains of Sharm. The dark oven and the white donkeys in the glow of evening made a fine picture, with its background of cultivated plain and distant hills, and the brightly dressed figures in the foreground.

Our illustration is of another scene. It is from a sketch made on Mount Zion, with the Mosque of Omar, planted on Mount Moriah, the site of the Temple, at the left of the picture, and in the distance the Mount of Olives. The whole reminds one of the prophecy, "Jerusalem shall be in heaps, and Zion a ploughed field."

A word may be said about the cattle of Palestine. They are, generally speaking, like our Jerseys and

WELL SERVED!

A GOOD story is told of a Lancashire collier whose name was Jack o' Bills. Jack had very drunken habits. He earned good wages, but spent most of them at the "Fulldog Inn. As a consequence of this his wife and family had to suffer from want of food.

One night, after a drunken spree with his mates, he went home. Pulling out of his pockets a pound of beef-steak, a pound of onions, and a two-penny muffin, he commanded his wife to cook them for his supper, and throwing himself down in his chair, he fell asleep. Whilst his wife was cooking these dainties, the children (who had been sent to bed previously), hearing the sweet music of the frying-pan, and also smelling a sweet savour, came creeping down stairs, and asked if "fether had brought a sight to ey."

The mother's heart was touched at the appearance of her children. Suddenly a bright idea struck her. Turning to her sleeping husband, she said, "I'll save thee such a trick to meet as thou were never saved i th life



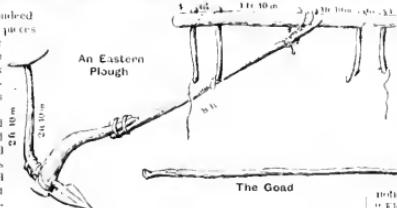
Specially drawn for THE BRITISH WORKMAN.]

The plough is of very simple construction indeed. Apart from the yoke, there are only six pieces of hard, tough wood, chosen in the rough for their proper shape, and clamped together with rings of iron, evidently put on hot and shrunk when in place. The share, like a large spear-head, is fixed on the end of one of these pieces of wood.

It will be seen that the plough is not fixed to the yoke, but is attached by a circle of plaited rope, doubled into two loops, which are passed over a large nail. Thus, each of the two animals which are ploughing ought to keep an equal pace; otherwise, there would be a collapse of the arrangement. The weaker animal has therefore to be goaded to keep up with the stronger, and we can see the kindness of the Muslim regulation that an ox and an ass should not plough together. The loose attachment at the yoke is, however, well-planned in another way, as it gives cure to the ploughman, in minute and frequent blows, thrown out of the

In Ransom's Kentish turn-wrest plough this primitive

Ploughing in Palestine



An Easter
Plough

卷之三

Aldermeyns, both in size and colouring. Everybody knows the rich colouring of some of the darker of these, with their black heads shading into almost orange at the muzzles, ears and backs and in the lighter ones, tawny colour shading into black about the face, and fronts of the legs, in a decorative way. It has been conjectured that the Crusaders might have brought the breed from the East, and that it has been introduced to the Island

beaten.' She then divided amongst her children the whole of the steak, onions, and mush, and sent them to bed. Then she dipped her fingers in the gravy which was left, rubbed her husband's lips with it, and placed the empty plate and knife and fork by his side on the table. After a little while he awoke, and, turning to his wife, he said, 'Who are my sons?'

"The supper!" said his wife, in a voice of affected surprise. "The supper! On tha expect the supper twice or ger? Luck the luns, mon."

noticed the empty plate, said, in a tone of satisfaction, " Eh, I'd forgotten all about it."

Whether Jack's wife was justified in acting as she did, our readers may decide for themselves. We merely wish to state our opinion that Jack got quite as much of his supper as any man deserves, who, for the sake of indulging a degenerated appetite, deprives his wife and little ones of the necessaries of life. What is more, the drink that makes men so foolish as to do such things, the drink that makes them act like savages, is a curse to society.

Friends of Working-Men.

III.—MR. WALTER HAZELL, M.P.

IT is unusual thing for a man as he succeeds in the battle of life to lose sympathy with those who are not so fortunate in the conflict; but Mr. Hazell has always manifested the keenest interest in the welfare of those with whom he came in contact—an interest which has become deeper as the advancing years have brought both increased prosperity and responsibility.

Born in Clerkenwell on January 1st, 1843, a few years were spent by Mr. Hazell after leaving school assisting in the business of his father, who, as a manufacturing goldsmith, was greatly respected. This, however, soon proved uncongenial to the young man's tastes, and he joined the printing establishment of Mr. George Watson, of Hatton Garden, in 1853; and here, by his active temperament and rare ability and foresight, he has built up a business more recognised as second to none in the printing trade.

Mr. Hazell began early in life to take an active interest in public and social questions. In conjunction with another gentleman, he founded the Children's Fresh Air Mission, which through its work has brought brightness to tens of thousands of poor children by sending them into the country for summer holidays. The Self-Help Emigration Society was also formed by Mr. Hazell with one or two others, and it is largely due to his personal and energetic efforts that this Society has been the means of helping so many to better times and a better life in the British Colonies.

It shows the character of the man that he should have spent one of his hard-earned holidays in America, and another in the Australian Colonies, studying the conditions of labour in these countries; so that by personal knowledge he might prevent working men being sent away from the Old Country without their having a fair chance of success on the other side. One of the outcomes of these visits and his work with the Emigration Society was the establishment by Mr. Hazell, at his own expense, of a "test farm," to which men are sent to acquire a general knowledge of farm work before being drafted to the Colonies; and though it entails a financial loss, Mr. Hazell still continues this scheme. He is by no means a "peac at any price man," but he has always taken a great interest in International Arbitration, and is Treasurer of the Peace Society.

One naturally inquires as to the relationship existing between such a man as Mr. Hazell, the head of a firm employing something like 1,300 people, and his staff. In 1884 the business was converted into a Private Company, and to enable the staff to participate in the profits of the business Mr. Hazell offered a certain number of his shares to the employees at the easy rate of payment of 1s. per week, the purchaser immediately taking all

dividends and having his life insured without extra charge to the full value of the shares unpaid at his death. This meant a reduction in the price of a share to the purchaser as compared with the market value of the property, and some 450 shares were at once applied for. No conditions were made by Mr. Hazell, and any one leaving the Company's service was at perfect liberty to sell or retain his holding, so that the freedom of the individual workman was in no way interfered with.

A Savings Bank exists for the benefit of the staff,



Mr. Walter Hazell, M.P.

and five per cent. interest is paid on all deposits, the amount being secured to the depositor by debentures transferred to Trustees appointed by deed—another instance of the thoughtfulness of the Chairman. A Provident Fund, initiated by Mr. Hazell, provides for the payment to the next of kin of £15 to £20 upon the death of a member, and also makes provision for the placing to the credit of members in pass books held by them sums of money at stated intervals which are to be paid out to their families at their death, or to themselves at the age of fifty-five and upwards, while payments in the event of special trouble are to be made at the option of the Trustees, a proportion of whom are

annually elected by the men themselves. This fund has been largely built up out of a share of the profits of the Company devoted to the staff; and as time goes on Mr. Hazell hopes in this way to do something towards the much-talked-of Old Age Pensions for those who have spent their lives in the service of the Company.

The net result of the various schemes put before the staff by its Chairman and his colleagues, who have always warmly supported his efforts, is that at the present time the employees of the Company hold nearly £30,000 worth of property in the business—surely a sound instance of successful co-operation.

The Company have large works at Aylesbury, and here Mr. Hazell is able more readily to carry out some of his ideas for the benefit of his staff. A large field was obtained in 1888 and let out to the employees as allotments at a small rental. The Company has also erected a number of cottages, which can be purchased on easy terms by their staff, while all out-door recreative games are warmly supported in the Chairman.

Mr. Hazell has always taken considerable interest in Technical Education, and facilities being given to apprentices to encourage them in this direction.

It should be added that in almost every department of the three large printing factories of the Company Trade Union principles prevail.

Mr. Hazell is essentially a keen business man. He hates shams and ill-understood dealings with a deadly hatred; but governing all his actions is a most sympathetic regard for the welfare of his staff, especially for those in trouble or difficulty; and it is nothing unusual for him to leave the House of Commons to visit the sickbed of one of his own staff, and to comfort by his sympathy those who are nearing the end of life's journey. In all this work he is ably seconded by his wife.

In 1894 Mr. Hazell was invited to stand for Leicester in the Liberal interest at a bye election, and the contest aroused considerable attention at the time in the country. The fight was watched with the keenest interest by the Company's staff, who were daily telegraphing their good wishes to their chief; and his success at the poll both at this and at the General Election was received nowhere with more rejoicing than in his own factories and by his own workpeople.

In the House of Commons Mr. Hazell soon showed his intense sympathy with what are called working-class interests. He made a strong speech in support of the Factory Act, and also warmly advocated the Employers' Liability Bill; in fact, any just measure having for its object the welfare of the labouring classes is certain to secure his support.

From this brief sketch it will be seen that Mr. Walter Hazell, M.P., has shown in both his public and private life that he is a man to whom THE BRITISH WORKMAN can heartily wish God speed, and continued health and strength to a life which is being largely used for others

** THE HOME WORKSHOP. **

By ARTHUR YORKE. VI.—Binding Books.

BOOK-BINDING, properly so called, is not a thing to be taught by a few diagrams and a little description; it is a delicate and difficult art. But the stitching together and covering of an old dotted book or a pile of magazines, so as to make a neat and fairly strong volume, is quite another matter—it is easy to show how this may be done.

The first proceeding is to pull the book or magazine to pieces, to clean all glue, etc., from the backs of the sheets, and to place them in an orderly pile, the title-page at the bottom, and the last page at the top. Under the title and on the last page we must lay a piece of blank paper, of such a size that when folded it may form leaves as large as the leaves of the book; we may have these papers folded once to form two leaves, or twice to form four leaves according to circumstances. These we call "end-papers."

Before we begin to stitch our sheets together we shall need a flat board, a piece of stout cloth, and a needle. We can most readily make use by knocking the bottom front of an old box—as in fig. 1—and boring two rows of holes in it, as shown there. The sheets are to be fastened to narrow tape, of which there will be enough to margin the book, and to allow for turning the pages. The number of tapes will depend on the size of the sheets; for a book 7 in. high, four will be enough. Pegging one end of the tape firmly at a, we pass it through the hole below, beneath the frame to the next hole, then up again, and so on; keeping it quite tight, and securing it in the last hole with another peg, as at b.

We now take the uppermost sheet of our pile—which will be the end paper—and lay it in the box with its back against

the tapes, as at c. We stitch with a stout needle and thread, keeping one hand inside the sheet and the other in front of the tapes. The direction taken by the thread is shown in fig. 2; this is the way in which the first sheet is sewn. When we have laid a second sheet in the frame, we work back in the same manner, but begin by taking the thread not through but round the outer side of tape a. We have in fact to bear in mind that it is only the first stitch of all which passes through, all the others simply going round the tapes, thus allowing the sheet to slide down them more closely together when they come to be prestressed.

When all the sheets—including the front end-paper—are sewn, we set a board on their top and a weight upon it, to press the sheets closely together. We then brush glue (I use Page's liquid glue) over the backs, and rub down a strip of muslin or of lining, which we lay upon the glue. The sheets, tapes, and threads will now all be bound firmly together.

Next day, when the glue is set, we take off the weight, cut the bottom tapes half way between the holes, and cut off the tapes above, so as to leave loops long enough as those below; we are then ready for our covers. For covers the propulsive is mill-board, which may be bought by the pound at shops where bookbinders' materials are sold. If we wish to work more cheaply, the top or bottom of an old draper's box will serve our purpose. We cut our covers so large that they may overlap the sheets at top, bottom, and front, by a quarter of an inch. We glue down the loose ends of the tapes to the inside of the covers, and over them glue a strip of "mull" (a thin, loose muslin used by bookbinders) to hold the tapes firmly in place. When dry, each cover should be placed under pressure for some hours.

For making the back we shall find bookbinders' cloth too limp; buckram, or stout window-blind holland, is better.

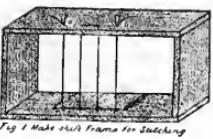


Fig. 1. Made out of Frame for Stitching.

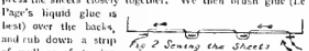


Fig. 2. Sewing the Sheets.

Fig. 3 shows a back cut out. Down its middle, d, is pasted a strip of stout paper, just a trifle wider than the back of the book, that when in place the back may bow out in a somewhat curve. The flaps at its ends are then turned down and fastened over the paper, as we see is done with one of them at e. A warm flat-iron should be used to press down the back smoothly. The back is now ready for its outside parts to be fastened to their respective covers, the flaps at their ends being turned over the boards and pasted down on the inner side. Of these last operations it is better to do only one at a time, to keep the book under pressure till the paste is dry, and then to go on to the next thing.

The boards now have to be covered. At shops where binders' materials are sold there is choice of cloth and marbled paper for the purpose, but trifling cost. The piece for covering should be large enough to turn over, say an inch wide, at top, bottom, and front, to be pasted down on the inside.

It now remains to paste down on the inside of the cover that leaf of the end-paper which comes nearest to d, and to stick a neatly written or printed label on the back.

This completes our volume, which if not showy may with care be made a neat one. This method is of course not suited to very heavy works; but in most cases it will be found practicable and useful to those who like in magazines, or buy old books, and who cannot well spare the money to pay for regular binding.

* * In next month's "Home Workshop," Mark Mallett will describe the interesting process of TAKING CASTS FROM NATURE.

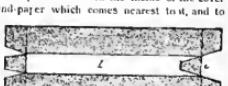


Fig. 3. The Back Inner Side.



SEVEN QUESTIONS.

"If you meet with an Atheist," says Dean Farrar, "do not let him entangle you into the discussion of side issues. As to many points which he raises, you must make the Rabbi's answer, 'I do not know.' But ask him these seven questions—1. Ask him, What did matter come from? 2. Ask him, Can a dead thing create itself? 3. Ask him, Where did motion come from? 4. Ask him where life came from the finger-tip of Omnipotence; 5. Ask him, Whence came the exquisite order and design in nature? If one told you that millions of printers' types should fortuitously shape themselves into the Divine Comedy of Dante, or the plays of Shakespeare, would you not think him a madman? 6. Ask him, Who gave you free-will? 7. Ask him, Whence came conscience? He who says there is no God, the face of these questions, talkingly stumps his nose."

Thus, then, is one of the things which cannot be shaken, and remains. From this belief in God follows the belief in God's providence, and belief that we are His people, and sheep of His pasture."

REMEMBER GOD'S TELESCOPE.

One day the astronomer Mitchell was engaged in making some observations on the sun, and as it descended towards the horizon, just as it was setting, there came into the rays of the great telescope the top of a hill seven miles away. On the top of that hill was a large number of apple-trees, and in one of them were two boys stealing apples.

One was getting the apples, and the other was watching to make sure nobody saw them, feeling certain that they were not discovered. But there sat Professor Mitchell seven miles away, with the great eye of his telescope directed fully upon them, seeing every movement they made as plainly as if he had been under the tree with them.

So it is with men. Because they do not see the Eye which watches them with a sleepless vigilance, they think they are not seen. But the eye of God is upon them, and not one action can be concealed.

If man can penetrate with the searching eye which science constructs for his use the wide realm of the material heavens, shall not He who searcheth upon the earth be able to know all that transpires upon the earth which He makes?

A SURE TEST.

TELL me what the Bible is to a man, and I will generally tell you what he is. This is the pulse to try, this is the barometer to look at, it we would know the state of the heart. I have no notion of the Spirit dwelling in a man and not giving clear evidence of His presence. And I believe it to be a signal evidence of the Spirit's presence when the Word is really precious to a man's soul. When there is no appetite for the truths of Scripture, the soul cannot be in a state of health. There is some serious disease. Reader, what is the Bible to you? Is it your guide, your counsellor, your friend? Is it your rule of faith and practice? Is it your measure of truth and error, of right and wrong? It ought to be so. It was given for this purpose. If it is not, do you really love your Bible?—*Bishop of Liverpool.*

HOW TO HAVE PLEASANT DREAMS.

"I will give you a recipe for pleasant dreams," says Dr. Talmage. "Fill your days with elevated thoughts and useful actions, and your dreams will be set to music. If all day you are grasping and avaricious, in your dreams you will see gold that you cannot clutch, and bargains in which you were outdone. If during the day you are irascible, and pugnacious, and gaudy-proud of disposition, you will at night have battle with enemics in which they will get the best of you. If you are all day long in a 'burr', at night you will dream of trains

that you want to catch, while you cannot move one inch towards the railway station."

A SCOFFER SILENCED.

A CONCEITED young fellow once turned to an aged minister, and, as if challenging the discussion, said, "I am told you believe in the inspiration of the Bible."

The good man answered him quietly, "Oh, yes, my friend. What do you believe in?"

A little laugh covered the defeat, but he continued, "But you certainly know what the great scholars say about it?" When again the calm answer met him, "Somewhat, but what do they say to you about your soul?"

Now the inquirer grew restive. "They say you are leading men along with a farthing taper in your lantern!"

To this the aged preacher only said, "Do they say men would see any better if we would let them put the taper out?"

HELPFULNESS.

There is no greater joy than that which comes from helping others. Few of us have known much happiness we miss through letting slip the small opportunities that come to us of doing little kindnesses one to another. Here is a simple story of helpfulness that sheds sunshine on the page as I write of it.

On one occasion Lady Freere, arriving by train at a London station, vent'ed her way to find Sir Bartle Frere, whom she expected to meet her. But the boy, who had only just entered her service, had never seen Sir Bartle Frere, and he ventured to remind her of this fact. "Oh, I know him!—look for a tall gentleman helping somebody." The boy went on his errand, and presently he espied a tall gentleman, who proved to be Sir Bartle Frere, helping an old lady out of the train.

To Sir Bartle Frere, helpfulness was second nature—an instinctive grace of character. Is that to you?

THE MINISTER'S REPROOF.

A poor old deaf man resided in Fife. He was visited by the minister shortly after coming to help pupils. The minister and he would often call and see him; but time went on, and he did not visit him again until two years after, when, happening to go through the street where the deaf man was living, he saw his wife at the door, and could therefore do no other than inquire for her husband.

"Weel, Margaret, how is Tammas?"

"None the better u you," was the rather curt reply.

"How, how, Margaret?" inquired the minister.

"Oh, ye promis two year sone to ea' and pray once a fortnight wi' him, and ye ha'e ne'er daurden the doon sin syne."

"Weel, weel, Margaret, don't be so short. I thought it was not so very necessary to call and pray with Tammas, for he is dead ye ken he canna hear me."

"But sir," said the woman, with a rising dignity of manner, "the Lord's no dead!"

And it is to be supposed the minister felt the power of her reproach.

THE ONLY REALITY.

You men especially you who are plunged into the busy life of our great commercial centres, and are tempted by everything you see, and by most that you hear, to believe that a prosperous trade and hard cash are the realities, and all else mast and dreams, fix this in your mind to begin life with—God is the reality, all else is shadow. Do not make it your ambition to get on, but to get

up. Having food and raiment, let us be content. Seek your life's delight and treasure in thought, in truth, in pure affections, in moderate desires, in a spirit set on God. These are the realities of our possessions. As for all the rest, it is sham and show.—Dr. Macduff.

Temperance Truths.

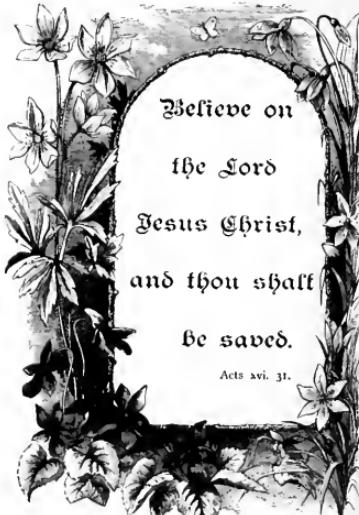
THE COST OF CRIME.—It is estimated that the supervision of the criminal classes costs the country about £2,500,000 a year, the value of property lost through them being about £15,000,000. Crime and drink are in close alliance.

HAVE YOU TRIED THE EXPERIMENT?—The late Sir B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., said:—"Never believe for a moment that work, and the best of work, mental or bodily, can be performed without resort to these alcoholic drinks. It is the experience of all men who have faithfully tried the experiment, that they can do better work, longer work, purer work—mental and physical—without alcoholic drinks than with them."

"I NEVER suffic ardent spirits in my house," said Sir Astley Cooper, M.D., "thinking them evil spirits. If the poor could see the white livers and shattered nervous systems which I have seen as the consequences of drinking, they would be aware that *Spirits and Poison* mean the same thing."

"YOU object to my taking the pledge," said a reclaimed man to an acquaintance who believed in freedom in everything, and that a man should drink when he wants to:—"Why, man, strong drink occasioned me to have more to do with pledging than ever teetotalism has done. When I used strong drink I pledged my coat, I pledged my bed—I pledged, in short, everything that was pledgeable, and was losing every hope and blessing, when a Temperance friend met me and convinced me of my folly. Then I pledged myself, and soon got my other things *out of pledge*, and got more than my former property about me."

We are often told by whisky drinkers that the chief cause of mischief by that form of spirit, as well as by others, is the consequence of its rawness. That it allows to mature for a few years it becomes quite wholesome. Acting on this suggestion, so a trade journal informs the public, a process has been invented by which a few hours are made to do the work of some six years in this matter of ripening. In other words, they can produce in spirits a premature old age, just as the spirit can produce a similar condition in the consumer. The worst of it is that the old age of the spirits does not end in their decrease, the decrease falls to the lot of the drinker.



GOING, GOING, GONE!

By MR RVR CHARLES COURLENAY, MA

JEREMY JENKINS had passed through three distinct stages of temper.

First came the "No fear" stage. When his friend warned him, and suggested that he was in danger from his free use of drink, his reply at this particular period was, "No fear, I'm all right. Go and talk to your grandmother."

Next came the angry stage, when he turned on his friends, and, as far as look and tone's went, rent them At this moment he was a trifle suspicious of the two events were taking, and was therefore correspondingly sensitive. Folks are never so angry as when their own fears about themselves are being confirmed by the comments of their friends. "Why don't you mind your own business?" he would ask with a snarl.

The third stage was what I would call the vicious stage, when Jerry, knowing that he was a victim of drink and made fast in its coils, tried to make the best of a bad job, and attempted to brave it out. People, to see him then, would fancy that he was doing a thing which he might well be proud of, so public was he in his drinking, so obstinate, so boastful. But it was all put on, nevertheless. It was a bit of pure bounce and defiance. "I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me," was his song in those days.

The fourth and final stage was the despairing one. Jeremy was plunging into the darkness of a very thick night, and was beginning to feel cold to his very bones. His eyes were opening to the fact that a precipice lay in his immediate path, and that some very gleaming eyes, as of wild beasts, were staring out of the thickets. Tremblingly and feebly the cry came from the depths of his soul, "It's no use, I've done for, I've gone too far ever to retrace my steps. It's all up with Jerry." Jerry's doomsday.

What he said to himself, he said a little while after in plain words to the parson, who crossed his path and tried to heal him off from the way of death.

"It's no use. Nobody can save me now, so you had better leave me alone. I'm going down the hill so fast that there is no stopping till I drop into the grave that's dug for me at the bottom."

But the wise man of God simply laid his hand on the poor fellow's shoulder and said:

"Thank God, you've come to this, Jerry. You've quite cheered me up. Why, I haven't heard you say so hopeful a thing since I've known you. Thank God you've got so low. Please God we'll have you on your feet again before long."

"I don't agree with you," said Jeremy, with a big sigh which spoke volumes.

As the parson went homewards, he pondered how he might win over his poor tupping friend to a more hopeful condition of heart, for that a bright ray or two of hope now would give Jerry the best chance he had had for years. It was the grandest sign possible that Jerry wanted to be a true man again. Here was a string which was likely to give forth some sweet music by-and-by. It was plain, therefore, that that string must be set vibrating by as many hands possible.

The next week or two Jerry became the victim of a deep depression. Light and tender hands touched him, cheerful words and smiles fell upon him, little unmeasured kindness and attention, and above all, a spirit of prayer made the brightness of atmosphere.

"Whoa, Jerry, my lad, how are you? Come round and have a cup of coffee."

And before Jerry knew where he was, lo! he was sitting in a warm room being treated to "a drop o' summat

hot," which not only did not get into his head, but did get into his heart and feet as spirit never did.

Not a word was said about drink and the pledge. The impression in this first lesson was given him that there was at least one heart which was willing to give him a cosy corner all to himself.

"Why, Mary, this is a treat if you like, where in the world did you pick it all up?"

But Mary only said, "Aha! that's telling."

As Jerry looked at the tiled room, the clean table-cloth, and the bright light with the kettle sizzling on the hearth, and the cat curling up contentedly before it, and the smiling face of his wife, he learned his second lesson. It was possible, he saw, to be as happy at home as at the public-house, and happier, that his wife had as good a right, and better, to his presence and attention as the landlady of the "Green Dragon,"

with a brotherly and "cheer up" gosp. went away, "Now he's put a lot o' heart into me, he have."

* * * * *

The Vicar was the next man to come upon the scene; he wanted to put the top stone on, if everything was ready for it, and so Jerry and his wife had a good long talk over matters, religion included. I believe, too, that they got on their knees, I can quite believe it, for Jerry was in the mood for the most extreme measures, and the parson was pretty much always in the mood. So I think we may take it for granted that they did go upon their knees in Jerry's kitchen.

From the sudden demand for ink and a pen, which Jerry urgently asked of his wife who was upstairs somewhere, keeping judiciously out of the way until wanted, there was another important little operation being polished off. At any rate, something bright was done, for Jerry's face shone with quite a new light, and Jerry's wife wore a smile which looked a little watery because it was new and coming on so quickly after her tears.

From all accounts Jerry had an extra good time after these little events. At any rate, he began to "look up" in more ways than one. And other people began to look up to him, for Jerry thought he had a mission to put hope into the despairing fellows such as he used to be.

This was his favourite way of putting the matter when he had a fellow in tow whom he was seeking to get into harbour:

"Don't you see, mate, I was going down into a watery grave. I had sunk twice, and was just a-hobbin' under for the third and last time, when I was fished out. I was 'goin', 'goin', 'gone,' when I tomed the Hand of the Savioon. Art that it was the drank that had 'gone.'

A SPLENDID OFFER.

THE Editor wants his friends to help him still further to increase the circulation of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, and he therefore repeats the following offer:

For \$5, he will send to any reader who promises to distribute carefully TWELVE copies of the CURRENT number of this magazine

A Magnificent Copy of John Bunyan's PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

The volume is large quarto size, and contains 250 pages, printed on specially made paper, highly calcinated. It is gilt edged, with watered silk binding, thickly padded, and the front cover bears a beautifully designed title and medallions portrait in gold. There are SIXTY-TWO full-page and other illustrations by Frederick Barnard, J. D. Linton, W. Sted, and other well-known artists.

Send \$5 to the Editor, care of S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and this splendid book, together with the twelve copies, will be forwarded, carriage paid, by return.

FOR THE AGED.

NOTHING gives greater delight to the old folks than a good newspaper which they can read with ease. Printed in clear, bold type, *The Friendly Worker* exactly suits this purpose. Its stories, poems, and articles are all pointed with sound Gospel teaching, and it is splendidly illustrated. Price 1d monthly.

♦ ♦ ♦

FOR BRAVERY—Readers are reminded that a beautiful SILVER MEDAL awards the British working man who performs the Bravest Deed during this year. Do not forget to write at once to the Editor about any act of bravery which may come under your notice.



"Laid his hand on the poor fellow's shoulder."

and that there was love at home whatever the hard, cold world might say to him.

A night or two after, an old friend looked in with whom he had had but few dealings for many a long month. They used to drink together, and go home at a very late hour arm in arm (when they didn't quarrel, singing "Rule Britannia"). But when his friend signed the pledge they parted company.

This friend had just the message he wanted at his tongue's end—

"A good day's work I done when I cracked up the drunk, Jerry. I and never regretted it. Twas a lot o' fun at first, but, bless you, Jerry, when you set your back up and put up your lists for a round or two wi' the drink, the things's pretty nearly done. There ain't much fight in wrong things when your backs again the door and you square up to 'em. And I done it, so can you, Jerry, my boy."

Said Jerry when his friend, after wringing his hand



No. 79. New Series.

NAVAL BLACKSMITHS

J. B. Gruelle

(Drawn by J. B. GRUELLE)

JIM BOWLING'S TWIST.

By THE REV. C. COURtenay, M.A.

JIM BOWLING was born and bred to the puff of the bellows, to the clank of the hammer on the anvil, and to the roaring of the blast-furnace. As soon as he could tolerate he learnt to dodge the flying sparks. His playthings were bits of old iron and smithy tools. And he sailed his first boat in the warm waters of the smoky tank.

By-and-by he had to turn his thoughts and energies to sterner business, and stand in the circle of flying sparks, holding the half-molten metal for his father's steady blows. And very proud he was of the grimace which gathered on hand and face as he "help'd I father." And so it became a blacksmith.

I am sorry to say he learned other things of his father which were not so creditable. His father was too tired to go to the Chapel of God on the Sunday, so was Jim. His father liked his quiet pipe, so Jim got the same liking. And when his father drained the quart mug and looked over his shoulder for more, young Jim drained the cup and learned to like it more than a little.

Now Jim was a very excellent workman so long as the beer was kept at a considerable distance, but when it came too close there was mischief to play. He bungled his work hopelessly, and set his father's customers so sadly by the ears, that not a few of them went over to the up-to-date smithy through his wood-gathering sun.

After a time things got so bad that Jim felt the place was getting too warm for him, and disappeared. And this last act of his was the very best thing he had ever done. For first it pilled his father up short, gave him a dislike for the drink, and sent him to the House of God for consolation. And then it put young Jim in a safe place where the drink could not hurt him—or board one of her Majesty's ships of war.

Imagine the amazement of the old folks at home when Master Jim appeared, not very long after dressing out jauntily in sailor uniform, having his father across the smithy door in the breeches and stockings, laughing.

"Why, what isn't our Jim?" shouted the father as he gripped the lad's hand and dragged him to see his mother as she stood over the wash-tub. Of course she was rejoiced indeed, so glad, in fact, that, without stopping to dry her hands and arms, she embraced her boy with the wettest and soundest of hugs.

But there was a greater transformation in store for Jim yet. First of all, the Temperance lads got hold of him on board ship, and made a teetotaller of him. He did not surrender without a struggle, for in his leisure moments his thoughts went forth to a certain foaming tankard which he was going to treat himself to when he stepped on shore again. It cost him not a little to give up that sweet dream of a tuly little bar and a roaring song, and some jolly chaps discussing some jolly nathurnals, and the stamping of jolly sailor feet on the sandy floor to the screaming of a fiddle or two.

Ah me! but it had to go, the whole set out of it, for Miss Weston had left her spirit behind her since last she visited the ship, and his mates had gripped him with a regular sailor's knot which would not yield for a moment. So at last Jim was forced to declare himself beaten.

"You won't take 'No' for an answer, so I'll say 'Yes,' and here's my hand on it."

It so happened that Jim had over him in the ship's smithy a good Christian man, Peter Scarrow by name. He was one of those rare men who are as keen upon you as a hunter is over his fox. Now, Peter had his eye on young Jim, and as occasion permitted he dropped a quiet word for the benefit of Jim's soul.

Being a man of few words, when he did speak it was generally to the point and did good execution. One day as Jim was holding a bit of iron for Peter's straightening blows, Peter dropped a home truth as was his wont.

"Turn him round, lad. You can't hammer a bit of iron, much less a man, by striking all on one side."

After a long fit of silence, in which Jim's mind kept trying to discover what Peter was driving at by his words, Peter began again.

"Some chaps are right on one side and wrong on the other. If you want to make a good job of it,

Jim was a small lad enough at his trade, but when at came to reading between the lines and discovering the meaning of parables he was somwhat slow. How he did worry over that hard nut of Peter's, and try to get at the kernel! But it was of no use. It beat him.

At length he asked advice, but with varying success. Said one—"He's a deep 'un, is Peter. I expect he thinks as there's summat wrong about you, Jim, somewhere. I hope he don't think you're half-baked. But it sounds like it, don't it?"

Jim thought, too, that if Peter had such a thought in his mind, it was not very complimentary of me.

Another hazarded the remark that perhaps Jim had some twist somewhere about him; that he was not, in Peter's mind, quite as straight as he might be. But this was not very pleasant to Jim either.

The truth was, Jim had not gone to the right sort of men. He had been asking the advice of irreligious men who had no sympathy with Peter in his religious ideas. One of them told him as much, and said that if he wanted to know what Peter was driving at he had better seek out some religious fellow like Peter himself.

Jim sawing the force of this advice took it straightforward. And this was the result thereof.

"Why, don't you see, Jim, what Peter is a driving at? You are hammering away at only one side of you, and you are forgetting that you've got a soul as well as a body. What he means is, that it isn't enough to be a teetotaller, but that you ought by rights to be a Christian too. Don't you see? You've straightened

the iron, but you haven't straightened out."

The next time that Peter and Jim did a straightening out, Peter returned to the attack.

Looking at the iron which Jim held, said Peter, "If my thoughts were all about iron, 'Has it got right the other side yet, Jim?' Is the twist out there? 'Tis no use hammering away at one side, is it?"

Jim entered into the spirit of the inquiry, and looked at the iron as steadily as did Peter himself. Then he said, as if his thoughts were all about iron too—

"Not quite yet, Peter, but it's going to be, I please God."

"Right you are, Jim," replied Peter, lifting his eyes from the iron and looking full in Jim's face; "but there's only one as can get that at part of the heart to hammer that straight."

Slipping a paper of texts into Jim's hand, that interview was at an end.

I am not going to follow the course of instruction further. We will skip over a day or two, and, just glancing at the last that Jim kept perusing over the texts which Peter had given him, and the further fact that Jim had been rather silent and serious lately, and had even been caught on his knees, I will take you to a little meeting which some of the mere thoughtful of the men were permitted to have.

Peter was there; and so was Jim. There were some dozen men besides.

And there Jim gave his testimony, and told how he had been straightened up both outside and inside, how he had given his heart to Jesus, and how he had faith to believe that Jesus had not cast him out.

After he had served his time Jim went home for good. He was going to take over the smithy and look after his old father and mother. He was able to do it now; for never scarcely did he straighten out a bit of iron without thanking God that he himself had been straightened out too.

"When the twist's out, the man's made," was Jim's way of putting it. "When God softens a man's heart He can do anything with it."

THE BLACKSMITH'S SONG.

Clang, clang, clang, clang!

Bellows, you must roar; and, anvil, you must ring; Hammer, you and I must work, for ding, ding, ding!

Must dress my Kate and baby, and bread for us must bring.

So doing, ding, ding, ding!

Avil, to my hammer make music while I sing,

Clang, clang, clang, clang!

Oh, well I love my smathy, when the birds in spring-time sing,

[loves to bring]

And the pleasant sun comes streaming in, the sun that

its gladness to me, working and to bear my aching ring—

Dong, ding, dong ding!

And to see my iron glowing, and the sparks in showers spring—Clang, clang, clang, clang!

Plow, blow, blow, blow!

Bellows, you must work till the furnace is aglow. [snow; Sing in my old smathy when, without, comes down the snow; Then when sooty wall and rafter in the blaze are all aglow.

Blow, blow, blow, blow!

What care I if the storm then, without, be high or low?

Blow, blow, blow, blow!

Clang, clang, clang, clang!

Merrily the hours fly that hear my avil ring; [they bring

And quick my evening chair, and my pleasant hook

Then when Kate works beside me, I'm happy

Clang, clang, clang, clang! [as a king]

God give me always health and strength to make my avil ring,

Clang, clang, clang, clang!

W. C. BENNETT.

OUR GREATEST ENEMY.

BY BASIL WILBERFORCE, D.D.

PROBABLY most of my readers may be able to call to mind a memorable speech made by the youngest, and in some sense the wisest, of the Queen's sons at Liverpool. Speaking of the state of our well-loved country, he said—"There is one enemy England need fear, and that is the enemy of drink."

Now, I have no hesitation in naming a quarter of a century's work in the great battle against the enemy of the Anglo-Saxon race, in accusing interperance of being at the present moment a plague in our polities, a curse upon our morality, a hinderer to our education. I accuse it of being the murderer of men, the destroyer of women, the torturer of children. I accuse it of having the fatal faculty of combining in itself somehow the breath of all the Ten Commandments, and of being the most powerful enemy to the kingdom of heaven that exists in the nineteenth century.

Of course, there are some who would say that these are words of exaggeration. But I contend that it is absolutely impossible for us to use language of exaggeration in describing the enormity of the evil of interperance. I think we are quite right and are not unduly using the language of hyperbole when we call it the enemy of the Anglo-Saxon race.

It is all very well for some of the younger men in the irresponsible folly of headless age to turn upon us older men and say, "Are you afraid of a little alcoholic drink?" I say we are not more courageous than the great Duke of Wellington, and he was afraid of drink. It is on record that on one occasion, when he was marching his victorious army across the Peninsula, he halted the whole army. Why? Simply because the news had been brought to him that an immense store of sweet Spanish wine lay directly in his line of march. He halted the whole victorious British army until he had sent on his sappers and miners to blow every single barrel to pieces. He was not a coward; he was not afraid; he saw the danger; he knew the foul, fascinating power of this drug upon the human mind, and body, and he took measures to prevent his soldiers becoming exposed to temptation.

I should not hesitate to say that few living men have a clearer or profounder brain than had the great Dr. Johnson; and he was afraid of drink. We have it on record that when Mrs. Thrale offered him a glass of wine he refused it. She said, "Can you not carry a glass of wine?" He replied, "No, madam, I am afraid the glass of wine will carry me off." He had the wisdom to see the power of the drug, and he was afraid of it. There is nothing to be ashamed of in being afraid of the nefarious dugs of alcoholic drink. It is impossible to exaggerate to its terrible consequences.

Look closely at the statistic of the awful waste of our national resources which is to be attributed to our excessive use of alcohol, and I think you will see that the Temperance Movement is the golden key which



"Merrily the hours fly that hear my avil ring."

unlocks most of the social problems that vex the hands of our public men. Take into consideration, for a moment, that we have in England an hereditary pauper class costing ten millions a year, three-fourths cut off, directly or indirectly, by intoxicating drink. When you see the sum total of the charitable gifts in one year in this country exceeding ten millions, and remember what a very large proportion of those gifts is rendered necessary by intoxicating drinking; when you remember that we are paying over five millions a year for our police and prison arrangements—and who is going to contradict the fact that one-half of those arrangements are necessitated by the immense traffic in intoxicating drink?—the moment you see that, you are able to understand how it is that at the root of a vast amount of poverty lies this curse which I unhesitatingly name.

If it were only that I believed the nation is wealthy enough to rise out of so great a loss; but that is not all! I can recall the time when the hearts of men were stirred by what was called "the battle of out-east London." I daresay you remember the Commission which was appointed to inquire into it. One prominent member of that Commission was a dear personal friend of my own—a man of great nobility of character, a man who gave away £30,000 a year in his income. I mean Samuel Morley, the man who was so incorporated with the interests of the people that when they offered him a peerage he nobly said, "I am born of the people, I have lived of the people, and I will die of the people." No man can see him of truckling or pandering to fanatics or idiomongers. Not long before he died he wrote to me, "I am heart-broken in this inquiry into the bitter cry of out-east London, for I have proved, beyond the possibility of contradiction, that quite three-fourths of the misery is preventable, and it is to be traced to the fact that the minimum of resisting power is confronted with the maximum of temptation, and it is attributed to the flaring drink-houses and gin-palaces that are spread broadcast like a net around the homes of the people."

And that is only to a certain extent the financial side of it. It is the cry of human agony and human death that is rising up everywhere in the track of this degrading curse which should stir our hearts to their depths.

Take one instance only. There was a workwoman whom I knew and cared for much. He had a wife, a tender, loving self-denying woman, clinging to him just as you may see in the country the ivy clinging to some lightning-blasted tree, lending a little bit of brightness and verdure to its appearance. How many cases are there of working men's wives who are standing by them through life in all their difficulties like that! This man was bad enough when he did not drink, but drink was his curse. More than once he signed the pledge with me, but he did not keep it long.

On one occasion they sent for me to go hastily to his home, and I found his wife dying. He had come home maddened with intoxicating drink, and had found no food, his wages having been spent on his own sensual indulgence. In a fit of intense passion he had struck her, and when on the ground had kicked her. Just before she died she signed to me to bend down to her lips, and she whispered in my ear, "Do not be hard on him when I am gone; he is so kind when he does not drink."

I can assure you that when we laid her body in the grave of the cemetery, and by her side the little waxen form of the prematurely born child, and when we heard the soul striking the coffin, and heard those pathetic words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," there were those of us there who hilted up our hearts to God, and swore we would never sheath our sword in this battle as long as we had strength to wield it.

Is not perfectly clear that every man calling himself a man ought to be lighting in some department of the army against intoxicating drink?

For the Sailors.

The Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors Society, Mercer Street, Shawwell, London, E.C., writes to the Editor, enclosing a letter from the widow of a gentleman who for many years supplied a number of copies of THE BRITISH WORKMAN for distribution through the Society. The letter states that, owing to the death of this generous friend of the sailors, THE BRITISH WORKMAN cannot any longer be supplied, and the widow says, "I am exceedingly sorry, as from my own experience I know how much the sailors need it." The Secretary of the Society earnestly hopes that some other friend of sailors will continue the supply of THE BRITISH WORKMAN. He says, "We want two copies per month to send in our parcels to the various ports of the world. Who will come to his aid? Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. are willing to supply the copies, carriage paid, at specially low terms."

By the recent death of Mr. George Müller, orphaned children have lost one of their best friends, and the Christian world is poorer by the removal of one who was in many ways the most remarkable man of the age.

George Müller was born at Kroppenstadt, near Hollerstadt, in Prussia, on September 27th, 1805. He has himself recorded that the first twenty years of his life were spent thoughtlessly, carelessly, and aimlessly. In the high classical school he attended in his youth he had thirty tutors, but none of them ever spoke to him about his soul. One of his tutors, in fact, tried to lead him astray and make him an infidel, but at last, while a student at Halle University, he attended a prayer meeting and found Christ. That was in the beginning of 1825, and from that time he has said, he was "a very happy man."

During his life he obtained tens of thousands of answers to prayer. Very frequently before he left his bedroom in the morning he had one or two answers; in the course of the day, perhaps, five or six, and sometimes more; and that went on for more than seventy years. During the seventy years he prayed to God he obtained sufficient money to educate and send into the world no fewer than 123,000 pupils, more than 10,000 of whom were converted while at school. He also circulated all over the world 275,056 Bibles in various languages, 21,000 copies of the Book of Psalms, and 180,000 smaller portions of the Bible.

From the time of his conversion he took a keen interest in missionary work, and he aided the mission in every possible way. In money alone he assisted them to the extent of £255,000. When he had passed his seventieth year he went out as a missionary himself, travelling extensively. For twenty years he was constantly going about in all parts of the world preaching the Gospel. He preached in three different languages—German, French, and English, and, with the aid of interpreters, in eighteen other languages.

But his greatest work, he was wont to declare, was the establishment of his orphanage—a work which showed what could be accomplished by means of prayer. He

was in difficulties thousands of times, but God always answered his prayers. The five immense buildings which comprise his orphanage at Ashley Down, Bristol, were God's monument to the power of prayer. They cost £115,000, and yet he never asked a single human being in the world for a penny. He obtained the money to build the orphanage entirely through the instrumentality of prayer. The £115,000, moreover, was not all that was required, for it took £26,000 a year to maintain the institution, and the work in which he was engaged. But all through God never failed to help him.

"While we have often been brought low," he once said, "yet, so low as to have the last bread on the table, and not as much money as was needed to buy another loaf, yet never have we had to sit down without our good Lord having provided nourishing food for

us. My Master has been a kind Master to me; and if I had to choose this day again as to the way of living, the Lord giving me grace, I would not choose differently."

Since March, 1834, Mr. Müller stated in a recent report, the total amount of money received by prayer and faith for his various institutions amounted to £1,424,746 16s. 9d.; 121,683 persons had been taught in the schools of his institution; and he had had 9,734 orphans under his care. Accommodation is provided in the homes for 2,050 orphans and 112 assistants, and the inmates are clothed, fed, educated, and ultimately apprenticed to a trade. No question of creed enters into the conditions of a child's admission, for the work is carried on on purely sectarian principles; the only stipulation is that the child shall love both parents.

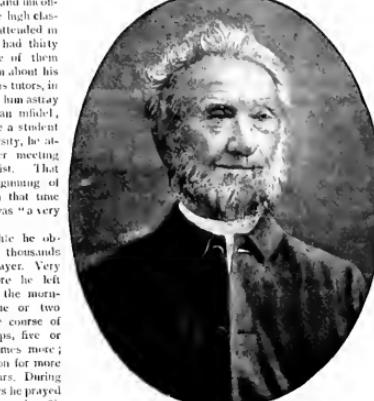
But it is the method by which the vast establishment is maintained which constitutes its most remarkable feature. It is worth while repeating that Mr. Müller never in his life asked anyone for a penny; and he attributed the great work accomplished, as well as the provision of the means for carrying it out, entirely to the power of prayer.

Some time ago, when speaking of his orphanage, Mr. Müller said, "For fifty-eight years and nine months, this institution has been carried on, and we have never appealed to man, but simply prayed to God. My whole life," he continued, "is one single service for God. The caring for the bodies of the children is the mere instrumental. My heart felt my heart bled, for the poor orphan children, and I desired to see them well housed and fed, but that was not my motive. My heart desired to benefit them with a good education, but that was not my motive. My heart longed for their salvation, but even that was not my motive. The play of God—that it might be seen by the whole world and the whole Church of God that yet in these days God listens to prayer, and that God is the same in power and love as He ever was—to illustrate that I devoted my whole life."

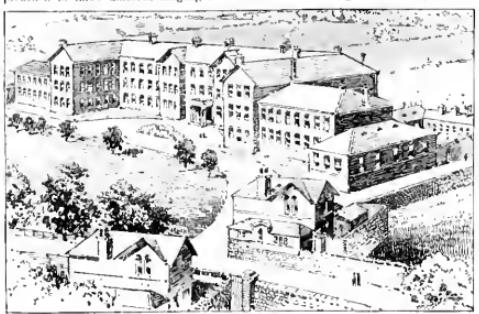
And a marvellous illustration it is. The life story of George Müller must remain a source of inspiration and encouragement to Christian men and women as long as the world lasts, for it proves beyond all question the power and the willingness of God to make all things possible to those who implicitly trust in Him.

I TRUST we are not going to be content with rapid enthusiasm or mere declamation, but that we shall all enrol ourselves as soldiers in the warfare against intemperance, under the captaincy of Jesus Christ, who came to destroy all the works of the Devil.—Dr. Clifford.

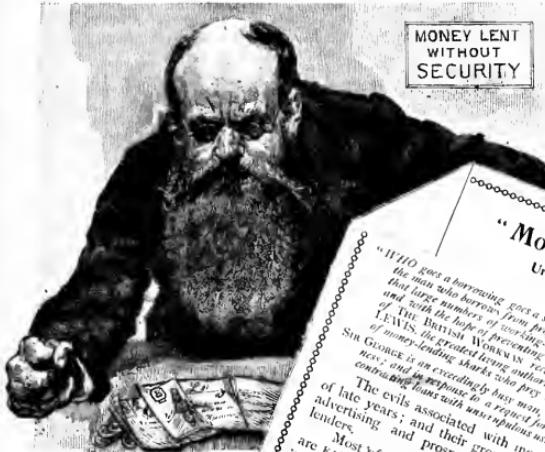
In spite of all our teaching and scientific demonstration that strong drink is death, the labourers in the villages keep on fattening the publican's pig, and when it is killed the labourer has the head and the publican the hams.—Mr. Edward W. S. Royds.



George Müller.



Muller's Orphanage at Ashley Down, Bristol



A Money-Lending Vampire.

MONEY-LENDERS
AND THEIR
WAYS.

By THOMAS FARROW,

THE following facts will serve to show the sort of treatment poor people receive at the hands of unscrupulous money-lenders. THE BRITISH WORKMAN could easily be filled many times over with examples of their heartless cruelty. What I have heard and seen in the course of my inquiries into the ways of these despicable creatures has buried deeply into my feelings—has temporarily saddened my life—and made me wage open war against the oppressor, and I hope the instances here given may serve as a warning—that will not go unregarded by the readers of THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

The working classes love their name itself has an indescribable charm.

years they have accumulated odd pieces of furniture until at last the home, however odd, is complete. But in a moment of adversity (and who does not encounter such a moment?), they have borrowed a small sum of money from an "advertised philanthropist," and before long they have been tricked or driven into a Bill of Sale, *i.e.*, made them mortgage the contents of their dwelling.

I once visited a house at Bristol where the money-lender took possession of furniture for a trivial sum, and insisted upon a public sale. The debt originally arose in respect of the purchase of a piano for the daughter, to enable her to give lessons in music. The instrument was worth about £3, although the money-lender charged £12 for it. So rotten was it in construction that one day, when in use, it suddenly collapsed, inflicting injury upon the girl. She took to her bed and was unable in acute suffering at the time the money-lender was advertising the sale of the furniture. The distracted parents begged of him to postpone the sale on that account, but their entreaties were unheeded. The auction took place, and the money-lender insisted on selling everything in the house *including the articles in the room in which the poor girl was lying*. He insisted on having all the things from *that room*, and threatened that unless they were brought out at once he would have the girl herself removed into the street. So the mother had to bring out of the sick-room every article of furniture into the bed. Had I been the auctioneer my hammer would have found itself somewhere in the region of the money-lender's head.

Recently, while in the same town, I met a man who had been a collector of debts, and was in a position to sweep away the goods that make up a poor man's home.

I recently called to see the holder of a Bill of Sale to ascertain how he had been treated. I found the house empty, but a neighbour explained to me that the borrower had, "through the worry and trouble from the Bill of Sale, taken his life." Many suicides can be traced directly to the oppression of usurers, and my readers will have

**MONEY LENT
WITHOUT
SECURITY**

"MONEY LENT!" BEWARE!
obtained, when he told her that
which, with the £4 borrowed,
debted to him, to a widow, whose
husband had been killed by m
Urgent Words of Warning from
SIR GEORGE LEWIS, a gentle
man who borrows from professionals and
from the best of workmen,
and with the help of a preceptor
of LEWIS, money-lender.

I would strongly urge upon every respectable working man, whether he be married or not, to AVOID BORROWING MONEY FROM LOAN OFFICES OR MONEY-LENDERS. He will find that if he does not follow this advice his is sure to be plunged into ruin, his name or friends and his home sold from under him, the kindness of relatives or friends failing him when the moment of difficulty comes. It will be better off when he has paid back the small advance he made to him, and a word to the wise is sufficient, then we believe them to be. "Forewarned is forearmed," and a word to the wise is sufficient warning. NO MONEY-LENDERS NEED APPLY.

he went into a Bill of Sale, &c., made them mortgage the contents now, my contention is that no man, especially no user, should keep away the goods that make up a poor man's home.

At Bristol where the money-lender took possession of furniture and insisted upon a public sale. The debt originally arose in payment of a piano for the daughter, to enable her to give lessons in music. It was worth about £5, although the money-lender charged £10 it was in construction that one day, when in use, it inflicted injury upon the girl. She took to her bed and was lying at the time the money-lender was advertising the sale of distressed parents begged of him to postpone the sale on that estates were imbedded. The auction took place, and the money-lender sold everything in the house *including the articles in the room in which I was lying*. He insisted on having all the things from *that room*, unless they were brought out at once he would have the girl lie in the street. So the mother had to come out of the sick-room to save the bed. Had I been the auctioneer my hammer would have been in the region of the money-lender's head.

frequently noticed the bare, but ominous Press comment, "The only trouble the deceased had was in connection with some money-lending transaction."

"A poor woman at Portsmouth needed a small advance to pay the landlord his overdu^e rent. She applied to a money-lender, and asked for a loan of £4, telling him of her trouble. He agreed to lend the money after having seen the furniture. £2 16s. 6d. was paid to the landlord for rent, one guinea costs, and the remainder, 2s. 7d., handed to the woman, who gave a receipt for the £4; the question of interest being left over till the following morning; but quite unexpectedly about ten pounds' worth of furniture was at once removed. Next day, as arranged, the money-lender visited the money-lender, who told her that he did not know where the woman had gone, and he would inform her later on. He did not keep her waiting. Repairs and damages were made to him, but a whole month elapsed before a reply could be obtained, when he told her that the interest would be £6 16s. 6d., which, with the £4 borrowed, made this poor woman indebted to him in the extent of £19.

A widow, who obtains her means of livelihood by taking in boarders, called upon me the other day and asked me to plead with the money-

BEWARE!
from

It is always true of
the reason to believe
of the better
of the poor people
what kind
against
much.

lenders who had a
Bill of Sale
over her effects.
She did not owe
them one penny
on account of her
installments, but her
rent had not been
paid, and in Bill of
Sale cases the money-
lender has the right to
demand the production
of receipts for rent, rates,
and taxes. The landlord
was willing to wait, but the
money-lenders had the right
to remove the goods. I ad-

ranged to call the next day in the hope of bringing unreasonable men to reason, but early in the morning I received this telegram:—"Do not trouble; last night the money-lender came with his vans and stripped the house." As a contemporary truly remarks: "Money-lenders, who devote their victims without the least remorse, are the greatest curses of the community. Homes wrecked, hearts broken, businesses ruined, are the sad memorials which they have left all over the land."

which they have left all over the sand.



» Ruined! —A Money-Lender's Victim.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF IRON.

BY F. M. HOLMES, AUTHOR OF "THE MARVELS OF METALS," ETC.

THE wonderful story of iron reads almost like a romance. So much human skill and desperate endeavour shine out from its stirring history, that it is more like a tale of human life than of a mere material thing drawn from the earth and complex with scientific technicalities.

There are such technicalities, of course, and they have had to be discovered and considered before that brown clod of earth could be wrought into the massive steel girder or the delicate spring for a watch.

Now we have to realise that iron is found very rarely pure in the earth; on the contrary, it is almost invariably combined with other substances. In the old days, no doubt, lumps of ore were placed in a hot fire of wood, or charcoal, and when the mass became soft and spangy it was beaten out with a hammer. Copeal furnaces, called air bloomeries, were built on hill-tops where they would benefit by the wind on the heights, and an improvement would be the use of the bellows, or fan to quicken the heat. Then, as wood grew scarce, coal and coke came to be used, though it was not until about 1715 or 1720, when Abraham Darby, a Quaker, employed it that it was really successful.

He watched the experiment for six days, and at length the iron was melted and ran out of the furnace. During

that time he had to discover and consider how that flashing and crackling iron could be easily removed. It is said that he used broken green bottles. But whatever his plan, his "cast steel," as it is sometimes called, was an immense improvement.

Though smelting with coal or coke, and also the improvement of steel, had thus been discovered, iron and steel manufacturers would not have advanced as they have done, but for Cort's method of rolling the metal. In 1783 he patented grooved rollers between which glowing hot iron or steel can be pressed out into bars or plates, instead of hammering them. Cort's story is a romance in itself, though a sad one. Briefly, his partner, Jellroe, defrauded the Government, and, Jellroe being dead, Cort had to pay. He was ruined, and though he afterwards received a small pension, yet he died in poverty. He also invented the principle of changing crude

Iron workers of the Olden Time.

country to an enormous extent, and given employment to hundreds of thousands of his countrymen, died, we say, in 1860, in poverty.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of his plan of rolling the white-hot metal into shape. The glowing mass is drawn from the furnace by huge long-handled tongs—sometimes worked by machinery—received on a trolley, and drawn to the mills. The space between the first set of rollers is just slightly smaller than the thickness of the metal which is pushed toward their cold grip by iron poles or prongs. Once within the grip, it is seldom, if ever, that the steam-driven revolving rollers do not conquer, and the glowing hot mass is sucked onward between the whirling rollers, crushing out flames and sparks as the iron is moved and pressed in their terrible squeeze. Ready workmen receive the metal on the other side and guide it back through the next set of rollers, the space between which is slightly smaller; and so the process continues until the huge glowing mass is squeezed and rolled out to the desired shape. Girders, rails, and plates of almost any thickness are thus rolled, also bars for subsequent drawing out wire.

But many other minds have also been busy at work. Nelson, for instance, patented his hot blast in 1828—a real improvement in the smelting of iron, causing great economy in fuel, and producing, it is said, a better quality of iron. Then in 1856 came the Bessemer process, an invention which, if it did not obviate the laborious "puddling" of iron, yet did produce a cheap and conveniently serviceable steel. Further, there were Musters' and also Heath's patents, also the Martin-Siemens method, which produces a very tough

steel, and the "Thomas-Gilchrist" process, patented in 1878, a modification of the Bessemer, and useful for changing iron for pig iron into "basic" steel. Further, there was Nasmyth's steam hammer for forging large masses of metal, and, finally, there is the Harvey process by which steel plates for the armour of battle ships are rendered intensely hard. In all these processes, by fire and flame and the mighty powers of machinery the inventor and other work out our various qualities of steel, rendering them suitable for the particular object for which each variety is designed.

Hence our invention has followed another, until the present enormous manufacture of iron and steel has been reached—an industry counting its workers by tons of thousands. Yet, if Abraham Darby, or his son, had not started it on its new career, by showing how coal or coke could be used for smelting, the iron manufacture of Britain might have languished into comparative nothingness simply for want of fuel.

Iron Puddlers at Work: Removing the Ball of Puddled Iron.

These six days, Darby had no regular sleep, and he ate his meals at the top of the furnace. But when he was satisfied that his experiment was successful, and that he had discovered the method of smelting iron ore with coke, he gave way to exhausted nature and fell asleep at the furnace top. His slumber was so profound that his men could not arouse him, and they carried him sleeping to his own house.

No less persevering was Benjamin Huntsman in his strenuous endeavours to improve steel. Huntsman was born in 1704, and he died in 1770, so perchance a little later than the time when Darby was striving to smelt iron-ore with coke. Huntsman's experiments were, however, becoming more successful.

Huntsman was working to improve steel. He was a clock-maker by trade, and as such he felt that he often needed a better steel than he could then obtain. He experimented for years. It is reported that after his death quantities of steel in different degrees of failure were found buried in his yards, showing how often he had failed, and how hard he had toiled, and how steadily he had persevered toward the wished-for end.

His desire was to render the steel of his day much harder and more homogeneous. He broke up blistered steel, and placing it in a crucible, melted it in intense heat; then he drew the crucible from the furnace by means of large tongs and poured the molten steel,

"pig" or cast iron into useful malleable iron by the process known as puddling. In fact, his inventions have been regarded as so important that he has been described as "The Father of the Iron Trade." This, perhaps, is an overstatement, because his inventions do not stand alone, but of their immense value there can be no question. Yet he who, by his improvements, has enriched his

country to an enormous extent, and given employment to hundreds of thousands of his countrymen, died, we say, in 1860, in poverty.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of his plan of rolling the white-hot metal into shape.

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Girders, rails, and plates of almost any thickness are thus rolled, also bars for subsequent drawing out wire.



Casting Crucible Steel.



The Rolling of Steel Bars.





SOME POPULAR DELUSIONS.

By H. F. BANHAM, M.D.

THE working classes in this country are still largely under the delusion that alcohol is necessary in laborious occupations. But an eminent doctor, whose work in the department of hygiene ranks with the foremost of the century, says that experiments which are in accord with common experience show that men engaged in very hard labour do their work more easily without alcohol.

It is very necessary also to recognise the fact that extremes of heat and cold are better borne without alcohol than with it. The notion that alcoholic beverages are necessary in great heat is, I believe, a mischievous delusion. The experience of those who have conducted great expeditions in hot countries, and of those who have the medical care of working men engaged in employments which expose them to great heat, is conclusive of the fact that teetotalers are more vigorous and more healthy than those who do not abstain.

The same may be said of those who are exposed to excessive cold, and it is with these that we are perhaps more concerned, because in this rigorous climate of ours we are constantly hearing people in the winter say that they like alcohol to keep out the cold or to ward off the effects of the cold. Alcohol for this purpose is not only useless, but it is in many cases, especially to those of weak circulation, positively dangerous.

As the action of alcohol in this case is easy to understand, it may be interesting just to turn a little into the physiological consideration of the subject. When the body is exposed to cold the surface vessels contract, and the blood is driven into the interior of the body, and thus the heat of the body is preserved. The effect of alcohol is, however, to dilate the surface vessels, to allow the blood to flow freely over the surface, and thus to produce the sensation of warmth. This, however, means a greatly increased loss of heat by radiation, and when the cold is continued, a dangerous depression of the circulation. A story is told by Dr. Muirhead Etherigill, which well illustrates this. A party of Americans were crossing the Sierra Nevada, when the cold was intense, and they had to pass the night in an exposed situation. Some took alcohol to keep out the cold, and others took none. Those who had taken much alcohol lay down warm and comfortable; those who had taken less were not so warm nor so comfortable; those who had taken none were cold and uncomfortable. When the morning came those who had taken no alcohol arose vigorous and refreshed, those who had taken a little alcohol arose less vigorous and less refreshed, but those who had taken much alcohol did not rise at all—they had perished from cold during the night. Those who took no alcohol kept their hearts warm at the expense of their skin, and they lived; but those who had taken much alcohol kept their skin warm at the expense of their heart, and they died.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS.

WE are very glad to be able to present to our readers the accompanying portrait of Sir George Lewis, whose strong words of warning against money lenders appear on another page. We hope that what Sir George Lewis said will prevent many working men from falling into the snare of the usurers and extortors who cause so much misery and distress by "grinding the faces of the poor."

We have not yet done with this subject. Mr. Thomas Farrow has promised to write for us a special article, which we hope to publish in an early number of *The British Workman*.

THE SECRET OF GENIUS.

"**W**HAT is your secret?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work."



Sir George Lewis

Says Dr. Arnold, "The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy."

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well-directed labour, and nothing is to be obtained without it."

"Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained by the labour of a lifetime, but is not to be purchased at a lesser price."

"Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far."

"Nothing," says Mirabeau, "is impossible to the man who can will. This is the only law of success."

"Have you ever entered a cottage, ever travelled in a couch, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the door," asked Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "and not found that each of those men had a talent you had not known, something you knew not?"

"The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club, or idled in rags under the suns of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is, not talent, but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labour."

NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH."

PEACE springs from within the soul, asking little as to outward circumstances. Paul and Silas, singing in the jail at Philippi and making their chains accompany a psalm of David in expressing "peace that the world cannot give," have many successors to day.

Two students of one of our largest universities, while fitting their way for an education, strolled off one Saturday afternoon for a walk on the tow path. They saw an old man with a rope over his shoulder, drawing a large boat partly filled with stones. One of the students remarked to the other, that this poor man was hard enough, but being compelled to take the place of a mule was downright crushy.

As they drew near the old man they heard him singing, and secured a rich entertainment for life, the old labourer cheerfully remarking as to his lot,

"It is all right, my lads, only a mile more and I shall have finished my week's work; tomorrow is Sunday—a whole day with my family and time to worship God."

They left him pulling at the rope and humming, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Thus the tow-path echoes the spirit of the prisoners of Philipia, and Christ everywhere gives peace "not as the world giveth."

1. 6. 1

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY.

ONE cannot help thinking that a great deal is lost from the gradually increasing disregard of the observance of the Sabbath as a day of rest. The sanctifying of this day is a great evil, as well as a distinct violation of God's command. The commandment to keep it holy is the oldest of all. The example to do so was set at the creation by God Himself. He rested from His labours. Out of seven periods of time, six were occupied with constant work, the seventh was devoted to a future rest. When the Commandments were given from Mount Sinai, that which came forth was not enunciated as a new thing, for it begins unlike the others, with the word "Remember to keep holy," etc. However we may dispute as to the actual day intended, there is no manner of doubt that one day of every seven was to be set apart from ordinary avocations and was to be spent in the worship of God, and in rest. Common gratitude for all the blessings of our daily life should make us willing to offer a small return to the Great Giver on His own day, and in His own way.

IS GAMBLING THIEVING?

GAMBLING, like every other act of a human being, takes its moral character from its motive. Now, what is the motive of gambling? I believe that it is always, at bottom, the desire to gain the property of

another without attempting to give to that other any adequate value or service.

It is distinguished from stealing not so much by its method as by its method. The thief and the gambler both desire to gain money without making any return; but in order to satisfy this desire, the thief adopts the method of violence or deceit, while the gambler induces his victim, or would-be victim, to consent to be plundered, if he on his part may have the chance of plundering his would-be plunderer. Sometimes the gambler resembles the *thief* both in motive and method, when, for instance, he resorts to underhand means to deceive the person with whom he enters into apparently mutual risk.

The gambler is one who desires to possess himself of his neighbour's property without attempting to give in return any adequate value or service. Now, is the motive thus described right or wrong, elevating or debasing, egotistic or altruistic? Gambling encourages nothing but selfishness, and, therefore, gambling is evil in its very essence and principle, and selfishness is always wrong in small things as well as great; and no man can gamble, even in the lowest degree, without setting the selfish impulses into action.—*The Bishop of Manchester.*

IN THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

I F on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallo how we find.
New friends still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice;
Old friends, old scenes will looie her,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening glam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.—Kebble.

THE HOME WORKSHOP.

By MARK MALLETT.

VII.—Taking Casts from Nature.

A MONG these hobbies which offer pleasant occupation for our leisure hours is the above, and it is so interesting and easy that one wonders it should not be more practised. A few words will explain how it may be done.

Suppose we first see how a leaf may be cast, say a vine leaf. We take a shallow box filled with sand, and on the sand we lay our leaf. We do not press it down, because we wish to preserve all its beautiful natural curves in our cast. We shall see that it rests on three or four projections only; elsewhere there will be hollows beneath it, and these we shall pack with sand, using a knife or any small, suitable instrument for doing it. This we do to prevent injury to the leaf from the weight of the plaster. Round the edges of the leaf, at the distance, say, of an inch from it, we stick strips of tin or cardboard into the sand, to form a wall, to limit the flow of the liquid plaster.

Cure leaf being ready for moulding we will leave it for a minute, whilst we have a little chat about plaster of Paris, and the way to use it. Plaster is made by burning alabaster, and it is sold in three qualities—superfine, which is of a most dazzling whiteness, and which is chiefly used for facing such delicate casts as are to be kept under glass; fine, which, though less brilliant, is also beautifully white, and which is used in ordinary work; and coarse, which has a brownish hue, and which is used for the backs of large moulds and casts.

Plaster is mixed by taking a basin partly filled with water, sprinkling the white powder into it with the hand till it begins to rise in heaps above the water, and then stirring briskly with a spoon. All air bubbles and scum are then skimmed off, and the mixture—which will be of the consistency of cream—is poured or thrown over the thing to be moulded. We may make the mould of our leaf, say, one third of an inch thick.

If fresh and good the plaster will set hard in less than ten minutes. We then lift the mould from the sand and remove the leaf. It will readily peel away, except in those places where a little plaster may have chance to run in beneath, and this can be cleared away with a knife. Any sand which sticks round the margin can be lightly brushed away.

The mould should now be well washed, which is best done by making a stream of clean water flow over it, and it is then ready for filling. We mix more plaster and pour it in, and when it has set the mould can be chipped away from the cast with a mallet and blunt chisel. The mould will part from the cast for new plaster will not stick to either plaster, which has been thoroughly saturated with water, as our mould has been in washing. That should come out in very large pieces is not desirable, as that might cause danger of breaking the cast. For chipping out it is well to have some difference in colour between cast and mould, and

a few drops of common ink in the water with which the mould is mixed, enough only to give a grey tinge, will best do this. As the mould is cleared away it is most interesting to watch the larva emerge, snowy white, and with every line and marking exactly reproduced in it.

In casting a leaf we are contented with one side only, but fruit we like to reproduce in the round. Say we have to mould a pear. We bury one half of it in the sand, and first mould the exposed half. When set, we lift up this piece of mould, pear and all, and in the margin, which is rough from the sand, we bore several little funnel-shape holes with the point of a knife. We then brush over the margin something which will prevent the two halves of the mould sticking together, such as clay-water, or soft soap; and then make the mould of the second half upon the first.

When this, too, has set, if we insert a knife at the joining of the two halves we shall find them part readily; and now on the margin of the second half we shall find a row of conical studs

kind, large or small, according to his means, and in it he keeps his 300 or 500 birds. The best place of grazing ground on the farm is always used for the camp, and here the birds remain year in and year out.

When domesticated, the ostrich is a docile bird, and after a time even assumes a position of authority and becomes master of the situation. From June up to September, or, in fact, till Christmas, thousands of chicks are reared every season, and thousands meet with death every year from some form of accident.

There is an old idea that the female ostrich leaves her eggs in the sand to be hatched out in the sun. This, however, is a fallacy. The male and female sit alternately for forty-four days—the male at night and the female during the day-time. The nest is a very crude affair, consisting simply of a round hole in the ground. Sometimes the female bird may be seen scratching the earth preparatory to laying her first egg; but this is not often the case, the hollow generally being made by the continuous sitting of the birds on the one spot. A pair of birds will produce from ten to twenty eggs; but it often happens that three or four birds will lay in one nest, thus bringing the number of eggs up to seventy or more. Of course, the superfluous eggs have to be taken away, as a lamb cannot cover comfortably more than sixteen eggs, all over this number being thrown on one side and left to decay.

When a nest is hatched the young birds are taken out of the camp, and brought to the homestead to be tamed.



"Sitting."



The Natural Home of the Ostrich.

Here they are tended by the farm hands, and are housed at night out of the reach of wild animals. During the summer months they will do well, but in winter, when food becomes scarce, they must be fed morning and evening on barley or oats.

Once every four months the ostriches are collected and brought together for the purpose of plucking their feathers. This is always a great day on the farm. Orders are given over-night to the Kuitbos and Bottelot "bands" to get ready and saddle every available riding horse. This is done before sunrise next morning, and the mounted men, including the master himself, start off in different directions to bring together the birds from the remote spots to which they may have wandered. When huddled together in a "kraal" they become as meek as lambs, and a bag or stocking is placed over the head of each bird in turn, while two experienced workers strip the feathers.

If the clipping takes place in June, it is the prime feathers that are taken. These are the long white ones, ranging from eighteen to twenty in each wing, eight or nine fancy feathers, and a few long black ones, all taken at the same time. Four months later the stump of these feathers are drawn, and two months later again—that is, six months after the "paines"—the short black and tail feathers are scissored. As a rule, as many feathers as possible are plucked without inflicting pain on the bird, enough being left to keep out the cold.

The feathers are afterwards carefully sorted according to length and quality, and tied into small bunches. They are then packed and forwarded to the nearest market, unless a feather buyer has bought the plucking beforehand. Of course, careful cleaning, dressing, and curing follow, until finally the feathers are fit for general use,

JUST THE STING OF IT.

By E. HAROURT BURRAGE.

SAM MURZELL entered the "Rampant Lion" public-house with his Saturday swagger on. He was a man of many swagger, it must be explained. They varied in degree, according to the condition of his pocket. When in possession of his week's wages, no lord could stand more haughtily than he, but as the days went by, his free and independent can-ride-over-you-skin-if-I-like air gradually diminished, until Thursday or Friday came—generally Thursday, by the way—when in a penniless condition, he had to rely upon the publican for temporary credit.

Then, with bated breath, he would sue for the privilege of fulfilling himself and thereby anticipating pay day. The host of the "Rampant Lion" was always doubtful about trusting him. "I make so many bad debts," he would say, "that the small profits on the trade hardly suffice to enable me to stand up against them."

But Saturday end invariably obtained credit to the extent of a moderate allowance of beer. It would have been bad policy to allow him to get intoxicated, for then the work at the sand pits would have suffered by Sam's absence, and his wages been less than usual.

Well, on this particular day he was in full swagger. Not only had he made a good ordinary week, but he had taken pay for eight hours overtime. His wife, knowing he was better off than usual, had waylaid him and suggested he should at least give her half the extra money to get a few things she wanted. His answer was, "Such money as I have to give you will be handed over in due course."

His manner was impressively dignified, and would have been ridiculous, if his refusal had not been such a weighty matter to his wife and children. When the "due course" arrived, it was too often discovered that a very big hole had been made in his wages.

The bar of the "Rampant Lion" was half filled with labouring men. Sam elbowed his way to the front, and in a loud voice asked what his account was.

"Two and ten," replied the landlord readily. He made it his business to have all such accounts in his head on Saturday to save time.

Sam pulled out his wages, and ostentatiously singled from the little heap of silver three shillings and threepence, and threw them down upon the counter.

"I'll take a pint of beer instead of the change," he said. "When a man works as I do, he's got a right to take a drop of something to comfort him. That's my opinion."

The landlord took up a pewter pot, recently emptied by a departed customer. The process of rinsing or washing pewter pots is not deemed necessary during business hours. The beer was drawn and placed before Sam, who laid his hand upon the handle and prepared to drink.

"You've got too big to stand to others," remarked a grizzled old toper—"a pint don't go no way."

"Sam orders just as much as fills his own mouth," said another.

"I want a clear drink for a start," said Sam, "then you will see if I can't be as free as the best of you, Henry Link."

He put the pewter to his lips and drank as if he were mounting the beer into the cavity. Half way through, he dropped the pewter pot to the floor, and skipped with uninvited alacrity into the ale.

"Steady!" cried the grizzled old toper, "it's too early to dance."

Sam gave another skip and clapped a hand to his mouth. His eyes rolled brightly, and his cheeks were extended like those of some impossible cherub carved upon a monument.

"What's the matter with you?" roared the landlord.

Sam waved his arms violently and skipped again.

FARMING FOR FEATHERS.

A PEEP AT A SOUTH AFRICAN OSTRICH FARM.

HOW little the average man knows of the production of some of the commonest yet most beautiful articles of commerce! For instance, if such a one were asked how say, ostrich feathers are obtained, he would probably reply, "Ah, let me see. The ostrich is a big bird that runs wild in Africa, and the natives hunt it for its feathers, which are sent to England and sold in the shops."

Now, such a reply is far from strict accuracy. As a matter of fact, vast numbers of ostriches are bred and farmed for their feathers very much like sheep are reared for their wool. This ostrich farming is largely carried on in South Africa, and the whole occupation and its surroundings are both novel and interesting, as a peep at any ordinary ostrich farm in Cape Colony will readily make apparent.

Let us imagine that we have come to such a homestead. It is a square, red-brick building, very inviting, as a relief to the blinding glare of a tropical sun. On one side of the house are the work and vegetable sheds, with the vegetable garden and lands, the "camp," leading farther away. In this camp the ostriches are kept; well fenced and secure inclosure is a luxury on the weather-beaten farms, the owners of which can afford to keep them in repair, and to stock them with the more expensive kinds of birds. But every ostrich farmer has a camp of some



In the Kraal.

His fellow toper had to clear out of the way, or he would have done some of them an injury.

"He's been coppering the brewer afore he came along here," said one.

This insinuation was denied by Sam, who gesticulated fiercely and opened his mouth to speak. But he closed it again and stood silent at the counter, where with one wild wrench of his left arm he cleared it of all the salts and glasses thereon.

This was early getting over the borders of propriety with a vengeance. The landlord threw up the flap of the counter, and coming forth with a rush, laid hold of him.

"Pay up the damages," he hissed, "and get out!"

A fit of coughing from Sam followed, and a small yellow object being ejected from his mouth, fell to the sandy floor. It was marked by the rest, and light came to them in a flood.

"He had a wasp in his beer," said the grizzly one.

"It's stung me several times," gasped Sam. "Poof—oh, my goodness—I'm pisoned!"

He spat again and again with rapidly enfeebled action, and when he made an utterance in response to the landlord's question "if he felt better," there was a peculiar thickness in his speech.

"Bedd i—no—my tongue's—swell-el-sell-ing."

The assembled company roared. It was such a funny thing. If Sam had come a cropper on a slide outside, they could not have more heartily enjoyed it. It was the most mirth provoking entertainment, provided for them free, goats and for nothing, than they'd been favoured with since Tilly Green, reclining home after a merry evening, had involuntarily sat down in a box of eggs by a buttermilk door.

Sam took umbrage at their merriment. It is the one principle of the sufferer on such occasions to do so. He made an effort to verbally express his sentiments, but only succeeded in getting out a series of sounds, suggestive of the gibbering of a monkey and the roaring of a bull mixed in even proportions.

Failing in speech, he had recourse to his fists, as a final method of appealing to their better manhood. The grizly old toper was knocked down, and upset a pile of spittoons in his fall. To keep him company a younger man was hauled on the top of him, and then the landlord, accustomed to dealing with refractory customers, seized Sam round the waist from behind and had him out in a twinkling.

Now, it so chanced that as Sam was shot out of the public-house, with the intention of supplementing his ejection with a thrashing. She got him home—luckily he had not far to go—and by that time he was speechless.

"Woo-oo-oo-pe—ho-e-e-er," he answered, and opening his mouth disclosed a tongue swollen to double its normal size.

Mrs. Murzell was a keen little woman, and realised in part what had happened. She could not understand why he should be thrown out of the "Rampant Lion" on the simple ground of having been stung, but she did not waste time by going into particulars. Her wifely tears were aroused, and seizing him by the arm she hurriedly said, "Come home at once, Sam."

He allowed himself to be led away at a trot, and it was just as well he went, for the men he had bowled over, having recovered from the shock, emerged from

the public-house, with the intention of supplementing his ejection with a thrashing.

"And it was in the beer?" said Mrs. Murzell.

"It were," replied Sam.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Murzell, "it's just the sting in the beer that we have to feel at home, Sam. It doesn't make any swelving here, but starves and pinches the children. I won't say anything about myself, but I have had to feel it too. And the home sting we know can't be put right with a blue-lag. Did you never think of that, Sam?"

He hung his head. The truth of her words went home to him. Reproaches he could have borne, and had oftentimes met them with a rough declaration that he would do as he pleased with his wages.

Mrs. Murzell having the iron hot continued to strike it.

"I tell you, Sam, if that you hadn't met me, it is almost certain you would now be a dead man. The swelling would have gone to your throat and choked you. Dr. Barnard could tell you that. I don't want to frighten you, Sam, but we've felt the sting of what is always in the beer, and you have felt what got there by chance. Give it up, Sam. It will be a blessing to all of us, if you will."

Sam was not wholly gone in the love for drink. His inclination to listen to reason was not dead within him, and it had been galvanised into full life by his misadventure. He sat very quiet for a minute or more, and then rising, he gave his wife a hearty kiss.

"Old girl," he said, "I'll give it up. One wasp is enough for me."

And so it proved. They made fun of the affair at the sand pits, of course, but he bore the chaffing of the men good humouredly. One week's test of the value of sobriety sufficed to prove to him, beyond all dispute, that he was on the right track. The first of his favourite jests was to declare that he was sorry he wasn't able to look up that wasp, if living (the fate of it was not known), and that his "yellow friend" for doing him a good turn.

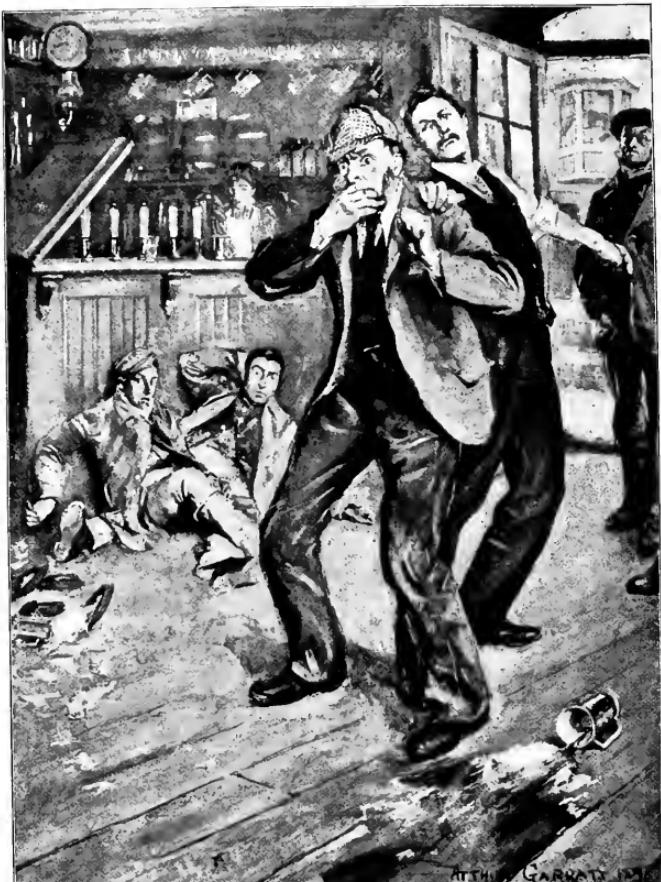
"If you can get stung," he said one day to his fellow-workmen, "and learn from it how to make a happy home go and get it over at once. But just ask your wives to be handy with the blue-lag and a little lot of sensible advice. It's just the first sting you have to bear—after it you will be uncommon thankful, as I am."

NOTICE.

As announced last month, for 5s. the Editor will send to any reader who promises to distribute carefully TWELVE copies of the CURRENT number of this magazine.

A Magnificent Copy of John Bunyan's PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

A full description of which was given in my Number. Send 5s. to the Editor, care of S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London, F.C., and this splendid book, together with the twelve copies, will be forwarded, carriage paid, by return.



"The landlord seized Sam from behind, and had him out in a twinkling."



No. 60. NEW YORK.

LAYING THE LINE.

(Drawing by CHARLES FINNMORE.)

THE LEVER, THE LEVEL, AND THE SLEDGE.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

SAM STROKE, Frank Fix, and Simon Settle were all three of them engaged in laying the rails of the new tramway which ran from the station to the bank in Borrissone. The work had only just begun at this part; in fact, this was the first day of it, and the rail you see the men laying is one of the first dozen.

Sam Stroke did the sledge work, Frank Fix the lever, and Simon Settle handled the spirit level.

Now, these three men were of very different characters. Simon Stroke was a go-ahead kind of fellow, a sort of slab-chap bang, who believed in a pair of stout arms; and, no doubt, bags to match, though he didn't make much account of them, except so far as they were useful in carrying his two arms about. "Look at my arms," Sam Stroke used to say. "Shall I tell you what they are? They are beef-steak arms, they have plenty of hard muscle in them; they're not heavy arms, puff-puff, unhealthy fat, a bit of squash round about a bone." And, indeed, Sam, if you went in good humour with me, being of rather a nervous turn, I should keep out of the reach of your two top bunks until you were all right again.

Frank Fix was a good strong fellow, too, but he was not of quite the same temperament as his fellow-workman Sam. He was very canny, he had rather a good opinion of himself; indeed, he described himself as being a man who "knew wh's what." Perhaps it was because of this "enterness," or cleverness, that he willingly let Sam Stroke do the heavy part of the business, taking the lever himself and giving him the sledge.

Now Sam Stroke and Frank Fix would in very few instances have taken the same view of any given thing, but at present they met with precisely the same eye with regard to the third man whom you see in the picture—Simon Settle by name. They thought him a lazy fellow with his little bit of a spirit level, going down so much and using his arms so little. Then he was always prating and prying into the jive of every rail, and as particular about it as if it were a young child being tucked in for the night, lest it should tumble out, and maybe break its nose. And then he kept giving his orders, and sometimes nothing seemed to satisfy him—"A little higher, a little lower, too high, too low, and that's the way he keeps going on."

In fact, they thought that it was with him as it was with the poor Irish soldier in those old days—now happily past. He was being flogged, and when the drummer gave him the first stroke he cried out, "Lower! lower!" The drummer complied with his desire, and struck lower the next time, wherein the poor man cried out, "Higher, higher!" "Och! there's no plausibility at all, at all," cried the drummer; and, indeed, I am sure the reader can enter into the situation, and believe that under similar circumstances it would be difficult to please him.

Had Sam Stroke and his mate Frank Fix been used to p'tite laying, they would have no doubt so recognised at once the necessity for Simon Settle's presence, and his little instrument and the manner of working it; that they would not have had their present feelings towards him. But they were new to this branch of work, and were employed on it only because the line had to be carried on at several points at once; and men were just then not plentiful, so that the contractors had to enlist a good many (in some parts of the work) inexperienced hands.

This was the men's first morning's work, and when dinner time came, Sam and Frank sat down to take a bite tog thir.

"S' tis don't work hard for a livin'," said Fix; "he won't wear himself out afore his time. I believe, mate, you and I could do the work well enough without him. Suppose, now, the contractor were to give us a try, and divide us pay between us, I believe my eye is that correct that I could do the work as well without him as with him. What does a man want with a fellow ever him calling out 'Too high' or 'Too low' all day long, if he has a straight eye of his own? Now, I don't put up for carrying further into a dead board than any o'e else, or further round in a corner either, nor do I put up for having an eye in the back of my head; but I'll tell you what I'll back myself to lay half a dozen rails by my eye as level as that fellow orders with his bobs, and you must tell me so if you like," said Frank Fix.

"Would you work with me, mate, if I tried it? I darsay he'd take a head if we offered it to him, and you and I would go share and share alike."

"And suppose we don't win?" said Sam Stroke. "Look at these two arms. Do you think they're supported on nothing? I'm not one of those fools who spend their money on betting. A bet proves nothing unless it be that he's a fool who has lost his money with-

out getting anything for it. Perhaps it's our way of a man's saying that he's cock sure of something, which doesn't turn out to be right after all. I wonder how many fools have lost their money, their wife's home, their children's ch'ling, their own situations, from betting on this horse or that—a horse that they know nothing about. None of your betting for me. I don't want to get money, and I'm sure I don't want you to get mine; but I'll tell you what I'll do. If you have cheek enough to offer the man with the level to lay six rails without him, and to have them down all right by the time we begin work-to-morrow morning, provided he'll pay you his time, and if you'll give me half of it, I'll work with you while you try it, but if you don't do the work properly, then you must pay me double for my time. And now, straight eye, what do you say to that?"

"Done," said Fix; and so the bargain was struck.

If Sam Stroke was proud of his brawny arms, Frank Fix was of his check in the slang acceptance of that part of one's face. And he did make the proposition we have heard of to the man with the level.

Now, Mr. Settle was a man who could understand and relish a joke, and this seemed a capital one to him. "Lay away, friend," said he, "only remember this little thing tells tales; you can't escape it, even an Act of Parliament couldn't make it tell a lie; and if you lose you'll have to pay up."

The next morning Frank Fix and his straight eye were up to time, and work began; but a sorry time had he and his eye of it. As to Sam Stroke, he didn't care a button how things went; he lay gently, or hard, as he was directed by his mate, who was continually on the fidget up and down, down and up, spouting along the rails; and I am sorry to say, using language which would require a good lot of laundry work to make clean.

I never heard how for he got, but not a single bit of his work was right.

Out came Mr. Settle's level, and its little bubble could not be got to rest in the middle at any price. Frank Fix would have hanged that bubble if he could and if only it could get a neck joint toodge him; but there it kept, out of the centre, showing that all the work was wrong. And Frank Fix had to confess that he was a fool, and had to pay up, and acknowledge that if the work was to be done properly, it could not be so done without the level after all.

The level is a very small thing—very quiet, very precise, very truth-telling; it will not change for anyone, it will not conform, it must be conformed to. Some of the biggest jobs in life cannot be done without the little level. You may work without it, and to the eye your work may seem all right, but it will not be true, and will have to be undone.

There is a small, quiet, precise level which will unerringly tell you the right, and keep you from being deceived by your fancied power of being able to see so perfectly that you are sure not to go wrong—that level is the Word of God, the Bible, which see—despite How many a proud man world that level take down, how many a poor down-trodden one would lift it up!

Let that level guide you, and don't be discouraged if you don't succeed all in a moment in getting straight.

It often requires a great deal of adjusting to make our hearts and lives true to the level, but no matter what trouble it costs, let us give it. Let us be willing to be guided by the quiet Word of God, for the things of this life and the next; we must be as dependent on it as the biggest works are upon the level. And of one thing I am sure, God's Holy Spirit will make that Book a blessed guide to those who wish to be guided—the life lived by that as a guide will be found level and straight and true at the last.



BETTER STILL!

"GOOD-MORNING, Jim; how are you?" said a workman to his mate, whom he met on his way to work.

"Oh, first-rate, Dick; how's yourself?"

"Couldn't be better. I've just had a quart at the 'Black Cat' yonder. Eh! that's the stuff for pulling you tog thir."

"You mean you were not very well when you turned out this morning? I suppose you were at the 'Cat' till late last night?"

"Well, yes, I did feel a lit down and weak first thing, but you know a pint or two soon sets one straight, and I feel all right now."

"Maybe so; but the feeling of strength, I believe, is altogether a false one, and will soon pass away."

"Not that I—Why, man, I feel as strong as a horse now. If I only had another pint, I am sure I could knock a house down."

"Nonsense, Dick, that's a vain boast! But suppose

it were literally true that beer gave you sufficient strength to knock down a house, I can prove to you that letting it alone will give you a far better result. Since I gave up drinking, I have succeeded in accomplishing a much mightierfeat than knocking down a house."

"Indeed! How?"

"Why, during the last year I have actually knocked up two houses. What do you think of that?"

Dick was silent, thought the matter over, and, we are glad to say, wisely determined to go and do likewise.

A GREAT SEED-GROWER.

A SKETCH OF THE CAREER OF MARTIN HOPE SUTTON

BY F. M. HOLMES.

"We will call him Hope," said his father, considering the matter, "in expectation of better times!"

Certainly the times were bad. It was 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo, and the British troops were winning glory abroad, yet there was trouble in the town of Reading at home. A bank had failed, and Mr. Sutton, a miller and corn merchant in the Berkshire borough, lost

Photo by J. H. Salmon.

Martin Hope Sutton.

largely by the calamity. But he pluckily looked forward to the future, and in addition to the name Martin his infant boy received the bright cognomen of Hope, symbolic of the hope that arose in his own heart.

As the boy grew up he evinced a great love for flowers, and for the science of botany. He desired, also, to engage in the raising and selling of garden seeds. His father wisely let him have his way, though he seemed to have thought little of it as a business. But young Mr. Sutton worked on, and at length secured a bit of ground on which soon flourished some fine tulips. This was a pet idea of his, to possess a garden nursery, and thus early he was able to realise it.

But like many other men who have achieved great success, money was short with him in his young days; and he was wont to tramp many weary miles—sometimes thirty, or even forty—to carry on his studies in botany, and to see the nurseries of others. At the age of seventeen, the year of the great Reform Bill of 1832, he was employed in his father's counting house, and in 1837 he became a partner with his father in business; Mr. Alfred Sutton, his brother, also joining the firm, which engendered more and more in the seed trade.

Now, two distinct and very important principles have distinguished the conduct of their business. First, they determined to sell none but pure seed only; secondly, by great botanical knowledge and skill they have produced numbers of new varieties of both vegetables and flowers. It will be seen, therefore, that there is something more than gigantic commercial success to record of this firm; we have to point out that by wise experiments and a practical knowledge of botany they have increased our varieties of vegetables by about 120 kinds, and of flowers by more than sixty! Thus we as a nation have now important varieties of potatoes in existence—invested with more power of resisting disease than at the time of the great Irish famine in 1847—as a result of their efforts.

But, first, about the pure seeds. When Mr. Martin Hope Sutton came into business, he found a practice prevailing of selling withered and useless seed mixed with the good—a practice which does not seem to have been looked upon as at all blameworthy. Pure seed, or seed not well, was sold at a higher price. Now, Mr. Sutton determined he would sell pure seed only. He had crops grown for him, and offered higher prices than usual. The seed became known to be good, and the repute and business of the firm prospered. Later on, an Act was passed, making a mixture of useless with good a legal offence.

It had been difficult in those times to secure supplies. Seed growers about London had sent their crops ex-

cepted by the public.

clusively to certain houses in the great city, and these firms had substantially become monopolists. In fact, some time passed before Sutton and Sons could obtain sufficient quantities. Eventually the firm arranged with seed farmers for adequate amounts, not only in England, but also in Germany and France. The firm cannot grow all the immense stocks of seeds themselves, but in certain countries, especially in Essex, Lincoln, Cambridge, and Kent, there are persons who do this. You may see the seed plots here and there in the late autumn, and very dry and withered the crops appear as the seeds mature in the mellow sun, or are rustled by the autumn winds.

Each consignment of seed is tested on arriving at Reading. A building called the Seed Trial House is set apart for this purpose. Here a sample from each bag is subjected to various tests. Some are sown in boxes or pans, and others are placed between damp sheets of blotting paper and laid on felt, which again is put on trays of glass or perforated zinc, or bricks in water. These tests take place in a fixed temperature, and in particular apparatus for germination. The results are examined daily, and a record kept of the sprouting seeds in the twenty-four hours. Samples are sown also in the trial grounds, which are very extensive, and in the season afford brilliant beds of colour, which may be noticed by passengers on the Great Western Railway as they fly beside the grounds.

The nurseries of the firm occupy about fifty acres—a grand development indeed of Mr. Sutton's first little plot with five tulips. The ground is divided into suitable parts, in which the varieties of vegetables, flowers, grasses, and tree seeds are tested and grown. In addition, there is an immense establishment in the town itself, occupying something like seven acres, and fronting the railway, the market place, and Abbey Street. Within the entrance is a post-office through which ten thousand letters can be speedily despatched to all quarters of the world. One day, in fact, upwards of eighteen thousand seed packets were posted there, while larger accounts numbered several thousand.

The gigantic establishment is divided into different departments—the farm-seed order-room, the farm-seed warehouse, the vegetable-seed room, the flower-seed and bulb room, and the stores for turnips and potatoes, swedes, ryegrass, and mangold-wurzel. This last, Mr. Sutton had the credit of introducing to the South of England as a food for cattle; it is a variety of the beet-root, and is now in extensive use. The disease in the potato about the year 1847 led him to turn his attention to root culture, and endeavour to produce a potato to better withstand the capriciousness of our variable climate. In this he was ultimately successful. Experiments in hybridisation resulted in the production of several varieties especially suitable for different kinds of soil and freaks of climate. Thus the potato known as Sutton's "Reading Hero" is not only noted for its flavour, but also for its disease-resistant power. But, indeed, experiments have been made with almost all vegetables, and numerous new varieties have been produced in addition to the root for farming purposes.

The immense business is wonderfully well organised. For many years Mr. Alfred Sutton devoted himself to the commercial part of the firm, and Mr. M. H. Sutton to the control of the experimental and technical work. A number of artists are also engaged in making the fine models of vegetables and roots which have been so much admired at Exhibitions, and have been contributed to various British, Colonial, and Indian Museums. Three-year Books are also issued, beautifully illustrated, viz., the Amateurs' Guide, the Farmers' Year Book, and the Autumn Catalogue, and together reach a very large circulation.

At one time, comparatively early in life, Mr. M. H. Sutton thought of volunteering himself as a foreign missionary, but came to see that it was best for him to keep to his business, for which unquestionably he was qualified—or had fitted himself so well. He has been a liberal supporter of various religious and philanthropic societies, and the Church of England Young Men's Society at Reading was chiefly originated by him. In November, 1871, its members presented him with an illuminated address and a piece of plate, and it was before this Society that he gave the lecture—afterwards published—entitled "The Christian in the World," his Path and his Guide." For long Mr. Sutton has also been connected with the Sunday School and the Temperance movements. He became a total abstainer at the age of about thirty, and at that date—1845—the practice rendered its advocates much more open ridicule than now. Several "British Workman" Temperance public-houses have been built by the firm, as also a hall where meetings and religious services are held. One of Mr. Sutton's latest philanthropic acts has been the giving of a very handsome sum to the Prince of Wales' Diamond Jubilee Hospital Fund. Unfortunately, in August of last year (1871), Mr. Alfred Sutton died.

The brilliant success of the firm affords a gratifying testimony, not only to the value of combining high-spirited enterprise and business utility with scientific skill, but also to the principles of a thoroughly sound commercial morality. To give good value for money has been the tested motto of many a noted firm, and it will, we trust, always remain a characteristic of all departments of British trade.

HAPPY CHRISTIANS.

THE late George Muller often urged the need of being happy believers if we would be successful in service for Christ. "In order to be thus happy believers,"



"I HAVEN'T wiped my face yet," said a parishioner to me when I called at her house at four o'clock one afternoon. I quite believed it. Her hair was like a mop, and her face was sorely in need of a "wipe." It had by the look of it received no more than a "wipe" for a week. I showed her some beetles I had just caught.

"Oh! I can't bear them nasty, dirty things," she said.

Beetles—"nasty, dirty things," thought I, as I walked home. Why, they are models of cleanliness and tidiness. They spend their lives, a large number of them, in cleaning up other people's messes, and, moreover, keep themselves clean as new pins while doing it. They don't wait until four o'clock in the afternoon before they give them faces a "wipe." Dirt is to them something which must be cleaned away. No matter if it is rotten wood or putridly rotten vegetables or old bones, hair, skins, or feathers, a dead mouse or a dead bird, the moment a beetle looks upon these things he says to himself, "Dear, dear, here is something that needs to be cleaned up, we mustn't wait until afternoon to give it a 'wipe.'"

Beetles—I don't mean cockroaches—are the scrubbers, cleaners, and scavengers of the earth we live upon, and, therefore, deserve something better than abuse and contempt. Dirt is not only unpleasant to the fingers, and to the nose, but also to the health. It clogs the wheels of life; it is an enemy to progress. Ships sail slowly when their timbers are foul, and dirty roads are twice as difficult to get over as clean ones. Dirt is a bad thing *when in the wrong place*—that is to say, on our bodies, and in our paths, and, therefore, beetles, who are the sworn enemies of untidiness, and devote their lives to cleaning up, are surely benefactors in tiring at the cost of so great labour to themselves to put matters right.

It is true that sometimes, in their eagerness, they make mistakes, and pop into our eyes, but we ought to remember as we sit in the eye that the beetles suffice more than we. We are uncomfortable for a minute or two, but the poor little insects lose their lives.

Some people are never satisfied when they are wanted. Beetles, on the contrary, are to be easily found when most needed. When the weather is hottest, and smells become very objectionable, the beetles are as busy as bees—he was going to say, no—as busy as beetles. Not one family only, but whole hosts of families get up early and saying to themselves, "Now then, to a busy day," they so speak, turn up their sleeves, and work as if there were prizes for the best workers, and everybody was determined to win the first prize. No matter if they come across a dead rat, an old bone, or a dead donkey, the result is the same. Humming, "Here's something to tidy up," they tackle the untidy thing, and, even in the case of the big donkey, it is not long before

he once said, "we must be lovers of Holy Scripture. It has been my habit to read the Scriptures through four times in a year; and it is important to read them in a prayerful spirit, to meditate upon what we read, and to apply it to our own hearts. Do I understand this? Do I obey this? What has this word for me? Then we must practise what we find in the Scriptures, and the result will be a happy man, a happy woman."

"I have been for sixty-nine years a happy man; and I desire for my brethren and sisters that they may be happy, happy, happy, ten times more happy than ever I have been in my life; for it is impossible to tell what God may give to us in this way if we are this lovers of Holy Scripture."

the job is done. They do the work so well that they would be quite justified in having a board put up outside their premises, "Donkeys executed with neatness and dispatch," but they are modest, and make no parade of their excellent workmanship. And yet the ungrateful world often foolishly calls them "nasty, dirty things."

Beetles have clean tongues, although those tongues have to deal with substances very far from clean, and in this respect they are worthy of admiration and imitation. A foul tongue is a sign of a bad liver and a foul heart. Beetles not only keep their own tongues clean, but, as might be expected, bring up their children to do the same. No beetle ever uses bad language in the presence of the young, and I can imagine the look of astonishment which an elderly beetle would cast upon a fellow-workman if the latter so far forgot himself as to use language unfit for publication. I stood a few years ago on a steamer's deck by the side of a fellow-passenger. Someone coming on board stepped on the man's toes instead of upon the deck. In surprise and pain he uttered an oath. My look of displeasure evidently reproached his conscience, for he said to me a few minutes after, "I am sorry I swore just now." Bad language is often used with less excuse, but not by beetles.

These little creatures have to handle—with their feet—all sorts of nasty things, but they get the dirt off quickly. "Duty hands earn clean money" is



"I haven't wiped my face yet!... I can't bear them nasty, dirty things!"

a proverb, but that depends. The money can only be clean as long as the hands are unsmeared by moral dirt. Those who ascend into the full of the Lord, said the Psalmist, must have "clean hands and a pure heart."

It is quite clear from what has been said that beetles possess many habits and good characters, and if I were called upon to write a recommendation for a beetle seeking a situation, I should say something like the following:

"I have great pleasure in testifying that the bearer, William Plantagenet Dor-Beetle, is a person of remarkable industry. He is thorough in his work, cleanly in his habits, and industrious in his disposition. He is so averse to dirt that he often cleans up messes made by other people. He has a contented mind, and finds in doing his work properly a continual feast. I commend him heartily to your consideration."



Cleaning up!

AN ANGEL IN THE WAY.

By M. B. MANWELL

I was December, and the weather broiling hot; the sky like molten brass, not a breath stirring. Men and women alike were parched and weary as the long day drew towards evening in the Free State flats of South Africa.

Under the verandah of a canteen lounged two men, unmistakably English. They were whiling the time smoking and drinking until sundown, when the large Cape wagon, with its team of sixteen or eighteen oxen, which had passed during the blazing heat, should be ready to start—*that is, to start on its travels again.*

The heat and the drink combined had taken due effect, and both men were excited and lustily shouting a chorus heard the night before.

"Rally round the flag, boys,
Early round!

Bound to win with pluck,
Boys!

Bound to win!

A cheer for England's Queen,
The greatest ever seen;
Another for old England and
Victoria! "

"Hush, Jim! stop that noise!" The taller of the men took off his pipe and set down his glass. "Who's that?" A half-frightened, half-reverent look came into his face as it an angel had passed by with a rustling of wings.

"'Tis only a nurse, a parish-nurse. And she's new to the country, or she wouldn't be rigged up in all that flummery on such a stifling day. Why, this December weather out here beats any August heat the old country ever saw!"

Jim Buckley pushed back his wide hat, and again fitted his glass.

"She's like a cool breath of heaven. She's sweet and good as they make em!" said the other man, Will Steyn, and he spoke thoughtfully. Rough and ready as he was, the passing vision of sweet womanhood sobered him for the moment.

He remembered the old home in the green heart of England, and the face of his dead mother who had thought her Will the pick of creation, believing in him even after the boy had gone wild and run away out into the wide world. Another face he remembered—a quiet, pale face with a sweet drooping mouth and blue eyes drowned in tears because he had wrench'd himself away from the ties that make life a sacred thing to a man. Poor little Kitty! He wondered, with an ache, if she had picked up another sweetheart, or maybe a husband. Well, he supposed he ought to hope she had.

A volley of yells and hootings from the Kaffir boys made him jump. The fair home picture shrivelled up. He was back again in the Transvaal. The wagon was making ready, the "boys" were screaming and shouting at the oven. And the anglo-saxon had passed by. An hour later, the noisy Cape wagon was on its way.

It was some six or seven years ago, when the gold fever that smouldered up in the Transvaal Gold Fields was at its height. Every man in the Colony, as well as those outside of it, was crazed to have a neck or nothing dash at golden fortune in the Rand.

The two clowns, Jim Buckley and Will Steyn, found themselves among a big party of travellers behind the great team of oxen crossing the veldt in the cool night. In addition to the men were three or four women, wives of the gold seekers.

"Jim, avast there!" whispered Will, soon after the start. "Look down to the left. She is in the wagon!"

It was quite true. Sitting, quiet and still, in a dark corner of the wagon interior was Nurse Lucy, on her

way to a district in the Rand where a bad fever had broken out.

Nurse Lucy had only arrived in the Colony by a recent steamer, and all things were strange to her wondering eyes. But though her lot was cast in with rough specimens of human nature, she was not dismayed. With God's help, she meant to do battle with disease and death and every form she might encounter them. Her uniform she knew was an armour that would protect herself.

The journey into the interior was one of many days and nights. The large party of travellers made acquaintance with each other, but Will Steyn continued

home under the ragged animal's shoulder. Teasing his horn out of the quivering Kaffir, the rhinoceros turned on Will, sweeping the huge tusk to right and to left, inflicting ugly gashes. By this time the whole party closed in round; bullet after bullet lodged in the thick skin until the fierce brute staggered to the ground, mortally wounded.

Nurse Lucy had plenty of work then. The poor "boy" was, however, dead. But Will Steyn's story gashes needed skilful treatment.

For the rest of the journey he was as a helpless baby in the gentle, womanly hands of the trained nurse.

"What on earth should I have done without you?" he murmured gratefully again and again. "Indeed he praised for good women! You are the third I have known, Nurse Lucy.

There was the dear, old, to-her-self, and now there's yourself." Will, the shadow of his own stalwart self, lay under the shade of a blue gum tree while Nurse Lucy amputed and bandaged his ugly gashes.

"And the third, Will?"

"The third? Ah, little Kitty Vale, of Brealey, was the sweetest and the truest I ever knew!" sadly said Will.

Nurse Lucy sat up straight.

"Kitty Vale?" Her low voice sharpened in its eagerness. "Was it you, then, who chose between Kitty and that?" Nurse Lucy pointed to the glass of liquor standing within reach of Will's fingers.

Will's face flushed; his eyes fell.

"What do you know of Kitty?" he asked quickly.

"A good deal, it so happens. Kitty, like myself, chose the nursing profession. She came as a probationer to the hospital where I trained. She is there now!"

"My Kitty?" Will was stunned.

After that discovery, patient and nurse became close friends. When they parted at the Rand Goldfields Will was healed body and soul—Nurse Lucy's work. More, in a land where the Kaffir canteen-keeper is sapping its vital industry and is responsible for all the mad outrages of the natives inflamed by drink, Will Steyn fought like a very giant on the side of temperance.

With energy and zeal had made him a rich man, and he went home to claim his Kitty, he whispered in her ear that, to win him for her, God had placed an angel in the way.

A BIG BLUNDER.

ALL sin misses the mark. The arrow is shot aside from the point to which it ought to be directed. That is to say, when ever transgresses against conscience and God, misses the true aim and scope of his life.

And, more than that, not only does each transgression miss the true aim of life, but it also misses what it aims at. For no man ever gets, by his sin, what he expected, or if he gets it, he gets something along with it that takes all the goodness out of it. There has been some bitter weed mingled with the corn, that spoils the taste of the bread made from it.

So my brother, every sin is a blunder, whether we consider the aim and end for which we were made, which is "to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever"; or whether, even putting that out of consideration, we consider the purpose that we have in view when we did the wrong thing. All iniquity is stamped with this damning characteristic, it is rebellion against a loving will, an infinite King, a tender Father. And all iniquity has this, by the merciful irony of Providence, associated with it, that it is a blunder as well as a crime.—Dr Alex. MacLaren.



"She's like a cool breath of heaven," said Will Steyn."

to reverently watch the quiet Englishwoman in silence. Not for the world would he have ventured to address her.

At last, however, he got a summary introduction to Nurse Lucy.

Just before sun-up, the team halted to m-spar. It had been a tortuous stretch through the night, and the oxen were beaten.

Everybody was glad to rest, but as the dawn lightened the cast a terrible cry startled the whole party to their feet. There was a medley of growls and crunchings and snarlings.

"A lion! 'Tis one of the boys!"

"No massa, no lion. 'Tis a kieftie!" shouted the Kaffis.

And they were right. It was a kieftie or black rhinoceros that had savagely charged the sleeping community, and the ferocious monster's horn was already driven into the body of one of the "boys."

Will Steyn's gun was the first to send a bullet well



An Unlooked-for Enemy.—Lambert attacked by a Shark.

BENEATH THE WAVES.

A CHAT ABOUT DIVERS AND DIVING.

By JAMES CASSIDY.

WHATEVER his wish in the matter may be, it is not every man who is fitted to become a diver. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that a strong, powerful, and healthy man is not the best candidate for work at the bottom of the sea! A slightly-built man, with weak lungs and indifferent strength, is much more likely than his stronger brother to turn out a first-class diver, improving both in health and strength.

The diver's work is varied and arduous, and, moreover, it is only skilled artisans who can win success at it. It would be of little use for a man to dive to the bottom of the sea and not know how to handle his tools when he got there. He must either be a good engineer, mason, carpenter, or a first-rate seaman, if he is to accomplish any useful work under the water.

Having qualified himself for his work, the next most necessary thing is that the diver should be properly dressed. This is how he equips himself. Taking off his everyday garb, he puts on his thick woolen underclothing—a white knitted sweater and pants, and a pair of ribbed stockings, also white. Should he be required to work in deep water he puts on two, sometimes three, sets of underclothing, to relieve the pressure of the water. Then comes the diving-dress. This is made of solid sheet india-rubber, covered on both sides with tanned twill. It has a double collar, the inner one to pull up round the neck and the outer one, of red india-rubber, to go over the breast-plate and form a water-tight joint. The cuffs are also of red india-rubber and fit tightly round the wrist. The breast-plate is made of tinned copper, the outer

are of lead and heart-shaped, and are suspended back and front, in order to serve as a right balance.

Now for the helmet. This like the breast-plate, is of tinned copper, and screws into the neck of the breast-plate. An English or a turn-screw is sufficient to effectively secure it, and make it both air and water-tight. It has three strong plate glasses, in brass frames, protected by guards—two oval at the sides, and a round one in front, and the front can be unscrewed to enable the diver to give orders without removing any other portion of the dress. By a system of valves pure air is admitted and foul air allowed to escape.

One of the most indispensable parts of the diving apparatus is the air pipe. One end of this is fixed on to the nozzle of an air-pump at the surface, the other end is connected with the helmet.

A leather belt is buckled round the diver's waist. A knife of good strong steel, covered with a metal case to keep it dry and intact, is slung upon it; and after taking a drink, or a little light refreshment, the word is given "all right," the face-glass is screwed on, and, receiving a pat on the helmet as a signal to descend, down goes the diver, by rope or ladder, either of which must be weighted at the bottom.

Each diver while under water requires a signalman to hold his life-line—that is the line fastened round his waist and by which he is hauled up, and air-pipe, both of which should be kept just taut, so that every movement of the diver may be felt. The signalman is of the utmost importance to the diver. In fact, to use the words of a diver whom we recently interviewed, he is *his life*. He must

exercise the utmost vigilance all the time that the diver is down. Should the attendant give one pull on the lifeline, it signifies "How are you getting on?" If all is well the diver gives an answering pull to reassure those above. Two pulls on the air-pipe mean "more air" (pump faster), and so on throughout the code.

The modern diver enjoys the advantages of the telephone and the electric light. These are sometimes required for fire-works or dynamite under water in order, perhaps, to blow up a wreck or blast away a rock or other obstruction. When engaged upon wrecks they also require salvage pumps for pumping out the water from the sunken vessels. Some of these vessels once wrecks, thanks to the work of plucky divers, are now afloat and doing good ser-

vice. Amongst these are the battleships, *Hove* and *Sutton*.

Quaint sights meet the eyes of many of the wrecking divers. Some idea of this may perhaps be formed when we record the statement of one of the brave men engaged some years ago in surveying the wreck of the unfortunate vessel, H.M.S. *Dottedel*. By some means an awful disaster occurred to the *Dottedel*. She was blown up off Sandy Point, Magellan Straits, and totally destroyed, one hundred and forty men and officers being killed. When the wreck was discovered it was lying in twelve fathoms, or seventy-two feet of water. The divers found that out of the one hundred and forty men who were killed there were only twenty whole bodies, the remainder being in pieces. That of Lieut. Craig was found seated in an armchair under the poop, just as though he were asleep. There was not a mark upon the body.

"The ensign," said one of the engineers who went to examine the wreck, "was half-mast high, looking as if it were mourning for the killed, and I hoisted it up again, not caring to go about my work under a half-mast flag. We worked under water two to three hours at a spell, and then came up for ten minutes or so, and went down again. We recovered the whole of the ship's armament, including six heavy guns and two machine guns, her anchors, chains, cables, spars, yards, and a variety of other things."

In some waters the fish are a hindrance to the diver, and are greatly disliked by him. Perhaps the diver



Treasures of the Deep.

worst foe is the conger-eel. This creature attacks in swarms, and is most gory and exceedingly voracious. The congers bark like dogs, and never hesitate in the least to go for a man. "My right hand," said a diver, "was exposed for a moment while in the water, when one of these fierce creatures made a dash for it and took a large piece from the back. It bled freely, and I was obliged to come up to the surface and get it dressed."

Sharks are popularly supposed to be amongst the worst enemies of the divers, but this is not so. We quote our diver friend on this point, and he said, "Well, you see, sharks are like rats—leave them alone and they run away if they catch sight of you. Corner a shark and he will fight." Lambert, the well-known diver, had a terrible encounter with a shark at the bottom of the Bahaman Grotto. He had been sent to the island of Diego Garcia to copy sheets on a coal-hulk wrecks. He was employed during his operations by the same shark for months. The monster would impudently stare, however, every time that Lambert pinched the escape valve in his helmet and allowed some air to rush out. One day Lambert signalled to his attendants for a big sheathed knife and a looped rope. Having these he used his bare hand as a bat and waited until the shark commenced to run on its back, when he stabbed it repeatedly, passed the noose round its body, and signalled for it to be drawn up. With grim satisfaction, the diver brought home the shark's backbone as a trophy.



Divers at Work on a Wreck.



BACKS AND BURDENS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES COURTEENAY, M.A.

HE back is fitted to the burden."

I like to hear a man quote this old familiar saying, and I like to think that he believes it.

One hears it pretty often in the course of one's life, and most of us have, no doubt, uttered it ourselves at some time or another.

We cannot wonder that such a saying should be popular when we remember *how full the world is of burdened people*. Many people cry a good deal more than they laugh, and sad looks are very much more common than bright ones. Heart-aches abound, and souls are bent under the weights which lie so thickly upon them. And, even though they may be free from troubles at one time, they are often hampered by the fear of some to come. Undoubtedly, this world of ours is a sad, a weary, a burdened one. There is no need, therefore, to wonder that folks should be fond of saying to themselves and others that "the back is fitted to the burden."

There is no attempt to explain the saying. If they it should be so is left quite unexplained. I suspect the reason of this is that people are supposed to be able to fit it up for themselves. I wonder whether they do. But whether they do so or not, we will try to do it now.

Who is it but our God who fits the back to the burden?

Who else but God could do it? It requires not a little manipulation to accomplish so great a work, and not a little patience too. Think of it, ye burdened ones, that you are the great and loving Father so concerning Himself about your comfort as to fit your back to the burden. How much more does our Lord think about you and me we shall now have on this side of the grave. It will comfort us to remember this, will it not, "when our heads are bowed with woe"? Yes, God fits the back to the burden.

And a vast deal of fitting it must require, seeing that there are so many loads in the world, and such a variety of them. No two backs can bear exactly the same burden. Judge, then, what a wondrous "fitting" is required. But our God is equal to the task. Whether the burden be heavy or light, whether it is to lie there for a day, a year, or even a lifetime, the divine "Fitter" will prepare the back for the burden. It would be quite incredible were it not the great God who accomplishes the work.

Of course it is also true that God fits the burden to the back. Burdens are no chance visitants, falling on the soul at haphazard. Not a trouble comes to you or me without first passing through the hand of our God. He knows the weight of every pain and sorrow long before they touch our spirits. God knows well that a trouble which might be adapted for one would never do for another, and so He mercifully fits the burden to the back. God be praised for it all!

Let us now try to discover *how it is that God fits the back to the burden*. Evidently He does it by strengthening the back to bear it. Given a good broad back, and a good strong one, and the burden ceases to be a burden. It is only the weak back which feels a burden to be too great. Strength delights in carrying weights which to weaker ones appear to be crushing. Need I explain the figure? When I say that God strengthens the back of a burdened by strengthening the back that is called upon to bear it I refer to God's dealing with the heart and soul of the burdened one. The Lord himself is ready to enter into such a one by His Spirit, making him "strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." "God is able to make all grace to abound towards you; I say that, having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." And what better "good work" is there than that of bearing our burdens well?*It is most important, however, that the back should be willing to be "fitted."* Some backs do not welcome the process of being "fitted." They will not consent

to be strengthened, and resist the "fitting" Hand of God. Such backs not only are not fitted to the burden, but cannot be. They must bear their burdens alone. There is no help for it. Fencing themselves all around with unbelief and refusal, what other result could be expected? And when such, distressed and wearied, mount on the sorrows of their souls, their burdens are not lightened by the fact that they have only themselves to thank for their misery. It is just as well to remember that the backs of irreligious, doubting souls are not "fitted to their burden."

Let me point out further that while the saying under consideration is full of present comfort, *it is equally cheering for the troubles yet to come*. These are generally the worst ones to the imagination of the fearful. Supposing, however, that troubles become intensified, the back will still be fitted to the burden.

But we shall have to wait until the burdens come, God does not fit the back to-day for the burdens of to-morrow, or of next week. Some souls are in hourly dread of death, and they would like to have their backs fitted to that great burden at once. No, doubtless, it will be given when it is wanted, not a moment before. God fits the back for real present troubles, not for shadowy future ones. We must get our comfort from the assurance, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

My dear friends, *how is it that such a blessed profession, so many of us are weary and heavily laden?*

There must be something wrong somewhere. It is not the will of God that we weak backs should bear such great burdens, and nothing so saddens the loving heart of God as the sight of men and women bearing with such painful torments life's weary burdens. How sore and chafed such backs must be! Let there be an end to all this folly henceforth. God can fit your back to the burden, God will fit your back to the burden. God is waiting to do it now. Stoop, then, even as the camels bend low before their masters that their burdens may be adjusted before the day's journey. But remember that our Lord does more than that. Trust Him to fit the burden also to the back. Then rise up, and go forth on your Master's errands, carrying for Him some precious burden, some blessing of heaven, to help the souls of others.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

WHERE spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;

Where goals are empty, and where barns are full; Where field-paths are with frequent feet worn out; Law-court yards weakly, silent and forlorn; Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride; Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied; Where poisonous drinks are chased from every place; Where opium's curse no longer leaves a trace; Where these signs are, they clearly indicate a happy people and a well-milited state.

—From the Chinese.

facts for Workers.

AERATED waters are exported from Belfast in immense quantities to almost every country in the world.

THERE are 256 railway stations within a six-mile radius of St. Paul's Cathedral, whilst within a twelve-mile radius there are nearly 400.

A MACHINE has been invented that will paste paper labels on one hundred thousand cans in ten hours. There is an endless procession of rolling cans on a kind of slide, and each can picks up a label as it passes.

The present method of cleaning windows is more dangerous than railway travelling. The Board of Trade returns state that no fewer than 500 fatal window-cleaning accidents occur each year in Great Britain alone.

SOME idea of the fine point to which platinum wire can be drawn will be realised from the fact that threads have been drawn, two of which can be twisted together and inserted within the hollow of a human hair. These threads are so minuscule that it needs a magnifying glass to see them.

NOTES FOR BEE-KEEPERS.
REMOVING SUPERS.

By C. N. WHITE.

THE preparation and putting into position of the various supers is a matter requiring some practice in order that the operations may work smoothly. Then the work becomes easy. Not so, however, the removal of the supers chambers when full, unless modern appliances are used, and the operation is conducted with care at a well-chosen time. Bees sting, as everyone knows. They use their "business ends," however, least during the summer, when there is "honey, honey everywhere." At such times the moving of frames and supers is a very easy and most interesting operation, as the bees are quickly subdued by a little smoke being blown upon them.

Later in the season when flowers cease to bloom, the difficulty of handling frames and hives increases, as the bees cannot rush off when frightened by smoke, to gorge themselves with honey, because most of it will by that time have become sealed for future use.

Such then is frequently the condition of bees when the time for removing supers comes round, and hence their irritability and vicious attack upon the novice.

As a general rule, full supers should be removed from the hives before the close of the honey-flow. Upon every good stock two or more supers will, during the season, be filled, and as the topmost will be full while the honey-flow is at its height it will invariably be removed with ease.

The old practice of removing the full super and placing it in a darkened out-house from which the bees escaped by a very small opening of the window or door, is now seldom followed. Since bee-escapes have been invented, clearing supers of bees has made this part of bee-keeping more pleasurable.

There are two escapes in general use - the perforated cone, and the "Porter." The former is a cone about three inches wide at one end, and a quarter of an inch at the other, and about three inches long. By means of a flange at the wide end, the cone is nailed over the small ventilating hole in the front of the roof, or over a small hole in the side of a box. If the cone is fixed upon the roof, when the time comes for removing the super, give the bees a gentle puff of smoke, and quickly, but without a jar, raise the full super. Place a cloth or sheet of paper upon the lower super, and then set the full super. Next take the bees quilt and put on the roof. As soon as the bees find themselves cut off from the surroundings they become greatly disturbed, and rush off to the light which shines into the road through the hole covered by the cone. One after another an almost continuous stream of bees pass through the cone, and fly to the entrance. If any desire to get back to the honey in the roof it is impossible for them to do so, as they try to gain access at the junction of the cone with the hive.

In a few minutes the super is bee-less and may be removed at leisure.

The "Porter" escape is a trap fixed in the centre of a board the size of the super. When the full super is raised the board is placed below, and if care is exercised it may be done without disturbing the bees. As in the case of the cone, as soon as the bees find a bar to their return below, they seek a passage, easily found no doubt, by the sound passing up through the trap. Instead of leaving the honey by the roof the bees pass one by one through the trap to the lower compartment, without the least disturbance. This is the simplest and most effective means of ridding supers of bees.

TRUE CONTINENT depends not on what we have. A tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too small for Alexander.



A Burden-bearer of the Desert.

SEEKING FOR GOLD.

AT the present time, when gold-getting is the cause of so much feverish excitement amongst men of all classes, it may not be uninteresting to recall the methods by which the precious metal was first obtained from gold-bearing waters.

The most simple plans were in force. Thus, a tub or tin pail having been filled with mud and sand from the river bed and stirred up with water, the heavier matter was allowed to settle for a second or so and the water was poured away. Then eagerly the digger sought in the sediment that remained for the glittering gold.

An improvement on this plan was the use of sieves of woven willow; and a length some unknown gold-seeker invented the famous "cradle." Some called it a rocker; others promptly dubbed it a gold canoe. In fact, it somewhat resembled a cradle; the upper end, however, was raised higher than the lower, one side of which was perforated, while over one part of the top was fixed a grating or sieve. The auriferous earth was placed on the grating, and the cradle was then rocked, while water was poured into the stuff as it fell through the sieve. The water washed the earthy material, and carried off the lighter part, while a sediment, which it was hoped would be rich in gold, was left. A sediment always left on a few hairs nailed at the bottom of the cradle. Sometimes these cradles were so large that four men were required to work them; on the other hand, there were so small that one man could manipulate his alone.

The principle of gold-washing is that gold is some six or seven times heavier than quartz, or indeed any stone or material likely to be found with it; therefore water has much less power in moving it than in moving other matter. Furthermore, gold is about nineteen times heavier than water. No wonder, therefore, that washing the golden sand was found to be efficacious! Many of the diggers soon accumulated great wealth, which they as quickly squandered in wild extravagance and notorious hy.

On the whole, the story of gold-getting does not warrant us in advising readers of THE BRITISH WORKMAN to embark on what is, at best, a risky enterprise. Other roads to riches may be slow, but they are prefer-

able; and after all, as the good old Book tells us, there are things "more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold"; and in seeking for these there is to be found peace, and joy, and happiness which the world and all its wealth can never give.

SPORT IN THE STREETS.

IN all populous towns throughout the country there are back streets and courts where pitch-and-toss is the regular amusement on Sundays.

"There is a little back street near here," said one who has had exceptional opportunities of knowing life in



A Scene at the Early Gold Diggings.

the heart of lower London, "it is a regular rendezvous for boys and young men on Sundays. They put out posts at street corners to give the signal in the event of the approach of anybody who looks like a policeman, and they settle down to their 'sport' for as long as copper will hold out." I'll undertake to say that almost every one of them is given to backing horses.

"What can possibly be more demoralising than for boys and youths to spend their Sundays in trying to win each other's coppers at pitch-and-toss, in smoking cigarettes and cigar ends, and in discussing horse-racing and backing favourites?"

THE FOX AND THE LION'S DEN.

THERE is a rich store of illustration for Temperance speakers in the fables of Aesop and such writers. The moral of the following is self-evident.—The lion, in order to catch his prey the easier, gave it out that he was very ill, and sent invitations to all the beasts to come to his den to see him in his illness. Most of them complied with this invitation, but it was noticed that the fox kept outside. Upon this the lion sent one of his jackals to ask why he did not come into the den, as others did. To this the fox replied, "Pray present my duty to his majesty, and tell him that I have the same respect for him as ever, and would certainly come to see him in his illness. But, when I come to the mouth of his den, I see the prints of all my neighbours pointing forwards into the cave, and cannot discover the impressions of anyone of them coming out again. This makes me tremble for my safety, and therefore I keep outside where I know I am in no danger."

Those who go to the den of strong drink leave their footprints behind them, all pointing towards destruction; but where are the prints of those who return again?

* * * We rejoice to say that large numbers of our readers have availed themselves of our offer of a half-guinea Bible at a nominal price in return for the distribution of a few copies of current issues of THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

We shall feel obliged if every reader who has already secured one of our Bibles will kindly show it to his friends, and explain to them that they can have a similar Bible by sending 5s. 6d. to the Editor at 5, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and promising to distribute carefully twelve copies of this number of THE BRITISH WORKMAN. No charge whatever is made for these copies, and they will be sent with the Bible, carefully packed and carriage paid, on the same day that the order is received.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?—It is clear we can't keep the drink traffic and have the millennium. Each of us must make our choice as to which we live for. I am for the millennium.—Rev. Charles Garrett.

** THE HOME WORKSHOP. **

By MARK MALLETT. VIII.—A Washstand.

ALTHOUGH our light washstand might be made to serve in a bedroom of limited size, it is rather suited for downstairs use in any room where an occasional wash is desirable. Quant as it is, it has its good points—it stands firmly, it takes up but little space, and it does not cost many pence for materials. In fig. 1 we see how it may be made—precisely plain, whilst fig. 2 shows how some ornament of an ornamental character may be given to it. In this latter design the ornament is such only as can easily be shaped with a knife, and most easily if pine wood is used. The arrangement of the top is so accommodating as to hold basins which vary considerably in size.

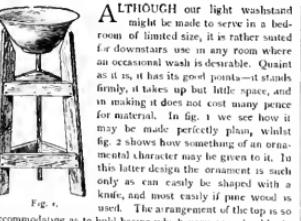


Fig. 1.
Accommodating to hold basins which vary considerably in size.

The three legs are of course the most important parts, and, like the braces which bind them together, we will cut from 2 in. board. They are 2 ft. 6 in. long. We will now make the ornamental stand, fig. 2, as being the more important. In construction the two are almost identical, and when we come to speak of this plan follow washstand we shall find that that may be dismissed in a few words. For fig. 2, then, the legs are 2 ft. 6 in. long and 4 in. wide, and we have one of them drawn separately in fig. 3.

But having cut out our legs, as indicated by the dotted lines, we shall do well before shaping them to fix them temporarily together. To do this we should get a wide piece of board, and on it strike out a circle of which the radius is 9 in. (that is to

say, the legs of the compasses must be 9 in. apart).

Inside this we draw another circle of which the radius is 5 in. We then divide the larger circle into three equal parts, and from these points draw lines to the centre, as we see is done in fig. 4. This gives us the places of our three legs, and in each of these places we bore two holes, as is shown in that figure. Setting the legs in their places, we drive brads into them through the holes. This fixes the bottom of our legs, and to fix their tops we mark another hole on which the legs will have a radius of 7 in. only, and do so before we can screw the lower board to the bench, so that we have one, or fit to the floor. Our legs now stand in their proper positions, and we can fit in the braces upon them at our leisure.

Like the legs, the braces should be of 3 in. board. Those of the lower tier are 5 in. wide and 12 in. long at bottom, but slightly less at top. The way in which their ends are splayed off to make them fit the legs may be seen in fig. 5. They are fixed to the legs with three round-headed screws at each end, and some care is required when driving the screws into the opposite sides of the legs to give them a slanting position, so that those of each pair may not come against one another.

The upper braces are only $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide and 13 in. long at bottom. We see some part of them in plan in fig. 5. On these has the soap-dish shelf, the peculiar shape of which, contrived so as to make the most of the space between the legs, is to be seen in that figure, as also

the method of setting it out. This shelf is of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. board, and it is screwed down on the upper braces.

As to the plainer washstand, fig. 1, it will suffice if we give to its legs a width of 3 in. and $\frac{3}{4}$ to its braces, whilst a plain triangular piece of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. board, with its corners taken off to give room for the legs, will serve as its shelf. We cannot make this stand a pretty thing, but we may take some pride and pleasure in making it a neat one, by fitting it accurately together and carefully smoothing and rounding off all its parts. A beginner should not grudge the time required for finishing things well. He should remember that amateur carpentry is quite as often defective through want of patience as want of skill.

Although these tripod stands, put together in the way described, may appear slight and fragile, they are found when put to the test of actual use and wear to be exceedingly strong. The principle on which they are constructed is one which may readily be applied to other articles in our home-workshop. For should it work admirably well, the ornate washstand with its cavalier top will be screwed down directly on the tops of the legs, and the heads of the screws will not be seen or felt when it is finished and covered. Also for small stand-tables; in these the round or hexagonal top should have a false top beneath it, screws driven upwards through which will secure the true top.



Fig. 2.

* * * The subject of MARK MALLETT's article in next month's "Home Workshop" will be A CHAIR.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

OFF in the early mornin', with a spankin' breeze abeam,
When the smack goes byin' over, leavin' a wake
like cream,
Dancin' across the waves as they run with the ebb of
the tide,
Into the golden sunrise, for to the East we rule!

And the folks as sees us glidin' under the summer sky,
With the canvas all a-drawin', as we come sailin' by,
Then folks—they say, "There's noddin' so grand as
life on the sea,
And if I could be a chooser, why a fisher's life for me!"

But it can't be summer ever, nor the sky ain't always blue,
Then's fog and gales, and the frost-nip that chills us
through and through.

The tide is often agen us, and the winds blow foul, or
foul;

So, as the sayin' has it, it ain't all cakes and ale.



When the white sea-horses is out, and we're scuddin'
with close-redded sail,
With the water turnin' to ink, and the black clouds draw
by the gale,
I sit at the tiller and steer, as my *Swallow's* skimmin'
the sea,
And I think of that terrible storm on the Lake of
Galilee.

And above the scream of the wind its angry whistle
and roar,

Above the boom of the surf far off on the rock-bound
shore,

Above the creek of my craft as she darts from valley to
hill,

I can hear a voice that I seem to know, and it says just

"*Pooh, be still!*"

Or again, when I'm sad and lonely, and far away from my

home,

Toilin' and rovin', I think if I could but see Him come
Wokin' over the water, as once, in the long ago,
He came to His own disciples, His face and His voice
I know.

Dear Christ, when this life of mine is well nigh over and
past,

When, of my many voyages, I'm makin' my very last,
Again,

When the chances of doin' good can never be mine

such scenes of violence and shame that, if they con-
tinued, he knew not what tragic might come of them.

I recall another—a fine stalwart man—who came to
ask my advice as to what he should do, since his wife,
in his necessary absence at work, pawned for drink the
very clothes, and mach'd of his boys, so that it was im-
possible for them to go to school.

To every young man I would say, "If you are a
total abstainer, and if your future wife is a total
abstainer from intoxicating drink, there is at any rate
one sunken reef which has caused many a horrible ship-
wreck, from the peril of which the ship of your life will
be kept free."—*Dear Farver.*

WHICH WAS WISER?

WO men once worked at the same bench in a large
factory in Leicester. Having an hour to spare
every day, each undertook to use it in accom-
plishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about
the same number of months, and each won success at
last.

One used his daily leisure hour in working out the
invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into
almost any desired shape. When his invention was
complete he sold his patent for a fortune.

The other man, what did he do? Well, he spent an
hour each day during most of the year in the very diffi-



A GOOD STORY

(A Fisherman Reading from THE BRITISH WORKMAN to his Mates.)

Give me to know Thou hast helped me, Lord, to
be a "fisher of men."

When the last wild storms are about me, and
the last great bill'aws roll,

Speak to the troubl'd waters, let em not drown
my soul.

As I go on the waves to meet Thee, stretch
forth a hand to me,

Say, "Thou art Mine! I have saved thee! My
servant—Benjamin Lee."



M. E. R.

DRINK AND MARRIAGE.

IF there be one enemy to wedded happiness more
fatal in its ravages than another—if there be one
intruder into this vineyard which, more surely than
any other, will cause its root to be rottenness, and
its blossom to go up as dust—it is intemperance. I
recall many a harrowing example of this curse and con-
dition; this heavy woe and sad discouragement—so
woeful in its effect it has been my fate to witness.
No more certain, no more absolute collapse of happiness
can ever be conceived.

I recall a man, respectable and diligent, who came to
me weeping, to say that, at all costs, he must leave his
home; at all costs he must torn his heart on his country;
at all costs he must separate from his wife, for she was
slowly dragging him down into the abyss, and had again
and again brought him into misery and confusion by
swilling for drink every stick of his furniture, and causing

cult task of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind
feet and dance a jig. To be sure he succeeded, but
what then? According to last accounts he was work-
ing ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old
wages, blaming his luck for the hard fate that kept him
poor; while his fellow workman had become rich.

Working men would do well to consider the possi-
bilities of well-spent leisure

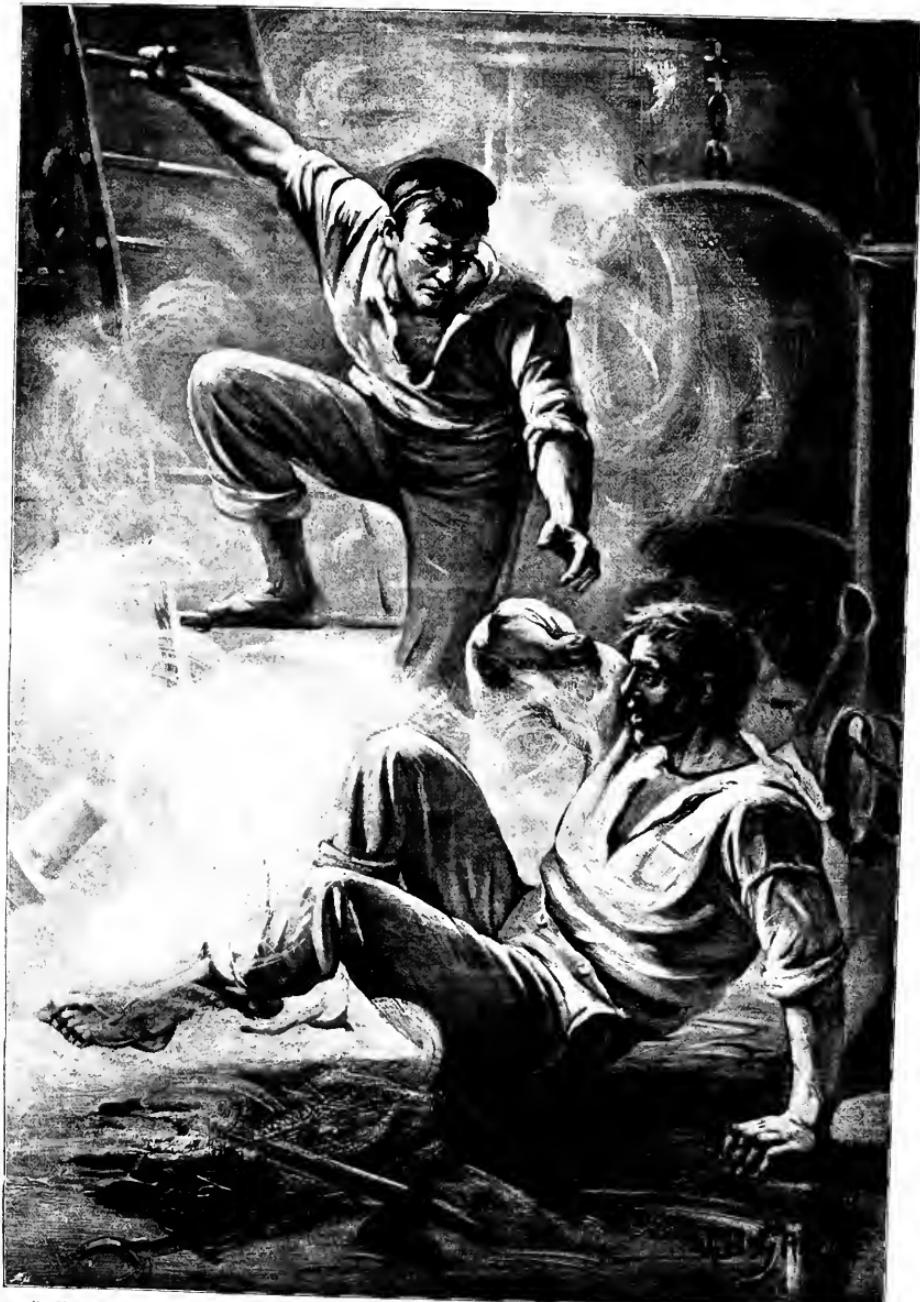
A SPLENDID OFFER.

THE Editor wants his friends to help him still further to
increase the circulation of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, and
he therefore repeats the following offer:

For 5s. he will send to any reader who promises to distri-
bute carefully TWELVE copies of the current number of this
magazine.

A Magnificent Copy of John Bunyan's
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

A full description of this beautiful volume has already been
given. Readers should send 5s. to the Editor, care of S. W.
Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., when
they will receive this charming book and the twelve copies,
carriage paid, by return.



No. 81. NEW SERIES.

A STOKER'S HEROISM.

(Drawn by J. B. GREENE.)

A BRAVE STOKER.

THIE incident so strikingly illustrated on the first page of this number of *The British Workman* will still be fresh in the minds of our readers. It happened barely a year ago, on the occasion of the disaster to the two torpedoes destroyers, *Thrasher* and *Zebra*, on the Cossack coast. After the *Thrasher* had been practically ripped open by running over the Dogman Rocks, one of her boilers was burst forward, the main steam-pipe burst, and there rushed forth a mighty gushing torrent of steam, killing three men, and severely scalding several others.

One of the stokers, named Lynch, managed by good fortune to make his escape from below, and reached the deck in safety. But in that terrible death-trap from which he had just emerged, one of his mates—Stoker James Paul was caught, and was there being slowly scalded to death. His cries reached the ears of Lynch, who, without hesitation, went back to what must have appeared at the instant certain death. He plunged into the cauldron-like stoke-hole, and, seizing his comrade, dragged him by sheer force up the gangway ladder on to the deck.

Lynch himself, in his daring act, did not escape scathless, for, as well as Paul, was found to be badly injured, and both men were landed at Gorran Haven for treatment. While himself suffering intense pain, Lynch exhibited the greatest concern for his chum, Paul. The latter, sad to say, succumbed to his injuries, and Lynch himself was in extreme peril for a while, but thanks to his fine spirit and cheery disposition, as well as a robust constitution, he successfully pulled through.

On his complete recovery, a parade was held at the Naval Barracks, Devonport, at which Stoker Lynch was presented by the Naval Commander-in-Chief, Admiral the Hon. E. R. Fremantle, with the first-class Albert medal, conferred upon him by Her Majesty the Queen, in recognition of his conspicuous bravery.

The presentation of the Albert medal—the only one ever awarded to a man of the lower deck—took place at nine o'clock, when the whole of the officers and men in the Naval Barracks, and the engineers, officers, and engine-room ratings of the Fleet and Dockyard Reserve were drawn up. A guard of honour of the Royal Marine Light Infantry received the Port Admiral, who was accompanied by the Hon. Lady Fremantle.

Admiral Fremantle, addressing the officers and men assembled, said he was there that day to present in the name of her most gracious Majesty the Queen the Albert medal of the first class to a man who richly deserved it. It was the highest honour that could be given to a seaman.

On Lynch coming forward, the Admiral said: "I am proud to think that it appertains to me this day to present you with this high honour, which her Majesty the Queen wishes you to have, for the reasons I have already stated. I hope that the spirit of this country will ever be equal to the demands made upon it, whether in war or in shipwreck and disaster. I have had the pleasure of receiving a letter from your mother. She felt proud of you, as any mother would of such a son; and she tells me she has other sons, who, she hopes, one day will be capable of doing a similar thing."

At the conclusion of this short address, Lady Fremantle proceeded to pin the decoration on the left breast of Lynch, who then shook hands with her ladyship, Admirals Fremantle and Carr, and most of the officers present. Thus was Stoker Lynch distinguished in the presence of his admiring comrades of all arms, ranks, and ratings, for his noble deed.

The stokers on board a man-of-war have to work hard; and, in the nature of things, their surroundings cannot be what a landsman would consider idealistic. Begrimed with smoke and coal dust, toiling in stifling heat at feeding furnaces, trimming coal, sweeping sooty tubes, cleaning out filth from the huge bottom, and similarly unseemly occupations, there seem to be nothing heroic about a stoker. But, as we have seen, he is as capable of bravery and self-sacrifice as any man; and when the opportunity comes, he can rise to deeds of highest heroism.



JOE JEFFERSON'S TEMPTATION.

"*LUCK!*" muttered Joe Jefferson. "If it was a commodity that could be got for £s. d. a fellow would stand a decent chance. But when the only luck that comes your way is of the sort that you'd rather be without—"

The rest was so utterly beyond expression that Joe could only end by a cut at the hedge with his stick, after which he walked on in moody silence.

Things were bad on him, too.

First the children sick, then his wife; and then, to cap all, his governor had snatched up; and here he was, out of employment, just when most in need of wages,

His pal had been assuring him that the tide *must* turn soon. But it is one thing to believe that kind of talk when all goes well, and another when your sky is as black as it can very well be.

If honest work could have turned the tide, Joe would have been on the right side, but he was no idle fellow. He knew his way about his own job pretty thoroughly. Too bad! just to have to wait, and his wife waiting for the wages that would put her back to health; and the children getting shabbier and more ill-shod every day—well, it fairly made Joe clinch his fists and grind his teeth.

Sudden-like he began to walk quicker, and a determined look sprang into his eyes. A new idea had come to him. If *luck* wouldn't do it, it must be done somehow else! How could it be expected to stick to house ways if everything went against him so? A man had got to live! He was crossing the beach just then, where the hives blew trash, and the grass took elastic under foot. That and the new idea combined seemed to put fresh life in him. He looked ahead daintily, stepping out like a man whose mind is made up to action.

Now, at that very moment, there emerged from between the bushes the coldest, meanest figure that ever came to startle a man who was making up his mind to something wrong; such an uncanny figure that Joe had been superstitious he might well have taken it for the wicked spirit who had made such an evil suggestion.

His head—a towled shock-head of red curly hair—was too big for his body, as were also his trousers, which were rolled up at the ankles to make them short enough. His waistcoat hung open, his shirt was all ragged and torn, and his feet bare.

He no sooner saw Joe than he ducked his head, and latching up his breeches with one hand, ran forward, holding out a purse.

Joe took and examined it. "Not mine," said he, making to give it back.

But the sprite drew his hand away.

"Some un's dropped it," said he. "Maybe you'll know what to do with it."

Joe gave him a keen look.

"I should ha' thought you'd ha' known that much," said he. "You look as if you could do with a new suit."

The poor little chap glared down at his clothes.

"Ain't much account wi' the winter comin' on," said he. "My mate had the best of the wear out on 'em afore he lef' 'em to me."

"And he's got the new suit, eh?" said Joe.

The lad looked down a minute. Then he answered slowly, "Don't want no more suits," which was his way of telling that his pal was dead. "Sees he, 'My luck's tickin,'" continued the lad (his eyes grew moist at recollection of the scene), "'and don't you be down on us. The tide'll turn some day'."

Joe stood a minute; then, diving into his pocket, fished out a half-crown.

"That'll mend some of the holes," said he, "and I'll look after what becomes of this."

A rapid inspection of the purse had revealed, besides loose change, a bundle of notes amounting to fifty pounds. Joe felt himself suddenly a rich man. His luck had come!

Meanwhile, the boy! *His* luck had surely come; for when had he ever before heard of a half-crown in his hand? His mate was right. "He said it'd come," cried he. "Keep your hands off what ain't yours," ses he, "and it'll come." And so it has! And tightly claspin' his half-crown, he went his way.

"Cheap at the price," muttered Joe, as he watched him out of sight; "and what could that little ragamuffin do with—"

And what ought he to do with them?

For a minute Joe felt as if he had made a fool of himself, parting with that half-crown for a bundle of notes that didn't belong to him, then he thrust purse and conscience into his pocket and set off home.

A gentleman was at the door as he came in sight. The tide had turned. Here was work at last! For the minute Joe forgot about his other "lot of luck." It was recalled to his mind by the gentleman saying, "An

expensive day this has been for me too. I find I've dropped a purse containing notes to £50."

Joe's hand was in his pocket like a shot.

"Then that'll be it," said he.

* * * * *

"I've been wondering if I ought to tell him that I meant to stick to 'em."

Joe's wife was pale and wasted, but the anxious look was gone. "It's part of the story," said she, "and it helps to find the boy—"

"Suppose it threw me out o' work again," said Joe.

"It won't," replied the wife. "I know what I should say to you if I was Mr. Ten."

And it was what he said. "Thank God I was in time to save you from such want."

Moreover, they did find the boy; and he works now under Joe.

B

THE ROOT OF WELL-BEING.

MR. JOHN MORLEY once said that his point throughout his public life had been "that the State was not strong unless the great body of our workers, upon whom the august fabric of the State rested, had *well-being within their reach*."

He went on to add that he considered the root of well-being to be a secure home; and that a statesman governing this country or devising a policy for it must see that the great end of armies and of fleets, of Parliaments and of laws, was, after all, that our people—it sounded very prosaic, but it went very deep—should be secure and have steady employment. He was not so absurd as to say that Parliaments and Governments could secure steady employment,

BUT THAT WAS THE TEST

by which all policy was to be judged, the pole star by which all Ministers and Governments ought to steer the ship of State; and in the discussions that were going on, and that might fill the public mind for weeks, months, it might be years to come, he urged them to keep their eyes upon that central fact, that what they wanted was well-being, moral, spiritual, intellectual, and material, of their own popularity. He then quoted four lines from Browning's Scotch poet—

"To make a man poor sublime
For weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

These were his politicks, he concluded. A high ideal indeed, we say. But how lamentably far from it we are when we have it as a fixed law in the working of our Governments that drink-shops are needed to keep up national revenue! A boy was once asked what *syntax* is—meaning a term in grammar. "Syntax, sir," said he (laying stress on the last syllable), "sin-tax is the duty on whisky." No wonder boys stumble over such a great national sin.

John Ruskin, one of England's most accomplished thinkers and writers, has said about strong drink, "It first deceives and then destroys." He goes further, and touches the Governmental side of the liquor question in the following rasping words: "The providence of the Father who would fill men's hearts with food and gladness is destroyed among us by the use of joyless drink," and the never-to-be-enough condemned guilt of men and Governments gathering *peas at the street corners*, standing there, pot in hand, crying, "Turn in hither; come, eat of my evil bread and drink of my beer, which I have venomously mingled."

JUDAS HAS HIS MASTER

for thirty pieces of silver. The British Parliament sells every year thousands of British subjects for thirty millions of gold. Who is the British Parliament? Let every working-man who has a vote answer that question and let him also ask himself, "Am I clean-handled in this matter?"

It has been said that our drink system can no more be run without using up boys than a sawmill can be run without using up logs; and the serious consideration for every parent is—*Whose boy's?* A man was once complaining that a certain reformatory for boys cost too much money. "Twenty thousand pounds," said he, "is far, too much for such a purpose!" "I differ from you," said another who overheard him; "I think if *one* boy is thoroughly saved for that sum it is not too much." "You don't mean that, surely!" "Oh, yes," was again the earnest reply, with this important addition, "*if he were my boy!*" Girls also are needful in the formulation of this devil's chain.

Besides using up boys, girls, men, and women, the license-plan of our own Government

POISONS ALL THE SPRINGS

of industrial well-being. The chief partner of an Edinburgh ironworks informed the writer recently that a



Holding out a purse.

publican near the said works boasts of drawing £300 every year from the workmen employed there. This would represent £100 of profit. I asked how many employees he had. He said, "A hundred and fifty, men and boys." Think on that, and then consider those who are thus defrauded—the wives, the children, the master, the baker, and all the traders related to every well-doing home.

Professor Masson, of Edinburgh—no rabid teetotaller, but one who frequently takes a "line" at teetotallers—recently told his class a German fable, which illustrates my point. He said that there were two hens—one very industrious, but blind, the other very lazy, but sharp-sighted; and whilst the blind hen kept very diligently working and turning up worms, the lazy hen sat quietly by and picked up the worms, thus defrauding the blind hen of the fruits of its labour. How mean! many would say; but is it any meaner than "guilty men and women," according to John Ruskin's phraseology, "gathering peace at the street-corners"—licensing men to sell an article that creates a thirst for itself, and sends thousands to ruin and death?

Working men! would we not be justified in making this our life-motto, as individuals, and as citizens at the polling-booths: "DOWN WITH THE DRINK-SHOPS AND UP WITH OUR HOMES"? J. CRAIG.

THE TIME TO HATE.

I HAVE a friend—I mean a foe—
Whom cordially I ought to hate;

But somehow I can never seem

To lay the feud between us straight.

Whereapple boughs are full of bloom,

And Nature shows her love for men

By all the witchery of spring,

How can you hate a fellow then?

And then when summer comes, with days
Full of a long and languid charm—

When even water-lies sleep.

On waves without a thought of harm,

When underneath the shadiest tree

My hammock hangs in idlest state,

I were an idiot to get up,

Out of that hammock just to hate.

The harvests come. If mine is big,

I am too happy with my store;

If small, I'm too much occupied

With grubbing round to make it more.

In dim recesses of my mind

I have no idle hour to spend

In hunting up the bitter toe.

Who simply ought to be my friend.

In winter. Well, in winter—ugh!—

Who would add heat to winds that freeze?

All love and warmth that I can get

I want in such dull days as these.

No, no, dear foe; it is no use;

The struggling year is at an end;

I cannot hate you if I would,

And you must surely be my friend.

A. W. ROLLINS.

facts for Workers.

There are always 1,200,000 people afloat on the seas of the world.

* * *

A MAN'S heart beats eighty-one times a minute when he is standing, seventy-one times when sitting, and sixty-six when lying down.

* * *

The largest bakery in the world is at Brooklyn, New York. Seventy thousand loaves are daily turned out, requiring 300 barrels of flour. The whole concern employs about 350 persons.

* * *

There is a paper eating-house in Hamburg which has walls composed of a double layer of paper stretched on frames, and impregnated with a fat-and-water solution. The roofs and walls are fastened together by means of bolts and hinges, so that the entire structure may be rapidly taken to pieces and put up again.

* * *

Few people have any idea of the enormous amount of material used in the largest of the modern high buildings. Not long ago an elaborate calculation was made as to what could be done in the way of building a small town with the material used in one of the largest structures in London, and it was found that there was enough material put into that one building to furnish houses, stores, church, shops, and a public hall for a village of a thousand people.

A MORNING WITH A WATER FINDER

BY MARY KIMBER

IT is a myth of very old standing that a hazel, ash, or hawthorn rod possesses a marvellous power, and in mediæval times the divining-rod was used, not only for finding water and metals, but for the detection of criminals. What part the mysterious twig plays is hard to say. Suffice it that I have been a witness to its peculiar use, and it came about in this way.

In the early spring of last year there was a rumour in our Berkshires village that "Squire" was going to build some new cottages on the slope behind Wood Copse. After a while some bricks were deposited on the site; mysterious measurements were taken, and the building was begun. Evening after evening the old villagers longed up to look at the work as it proceeded, and pronounce their laconic judgment upon it.

In due time the building operations were concluded, and then came the question of a water supply for the cottages. Many schemes were discussed—and dismissed; until at last the Squire's agent proposed sending to the adjoining county for a professional water-finder; and one summer day we all assembled to see the wonderful man at work.

A water-finder! We pictured to ourselves a withered, wrinkled, little old man, with an old-world look about him. We gave him long, straggling locks, wrapped a flowing cloak about him, and imagined a mysterious-looking rod in his bony hands.

When we reached the new cottages, there, making a careful survey of the land round about, stood a bony, jolly-looking man about five-and-thirty years old, dressed in a very ordinary suit of grey cloth, and holding in his hand a black leather bag, on which was painted in glaring white letters—

"W—T—
Professional Water-Finder."

After a little good-natured chat with some of the bystanders, he drew off his gloves, and announced his intention of getting to work. He took from his bag a Y-shaped hawthorn twig, and carefully showed his audience the proper way to hold it. The free ends he grasped firmly in his hands; placing his right end his rod, and the third and fourth beneath it. He ex-

plained that he held it firmly, but never moved or twisted it himself, and assured us that any movement we should see in the rod would be caused by some "outside agency." Then he walked slowly round a path that had already been sunk. The rod hung motionless, and the diviner pronounced at once that there was no water there.

All round the cottages the diviner worked, but the magic rod refused to move. Then he walked off briskly up the slope behind the new buildings. From time to time he looked about him, noticed the shape of the hill, the direction, and the line the trees took in the adjoining meadows.

For some time we tramped after him, till all at once there was a cry from one of the little ones: "Look! look! the rod is moving!" Instead of lunging downwards, the "rod" of the rod now pointed under the diviner's right arm, and he explained to us that below was a "station of water" running in the direction indicated by the rod. Farther on to the same field the rod once more moved, pointing to the right.

"We are crossing a branch of the same spring," was the water-finder's judgment. "We'll now follow it up to the source."

It was a curious sight to see the big Irishman—and Irish the water-diviner was, for his speech betrayed him—marching along

with his simple hawthorn rod, followed closely by a little crowd of wonderers. Now to the right, now to the left, pointed the rod, now it kept a straight course for several yards, then zigzagged to the right again. Now a hedge stopped our ridiculous follow-my-leader track, and we had to go back to a gate, and then take up the trail again on the other side. Gradually the rod rose higher and higher, till its tail was nearly on a level with the diviner's hands. T— grew hot and excited, and told us the rod was acting so powerfully that it was difficult to hold.

"We are," he declared, "very near the head of the spring, and now I shall find it best by approaching it in circles."

It was ludicrous to watch the expression of awe on the faces of the assembled villagers. One man was particularly impressed; and once, when he found himself nearly within the diviner's circle, I thought he would have cried out. With a gasp he hurried to a safer distance, and stood there looking on with ever-widening eyes and lowering jaw.

Gradually the circles lessened, and at last the water-finder stopped. The rod—apparently by its own power—began turning over and over, twisting so violently that both its branches were broken at the point held in the man's hands.

"The head of the spring," announced T—; and then, dropping the rod, he stretched and groaned, remarking that "the electricity was very strong and that that status (air) of water certainly lay beneath."

Then, in turn, many of us tried the rod, till our friend assured us that "it required no art, but was a gift from God, just as painting was!" Round and round we tramped, but the rod gave no sign. Then I tried another plan. I took one end of the magic stick, and the water-finder the other. After several times the rod pressed and twisted between my fingers; but whether from the so-called "electricity" or from the pressure of the diviner's hand, who can say?

That "W—T—Professional Water-Finder" is

sincere I have no single doubt.

The rod turns without any voluntary muscular action on his part.

His explanation of his gift is not scientific but probably convincing, but find water he can, and does; and in our country I learn that many are the village kettles filled, thanks to his aid.

We parted from W—T— very reluctantly, for though he left many sceptics among us, we all agreed that he was an exceedingly good-tempered, interesting character.

We saw him pocket his fee and then drove off, waving us farewell in his jovial, familiar way.

A well is about to be dug on the spot over which the rod turned. No one seems to have the least doubt that water will be found there, except Cripple Tom, the Village Authority.

"They haven't got the water yet," he says, "and if they do, think I'd drink a drop on't? That tom-teolin' w' the rod's naught short o' witchcraft."

And in the absence of the water-finder many of the villagers remark, "Ah, Tom do talk sense—he's about right thur!"



"Marching along with his hawthorn rod."



Photo by] [Russell & Sons.

ENGLAND'S GREAT COMMONER

By WALTER JERROLD.

THE death of William Ewart Gladstone, on May 11th, removed from our midst not only the greatest of our contemporaries, and one of the foremost figures in the whole range of our history, but a man who was in many direct ways one of the greatest friends of the British workman; and therefore a few words on this last aspect of his wonderful career cannot be inappropriate here.

Born on December 29th, 1809—that year which saw the birth of such a large number of men destined to greatness—Mr Gladstone entered the House of Commons in the first Parliament elected after the passing of the great Reform Bill of 1832. On December 13th of that year he was returned as Member for Newark, and thenceforward for sixty-five years he remained one of the most conscientious, one of the most humanitarian of his country's servants. Responsibility was never accepted lightly by this man, who when once he had at his hand to the plough, worked on with thoroughness and enthusiasm. From his very first election address a brief passage may be quoted, as showing that the principles with which he set out upon his political career—despite any mere distinctions of Party nomenclature—were those which actuated him to the close.

One of the first cares of the legislature, he said, "should be a solidious and special attention to the interests of the poor, founded upon the rule that those who are the least able to take care of themselves should be most regarded by others."

Particularly is it a duty to endeavour, by every means, that labour should receive adequate remuneration. Whatever measures, therefore, . . . tend to promote this object, I deem entitled to the warmest support, with all such as are calculated

to secure sound moral conduct in any class of society."

When he became a Ministerial power, Mr. Gladstone early began to act upon the principles which he had enunciated, and he was associated in 1842 with Sir Robert Peel's financial reforms, which included the modifying of the taxation on corn, and some other important changes, all of which tended in the direction of lightening the burden of taxation on the poorer classes and making their richer fellows pay a more fitting proportion towards the national income. This was a step in the direction of Free Trade. Two years later Mr. Gladstone introduced a measure for which we should ever be grateful to his memory, as we all of us benefit by it every day of our lives. I refer to the Bill which secured "to the poorer class of travellers the means of travelling by railway at moderate fares, and in carriages in which they may be protected." This Act is that which enables us to travel anywhere on the railway at a rate not exceeding one penny per mile, and which further ensures that our children may travel at half price.

In 1853 Mr. Gladstone was the first time Chancellor of the Exchequer, and made distinguished himself in a remarkable manner as a master of finance. He inaugreated a splendid scheme for the reduction of the National Debt, and then he introduced his first Budget with its wholesale attempts at decreasing the taxation upon the necessities of life. This, said a writer in one of the most popular newspapers of the time, "more than any other Budget within our recollection, is a cupboard Budget; otherwise, a poor

or denouncing the horrors of Neapolitan prisons. One or two notable facts stand out when we come to consider in detail the wonderful manner in which the great leader maintained his mental and physical activities almost to the very end of his long career. Throughout life he was careful, without ever neglecting to indulge in all matters regarding health, taking his proper amount of sleep, for example, even at the most trying times. "Bright," he once said of his noted colleague, "did nothing he should do to preserve his health, and everything he should not." For his own part Mr. Gladstone was always careful to ensure getting seven hours' sleep. "I should like to have eight," he once said, "for I hate getting up in the morning, and hate it the same every morning. But one can do everything by habit, and when I have had my seven hours' sleep my habit is to get up." Another famous rule of health which Mr. Gladstone enunciated was that a certain number of bats are necessary for the proper mastication of food (thirty-two for meat, something less for bread, and so on). Careful and temperate in his living, in that probably lay much of the secret of his long and healthy life, and also of the endurance and

strength of which Mr. Gladstone exhibited when these were called for on certain great occasions.

Many are the stories which are told of the dead statesman's kindly consideration for others, and also of the incessant avidity with which he was wont to be ever picking up new knowledge. Of these newspapers have recently been full, while

many of them are to be found in the numerous biographies of him which have been published,* and I have no space to repeat them here.

In concluding these brief notes on a remarkable career, I cannot refrain from mentioning that unique memorial service to the dead leader which was held in Hyde Park on June 5th, when many thousands of Mr. Gladstone's admirers who could not possibly have attended the funeral service in Westminster Abbey a week earlier gathered together in a "mass meeting" to sing a few of the great man's favourite hymns, and to hear brief addresses on the emboding subject of his life. That thronged public gathering was a fitting expression of earthly farewell to one who died, as he had lived, England's great commoner, and who now lies among his peers—some of our greatest countrymen—in Westminster Abbey, where, in



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Hawarden Castle.



Visiting Prisoners at Naples.

man's Budget . . . Let the name of Gladstone be musical at the poor man's fireside."

It is impossible even to touch upon all the benefits which we now enjoy, and which we owe to the initiation or statesmanship of Mr. Gladstone. In 1860 came further lessening of the taxes on food, and in 1861 came the establishing of the Post Office Savings Bank, an institution which has assuredly proved a boon and a blessing to many thousands of men and women during the years in which it has been in operation. In thirty years this branch of the public service had grown to such an extent that the capital deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank then reached the high total of over seventy-one million pounds.

When Mr. Gladstone made a speech to the inhabitants of Hawarden on the occasion of the Queen's first Jubilee (1887) he contrasted the rejoicings with those which had taken place in the Jubilee of King George the Third, which he characterized as "a jubilee of the folk," a jubilee of corporations and of authorities, a jubilee of the middle classes, whereas the Victorian Jubilee was one when the population and better represented, are better fed, better clothed, and better housed—and that by a great deal—than they were fifty years ago.

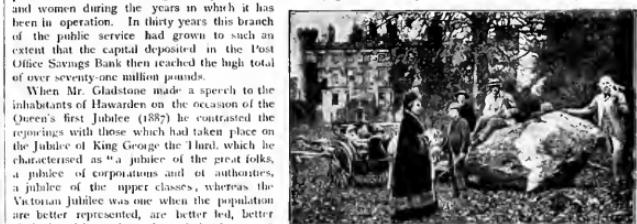
From the few foregoing notes on Mr. Gladstone's work as a public man it may be seen how he wrought for a better life for all classes of the community, and especially for the great majority who, if the Law did not protect them and help to advance them by education and thrift, would be in an ever and ever worse instead of a better position. This indicates, of course, but one branch of the grand old man's manifold activities; all, however, of his practical work was based upon broad humanitarian motives, whether it was in lessening the tax on foods, siding with the Italian liberationists,

Statesmen's Corner, people will henceforward have a fresh shrine at which they may ever do homage to the memory of one whose services to his country and to humanity continue, though he himself has passed away.

* One of the best of these biographies has been written by the author of this article. It is entitled "W. E. Gladstone: England's Great Commoner." The volume can be obtained from any bookseller for 12s. 6d., post free for the same sum from the publishers, Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. We heartily commend it to our readers.—Ed., "B. W."



Mrs. Gladstone.



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In Hawarden Park.

SMEATON AND THE EDDYSTONE.

By F. M. HOLMES.

WANTED!—a man to build a lighthouse! That was in effect the desire, if not the actual language, of the chief proprietor of the Eddystone Beacon, early in the year 1756.

In those days many of the hearths around our coasts were private property. They belonged to individuals, or groups of individuals, who had obtained powers to erect the lights and levy tolls on passing vessels. The light on the Eddystone was one of these, but two towers on the dangerous rock had been destroyed—the first by a storm and the second by fire, and the proprietors were left face to face with the serious difficulty of erecting a new one.

They applied to the President of the Royal Society for advice. They said they would not require so much a person who had merely rendered himself eminent in this or that given

ding to his own account in his *Narrative*, he accurately measured the very irregular surface of the rock, and made a model of it.

The Eddystone is a mass of gneiss rocks daily covered by the tide, and situated about fourteen miles from the mouth of Plymouth Sound, Plymouth Breakwater had not then been built. The water around the Eddystone varies from 12 to even 150 fathoms, and so stormy was the sea that he had much difficulty in visiting the rocks.

Now the rocks slope very much to the south-west, and he intended to cut steps on this slope, so as to obtain a level and firm foundation for his building. But before he had even come to the rock, he had decided upon three great points, which might be said to inaugurate a new era in lighthouse building.

First he decided to build his tower of stone, in order to obtain a great and massive weight to oppose to the weight of wind and wave; then he decided to adopt the conical shape of the previous tower, but to greatly increase the diameter of the foundation, and to follow the shape of the oak tree's trunk; while thirdly, and perhaps most important of all, he determined to dovetail or graft the blocks of stone to the rock itself and also to one another.

These ideas, commonplace as they may seem today, were strikingly bold and original at that period. Everybody said that only wood could "stand on the Eddystone." But after deep thought Smeaton felt persuaded that he was right, and he held to his view. The method



of dovetailing was skilfully used, until strong wooden pins and cramps bound the stones fast together.

In the solid work the centre blocks, which were of Portland stone, were first fixed, and then the others, all having been accurately adjusted before ferrying them to the rock.

The tower was sold for some distance, and then spaces for rooms were left one above the other.

The whole was finished in 1759, and was 85 feet high; but while the diameter was 261 feet at the base, it was only 15 feet at the top.

The light in the lantern was gained by a chandelier with six candles, some of which weighed two pounds, and these candles yielded a light which could be seen 13 miles distant.

The tower proved a splendid success. Year after year it stood, its tall form reared amid all shocks of wind and wave. Other lighthouse towers were soon built, and in principle Eddystone may be taken as largely typical of all towers since raised on wave-swept rocks.

The foundations are quarried into the rock,

the courses of stones are dovetailed together in various ways,

and the bases are built solid for some distance up; hollows for the rooms

are then left one above the other,

access being gained by ladders.

After standing for 122 years, the

rock on which Smeaton's lighthouse

was based became undermined by

the waves, and another fine tower

was built on the reef by Sir James Douglas, and cleverly dovetailed together.

The original tower was then

taken down to the level of the first

room, the stones being rebuilt on

Plymouth Hoe, where the re-

mains were left on the rock,

with an iron rod fixed to its

centre. And there it stands to-day, a mark for seamen,

and also a monument of

the perseverance and skill

of the great man who reared it scores of years ago.



A Light in the Darkness

of dovetailing he arrived at after long study, and he adopted it as the best method of binding the stones together and to the rock, addition, of course, to the use of cement. Dovetailing was then used in carpenters' work, but not nearly so much, if at all, in stone.

Smeaton appears to have formed these ideas even before he sailed to the rocks, and what he saw there did not alter his views. Nine times did he sail to the rocks, and sometimes when he reached them the sea was so rough that he could not land. But he never despaired until he felt sure he had accurate measurements.

When the proprietors, and also the Lords of the Admiralty, had approved a model of the lighthouse which he made, he set to work on the rock itself. On August 3rd, 1756, he had the centre of the foundations and traced out part of his plan, and in three days nearly all was marked. By the 4th September two steps and the dovetail at the end of the rock had been roughly blocked out and cut. The bad weather of winter caused the work to be suspended, so that the



An After-Dinner Chat.

And how did Smeaton set about his task? Accor-

Landing at the Lighthouse.



COME AND SEE !

By REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

"Come and see." This terse reply of Philip to Nathaniel is the true answer to be given to all those who are troubled with doubts and difficulties about Christianity, or about their own religious duty. The only satisfactory test of Christianity is the test of personal experiment.

Jesus Christ—holy as a loving invitation and a fearless challenge—says to every one, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." Do those who actually go to Him, confessing their weakness, ignorance, and wants, come away without any sensible relief? Do those who pray aright find it a mockery, and do those who sincerely practise what Christ bids them, find themselves none the better, purer and happier for it? These are fair questions for every sceptic—yes, and for every doubting and troubled soul—to face. Another man's doubt or denial amounts to nothing against my personal knowledge from actual experience.

Those of us who have tried Jesus Christ for ourselves, as a Redeemer, as a spiritual guide, as a friend, as a supporter and comforter, can fearlessly say to every unconverted person, "Come and see. Try our Saviour for yourself. We do not make any preposterous claims of perfection; but we do know that we are better men and women—stronger, cleaner, happier, and more unselfish and heavenly-minded—for even an imperfect following of Jesus Christ. We know whom we have believed; and of this actual experience, no scoffer can outwit us, and no infidel can rule us."

Any a poverty-stricken Christian can say, "Come and see how much sunshine my religion pours into my plain, poorly-furnished home. Many a converted sensualist can say,—Come and see how much cleaner my life is since I gave my heart to Jesus. From tens of thousands of sick-rooms and death-chambers has gone out the triumphant testimony—"For me to live was Christ; for me to die is gain."

It is recorded of Sir Isaac Newton that once when Dr. Halley the astronomer visited some infidel opinions in his presence, Newton said to him: "Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you talk about astronomy or mathematics, for those are subjects you have studied. But you should not talk of Christianity, which you have not studied; I have, and am quite certain that you know nothing about the matter."

When the great philosopher, Sir David Brewster, was dying, he said to Sir James Simpson, "I have had the light for many years, and oh, how bright it is! I feel so perfectly sure, so perfectly happy." Brewster was the prince of opticians in his day, and knew all about physical light. Is it to be supposed that he did not understand spiritual light from actual experience? He knew what truth was; do you suppose that a man of his discernment would pillow his dying head upon a lie? He had come into religion the same inductive principles that he had applied to scientific investigation. He had come to Christ, and seen for himself.

By unanimous consent Gladstone has been regarded as a most extraordinary man—in combination of intellectual power and moral purity. How refreshing it is to read such a company of University students—If you wish to lead a life that is useful, modest, truthful, active, diligent, humble, and generous, take for your motto those wonderful words of the Apostle when he says, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely and of good report";—everything that is good is to be before your view, and nothing that is not good. Whatever you aspire to, aspire above all things to be Christians, and to Christian perfection." There rang out the calm, majestic voice of a life-long experience. The greatest of men tried Jesus Christ for himself.

"Come and see!" That is the short, simple, earnest common-sense appeal which I make to every honest seeker after truth, every soul troubled with doubt or tormented with a sense of sin and guilt. Come and look at my divine and adorable Saviour for yourselves. Study His words. Study His life. Study His agonies death for you and me and all other poor sinners. See what faith in Him has wrought for all who have tried Him. Ask Him to accept you, ask Him to guide you; ask Him humbly, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" The first step towards Jesus Christ is the beginning of a new life; the last step will take you into Heaven.

GAMBLERS' HANDS.

BY THE REV. THAIN DAVIDSON, D.D.

JUST look at those hands! Mark those fingers! See how eagerly they clutch the coin, and rake in the gold! I have watched the scene at the notorious Monte Carlo, being there, of course, only as a spectator, and as I gazed on the exquisite scenery around, and then on the moral spectacle within, the words of Heber sprang to my lips. "And only man is vile!"

"Money," says the wise man, "is a defence." It is a gift of God, a good thing, and of means of unlimited



"How eagerly they clutch the coin!"

usefulness. It is not money that is evil, but the inordinate thirst for it. When it comes to a man honourably, and gives him usefully, it proves a real blessing. It is the love of money that is the root of all evil."

Now, of all the methods of acquiring money, honest labour is undoubtedly the best, and gambling is the very worst. No money is so pleasant to have and to spend, no money has such blessed resting on it, as that which you have gained by honest toil, whether of brain or brawn, of mind or muscle, of head or hand. But, to acquire it by a bet is the meanest of all, and the fact that it looks more respectable than delinquent stealing makes it all the more dangerous.

In truth, we have less respect for the gambler than I have for the *house thief* (if such a gentleman can be found). The thief, far from being come to represent, has the gambler beaten, more acquired, almost invariably takes such possession of his victim, that reclamation is next to being impossible. Unhappily, the disposition to this vice, in some form or another, is deeply rooted in fallen human nature, as evidence of which it may be mentioned that it has existed from the remote eras of the past, and can be traced to all parts of the world. Every penny gained by betting pollutes the pocket that holds it. A curse goes with it; and more misery, probably, has been caused by this vice

than by any other, even drunkenness not excepted.

Working men, never let! Whatever money you may possess, may you acquire it, not by begging, but by borrowing, not by stealing, not BY BETTING, but by the honest Labour of your hands, or your brains!

NOTES FOR BEE-KEEPERS. PREPARING FOR WINTER.

By C. N. WHITE.

THE skill of the bee-keeper is shown quite as much in the preparations he makes for the successful wintering of his bees as in the proper carrying out of the many other necessary operations in a well-managed apiary.

In my last article I referred to the removal of supers. In most parts of England, keep close to the moors where beehives are to be found, the supers ought all to have been removed during July. The main honey-flow will doubtless be from white clover, sainfoin, or a similar crop, and if so, the flowering will have ceased during that month, if not earlier. As soon as there appears to be no great amount of honey coming in daily, and no prospect of more surplus honey being stored, it is time ought to be lost in preparing for winter.

There are two reasons why this important work should be commenced in July or August—first, because if the operation of removing the surplus boxes be left until honey has ceased to come in, the bees are sure to punish the operator; secondly, because when the honey ceases to come in the queen bee gradually stops egg-laying. If egg-laying ceases in July the bees left in the hive will be old in the autumn, and many will die during the winter, and therefore slow progress will be made in the spring. This is just, what, by proper management, we wish to avoid. If, as the natural flow of honey ceases, we feed the bees slowly the queen will continue to lay eggs, which she should do until September. We thus have bees hatching until the end of that month, and as such bees have practically no arduous work to perform they come out from their winter rest in great numbers, strong and vigorous, and ready for work.

The food used may be syrup made of sugar and water, but if this food be given it must be sparingly, otherwise the bees will store it in the cells where we wish the queen to deposit eggs. The object of feeding at this period of the year is to supply very little more food than will be required to feed the grubs issuing from the eggs. The simplest and most satisfactory method of feeding for the purpose of continuing egg-laying is to fix above, or at the side of the brood-chamber, a special feeder in which a supply of Porto Rico sugar has been placed. This sugar is a fine-grained, pure cane moist sugar, and readily absorbs moisture, or which there is plenty in the brood-chamber of the bee-hive. As the sugar becomes damp the bees are able to use it, but only slowly, consequently

they are taking into the brood-chamber from this source a slow but continuous supply of food, which is all that we wish to give to the bees till the middle of September. At that time an examination of the brood combs must be made, and if it is found that a good supply of honey has not been stored in the combs, syrup feeding must at once start to ensure each stock having at least 20 lbs. of food in the combs by the first day of October.

"WANTED!" is the title of a most valuable paper by Alfred J. Glassop in the September number of *The Friend of Hope Review*, which contains many other temperance stories and articles of great interest, besides a delightful recitation, entitled "Donald and the Deer." The number is beautifully illustrated, and it can be obtained from any bookseller for ONE HALFPENNY. If every reader of *THE BRITISH WORKMAN* would buy one copy of this little magazine, and give it to a child, an immense service would be done to the cause of temperance. Will you do this?

It was once customary, in Scotland, to place on a man's tombstone engraved symbols of the principal tools used in his trade.

AFRAID OF A SHADOW.

MANY of God's children shrink from the thought of death, even though their faith assures them that it is but the gateway into eternal life and eternal happiness. To such this story, related by the minister who attended the dying man, shows in a simple, direct way how "death is only a shadow with Christ behind it."

"A godly shepherd was dying, and when his minister came, he said to his wife, 'Iam, give me a minister and leave us for a bit, for I wad see him alone.'

"As soon as the door was closed he turned upon me the most pathetic pair of grey eyes I ever looked into, and said in a voice shaken with emotion: 'Minister, I'm dying, and—*I'm afraid!*'"

"I began at once to repeat the strongest promises which God's Word furnishes us, but in the midst of them he stopped me.

"I ken them a', said mousrifully, 'I ken them a', but somehow they dunna gie me comfort.'

"Do you believe them?'

"Wi' a' my heart," he replied earnestly.

"Where, then, is there any room for fear with such a saving faith?'

"For a' that, minister, I'm afraid, I'm afraid."

"I took up the well-worn Bible which lay on his bed and turned to the twenty-third Psalm. 'You remember the twenty-third Psalm,' I began.

"Remember it! I said, vehemently; 'I kenned it long afore ye were born; ye need nae read it; I've caned it a thousand times on the hillside.'

"But there is one verse you have not taken in."

"He turned upon me a half-reproachful and even sterna look.

"I slowly repeated the verse, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.'

"You have been a shepherd all your life, and you have watched the heavy shadows pass over the valleys and over the hills, hiding for a little while the light of the sun. Did those shadows ever frighten you?'

"'I frighten none,' he said quickly, 'Na, na! Davie Donaldson, his 'Covenanters' blind in his visns; neither shadow nor substance could weel frighten him.'

"But did those shadows ever make you believe that you would not see the sun again, that it was gone for ever?'

"Na, na; I could not be such a simpleton as that."

"Nevertheless, that is just what you are doing now. He looked at me with incredulous eyes.

"Yes, I continued, 'the shadow of death is over you,

and it hides for a while the Sun of Righteousness, who shines all the same behind it; but it's only a shadow. Remember, that is what the Psalmist calls it—a shadow that will pass; when it has passed, you will see the everlasting hills in their unclouded glory. In God's eternal home all is brightness, for are we not told that the Lamb is its light?'

"The old shepherd covered his face with his trembling hands, and for a few minutes maintained an unbroken silence; then, letting them fall straight on the coverlet, he said, as if musing to himself, 'Awed, awed! I ha' caned that verse a thousand times on the feather, and I never understood it so afore—afraid of a shadow, afraid of a shadow!'

"There burning upon me a face now bright with an almost supernatural radiance, he exhaled, letting his hands reverently to heaven, 'Ay, ay! I see it a' now. Death is only a shadow, with Christ behind it—a shadow that will pass.' Na, na! 'I am afraid nae man!'

"I began at once to repeat the strongest promises which God's Word furnishes us, but in the midst of them he stopped me.

"I ken them a', said mousrifully, 'I ken them a', but somehow they dunna gie me comfort.'

"Do you believe them?'

"Wi' a' my heart," he replied earnestly.

"Where, then, is there any room for fear with such a saving faith?'

"For a' that, minister, I'm afraid, I'm afraid."

"I took up the well-worn Bible which lay on his bed and turned to the twenty-third Psalm. 'You remember the twenty-third Psalm,' I began.

"Remember it! I said, vehemently; 'I kenned it long afore ye were born; ye need nae read it; I've caned it a thousand times on the hillside.'

"But there is one verse you have not taken in."

"He turned upon me a half-reproachful and even sterna look.

"I slowly repeated the verse, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.'

"You have been a shepherd all your life, and you have watched the heavy shadows pass over the valleys and over the hills, hiding for a little while the light of the sun. Did those shadows ever frighten you?'

"'I frighten none,' he said quickly, 'Na, na! Davie Donaldson, his 'Covenanters' blind in his visns; neither shadow nor substance could weel frighten him.'

"But did those shadows ever make you believe that you would not see the sun again, that it was gone for ever?'

"Na, na; I could not be such a simpleton as that."

"Nevertheless, that is just what you are doing now. He looked at me with incredulous eyes.

"Yes, I continued, 'the shadow of death is over you,

Temperance Truths.

If there were no temperate drinking, there would be none that is intemperate. Men do not generally begin by what is usually called moderate indulgence, but that which they regard as moderate. Let it be remembered, then, that what is morally styled temperate drinking stands as the condition precedent to that which is intemperate. Discouraging one, and the other becomes impossible. And what is the cause of moderate drinking? Is it the force of natural appetite? Rarely. Nine-tenths, if not nine-ninety-hundredths, of those who use alcohol stimulants, do it, in the first instance, and often for a long time, not from appetite, but from desire to custom or fashion. They "look" on the wine.—Bishop Potter.

INDULGENCE in alcoholic liquors has a distinct tendency to shorten life, the average shortening being roughly proportionate to the degree of indulgence. This is conclusively proved by statistics of the life assurance companies.

THE greater number of offices which have been commenced, the greater number of cases of misery and even of crime, are directly, or if not, indirectly, to be traced to drinking. Members of professions, officers in the Army and Navy, members of the Civil Service, lawyers, women, and others have been guilty of every kind of misdemeanour, have been degraded from their places, and have suffered every possible trouble or woe, either directly or indirectly, because of intemperance.—Baron de Rothschild, M.P.

A LIST has been published of English places where absolute prohibition prevails. The principal of these places are: Tuxford Park, Liverpool, a large parish with 6,000 inhabitants, which has not a single public-house; the large estate of Sir George Trevelyan, who does not allow any of his tenants to hold licences; and the best residential portion of the Duke of Devonshire's property, prohibition being provided under the will of the late Duke. Altogether there are over 1,000 parishes in England without a single public-house.

WHAT maintains one vice will bring up two children. You may think that a little punch now and then, diet a little more costily, clothes perhaps a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no matter; but remember, many a little makes a meikle; and further, beware of little expenses and "cold glasses." A small leak will sink a great ship.

Harvest-Tide.

HOW fragrant is the breeze, O autumn morn! How soft the whisper of the wakened breeze! Rustling like angel's wings among the corn, Or trying with the foliage of the trees.

The landscape glows with harvest plenty ripe.

And sparkling beauty lights the varied scene;

This is the climax of the rural life,

O waving woods, O fields and pastures green!

O for a chord service for today!

Come down! ye angels, with your songs of peace,

And help us sing our half-hush'd lay.

Of thanks to God for harvest-home increase.

For every grain of corn by Him is sent,

God sends the sunshie—By His light we see;

O bounteous Father, now in love's content

Wé chant our litany of thanks to Thee.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

** THE HOME WORKSHOP. **

By MARK MALLETT. IX.—A Chair.

In a general way it may be said that in the home workshop few pieces of furniture are so unsatisfactory to take in hand as chairs. A chair must be strong, and it ought to be light; and make one upon the ordinary plan, which will combine these qualities, and yet have the power of simple amateurs like ourselves.

A side view of this chair we get in fig. 4. It is mainly made of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. board. Two pieces go to the forming of each side of it; and these we see drawn separately in figs. 5 and 6. The dotted lines show the pieces of board from which they are cut—the longer one 3 ft. 6 in. by 5 in., and the shorter 2 ft. 1 in. by 4 in. Looking at fig. 4 we see that these two cross each other, and where they intersect they are halved, so that when joined together sides of both fall into the same planes. Through this intersection we cut an upright mortise 2 in. long by 1 in. wide. The two sides are secured together with four round-headed screws, as seen in fig. 4. Still further to unite these pieces, we cut a strip of board like that seen in fig. 3, 15 in. long and 1½ in. wide. It is marked in fig. 4. From its upper edge at each end we cut away a piece 2 in. square; the openings thus made are to receive the tenons of the front and back strips. We then screw our strip to the inner side of the two side-pieces, as we see it done in fig. 4. Its front end comes flush with the side-piece against which it

lies. Having thus put together the two sides, we may connect them to form the whole chair. We cut the cross-bar, fig. 2, which is 18 in. long by 4 wide. We may observe that each end of it terminates in a tenon 2 in. wide and 2½ long. Between the shoulders of the tenons the length of this bar is 13½ in. The tenons pass through the mortises at the crossing of the side-pieces, as is seen at fig. 4, fig. 4, and are there fastened by pegs. It should be noticed that the hole for pegs is so bored that some part of them will extend within the mortise; and this is necessary to ensure proper tightening up of the shoulders when the pegs are driven in. The ends of the tenons are rounded off.

Fig. 2, and its fewest step from the sides of the frame on which the seat rests, and we complete this frame by adding the front and back strips. These differ only from fig. 3 in being 13½ in. long instead of 15 in. and in having the openings cut at their ends in the lower instead of the upper edges. The projections of these will therefore fit into the openings of the side-strips, and this arrangement allows of these strips being strongly screwed together. In fig. 4 we see these strips as appears from below; the front and back strips are there marked c.

To complete the back we shall need two cross spurs, and these we have in fig. 7. Hitherto we have used $\frac{1}{2}$ in. board only, but these spurs are of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. width. They are 17 in. long and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide. Openings are cut

for their ends in the edges of the back pieces into which they are screwed.

It now remains for us to fit our chair with that most useful of all its parts, a seat. As drawn in fig. 4, where the under side is shown, our seat is 18 in. wide by 16½ in. from front to back. It is of the very simplest fashion, being merely a flat piece of half-inch board screwed to the frame below. This is easily made and strong; but there are many plans which we may adopt to give something more comfortable. We may use a thicke board and hollow out its middle, after the manner of a Windsor; or we may lay a flat frame across the legs for a seat; or we may arrange webbings on such a frame, forming a sofa, and so forth. But to describe how these things may be done would take more space than we have at our disposal. We have made our chair—one which can be used, and which will not readily come to pieces; for, after all, durability is the chief thing to secure in such articles.

When there is much shaping of the more important pieces of an article of furniture, as in the present case, working drawings on a large scale are highly desirable, but with the limited space at our command this cannot be. The worker is therefore advised to draw out patterns of the pieces to full size on rather stiff paper, and to cut them out, and fit them together; also to make quite sure that has them correctly before he begins to shape out his boards by them.

* * * Next month's "Home Workshop" MARK MALLETT will give instructions for making a SMALL CORNER TABLE.



Fig. 1.

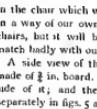


Fig. 2.

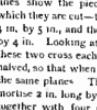


Fig. 3.

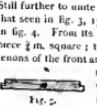


Fig. 4.

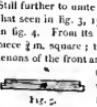


Fig. 5.

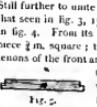


Fig. 6.

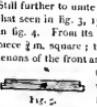


Fig. 7.

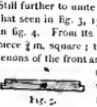


Fig. 8.

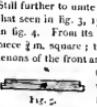


Fig. 9.

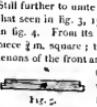


Fig. 10.

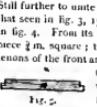


Fig. 11.

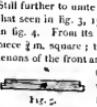


Fig. 12.

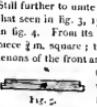


Fig. 13.

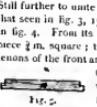


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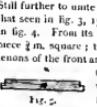


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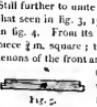


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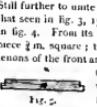


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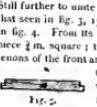


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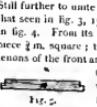


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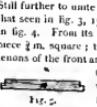


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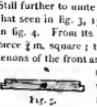


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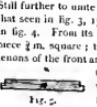


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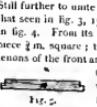


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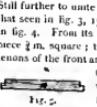


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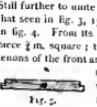


Fig. 25.

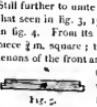


Fig. 26.

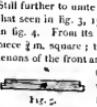


Fig. 27.

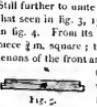


Fig. 28.

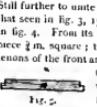


Fig. 29.

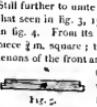


Fig. 30.

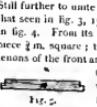


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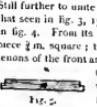


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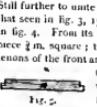


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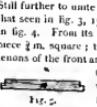


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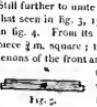


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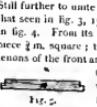


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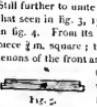


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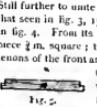


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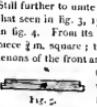


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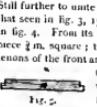


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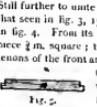


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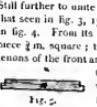


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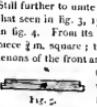


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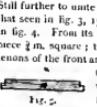


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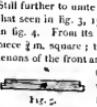


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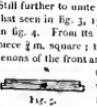


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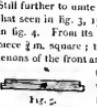


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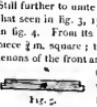


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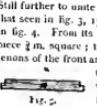


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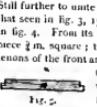


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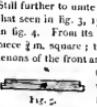


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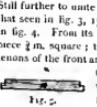


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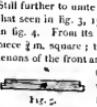


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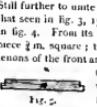


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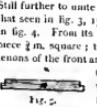


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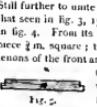


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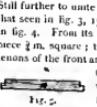


Fig. 57.

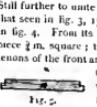


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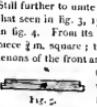


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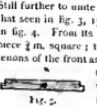


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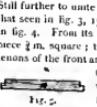


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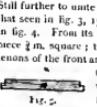


Fig. 62.

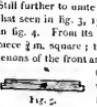


Fig. 63.

"WHO LIVES THERE, FATHER?"

By W. JAGO.

THE Temperance Meeting was almost ended. There was a quarter of an hour to spare yet, for one of the speakers had been unable to attend to his appointment, and the chairman asked for a volunteer to "say a few words."

In response to his invitation a man stood up at the far end of the room, and walked up slowly, but steadily, to the platform. He was plainly, almost shabbily, dressed, and he looked somewhat out of place among the gentlemen who had previously spoken. Evidently a working man, similar to many who sat before him, but possibly the better fitted to address them.

"Who's he?" was heard in loud whispers from different parts of the room, and the chairman looked at him curiously as the secretary took him by the hand and introduced him by name, adding quietly, "Joined us last week, sir."

"Mr. Chairman," he began, "I'm much obliged to you, sir, for giving me the opportunity of saying a word or two to-night. Mates," he continued, "you can see, all of you, what I am—just a poor working man like yourselves. Tis all very well for gentlemen like these," and he waved his hand towards the chairman and speakers behind him, "to say there's no good in a drop o' beer, or maybe something stronger, and for the likes of them to say we should spend our evenings at home, and keep away from the public—but what do they know of the houses we've got to live in? What do they know of washing day, when the rooms are full of steam, and wet clothes, and no place to sit down in?"

"Hear! hear!" cried one or two, and one man away in the far corner called out, "Good for you, Tommy! We know, don't we?"

"Yes, we know," continued the speaker, "we know what it is to go to the public and have a jolly evening in the warm, with a good light, and no children crying round."

"Right you are!" called again the man in the corner.

"Yes! and we know who's fault it is that there's no food in the cupboard, and no life in the grate, and only a bit of candle instead of a great lamp, like they've got at the public, don't we, mates? And we know whose fault it is that the little children are crying with cold and hunger, instead of being happy, like children ought to be."

"And that's why I'm glad, Mr. Chairman, that I've got a chance to speak to-night. Because I know, I've tried it, the same as many of my mates here have tried it."

"I signed teetotal last week, and I want to tell you why. A fortnight ago I took my little lad with me into Redruth. I hadn't took him out much, because when I went out I usually went into the 'Railway Inn,' and you'll know that's no proper place for a little chap to go."

"So when he knew I was going into town, he asked and begged to go, and I said, 'Yes!'

"Well! we were passing by the Big House, you know, the Union, just before you come into Redruth."

"So Thomas Henry, my boy, says to me, 'Father, who lives in there?' and I told him, 'Old men and women,' says I, 'that can't work any longer, and if the truth is told, perhaps a few lousy ones that won't work.'

"And isn't there some little children in there, too?'

"'Why, yes,' said I, 'perhaps thirty or forty little children.'

"And then he wanted to know all about them, whether they were happy and all that. And I told him

all I could—how they were children whose fathers and mothers were dead, or perhaps had people that ran off and left them.

"'Will they have oranges and nuts and good things on their birthdays?'—because, you see, that was only a few days before his own birthday, and I had promised him a treat. And of course he was full of it.

"'I suppose if you and mother was to die,' he says, probably—he'd been thinking it over a bit—"I suppose if you and mother was to die, I should have to go in the Union to live, should I, Father?'

"My dear son, that went through me like a knife—me, getting good wages, and instead of putting by something against a rainy day, to go spending all that I could spare—yes, and more, too, sometimes—to go spending it, I say, at the 'Railway Inn,' instead of putting it by for my boy."

"I couldn't say a word; I felt as if I'd been stealing

here's my card in my pocket," and he took it out and held it up at arm's length over his head. "My boy shall never go there because his father drank."

"I say, mates, shall your boy go there if you can help it?"

"No! No! No!" came from every corner of the room, and in five minutes, while the chairman and the speakers were heartily shaking hands with him, seven men came straight up and signed the pledge.

WORK BY SYSTEM.

If you would achieve any high distinction in this life you must begin when young, and pursue your work systematically, day after day, month after month, year after year. He who works only impulsively, though he possesses good natural ability, will accomplish but little. Feelings vary—the state of hope fluctuates, in most persons greatly. If a young man desists from his efforts whenever things look dark and gloomy, he will find, after the lapse of a few years, that much precious time has been thrown away.

It is easy to work with a bright prospect of great reward immediately before one's eyes. But the world is not so constituted as to admit this, as a general thing. Large diamonds do not scatter around promiscuously on the face of the earth, where anyone may stretch forth his hand and pick them up. They have to be delved for—not only in the dark, but in uncertainty.

Work resolutely for some great purpose in life, make up your mind to that at the start, and then never relinquish it. But remember the infirmities of your own nature, to guard against them. Remember that hours of despondency will come, and days from which the light will seem to be utterly shut out. Therefore, if you would make sure of great results, learn early to work from habit. Let every night find the days allotted task done, whether you have felt like doing it or not.

In this way, and this way only, have the world's greatest works been accomplished.

A BIBLE FOR YOU!

In response to a very generally expressed desire, the Editor has decided to renew for a time his offer of a Half Guinea Bible for 5s. 6d., on condition that each subscriber promises to distribute carefully 12 copies of this magazine, which will be sent with the Bibles free postage. Our readers know what the Bible is like, from the description that has already been published several times in these pages.

In order to meet a demand that evidently exists for a still better Bible, the Editor has much pleasure in announcing that he has made arrangements whereby

in return for his readers' co-operation in extending the circulation of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, he can supply

A GUINEA BIBLE FOR 10s. 6d.

on conditions exactly similar to those which apply to the cheaper version.

This guinea Bible is a really magnificent book. It is generally known as THE SELF-EXPLANATORY TEACHERS' BIBLE. It has references printed in full, so as to save time in turning to other pages, and is printed on a special paper suitable for binding in a leather cover, with a gold-tooled spine and other valuable aids, together with a splendid series of Maps. Its size is 8½ by 5½ by 1½ inches, and it is bound in best French Levant Morocco, yapp, with round corners, and red under gold edges.

Readers are requested to send remittance for the Bibles they propose, *as little delay as possible*, to the Editor of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, at 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.; and the volume, together with the 12 copies for distribution, will be forwarded, carefully packed and *carriage paid*, by return.



Father, who lives in there?"

from him, to buy drink—I was ashamed to say a word—I thought everybody knew what a mean, cowardly chap I was.

I didn't drink a drop in Redruth, and I didn't stay a moment more'n I was obliged; and I walked home all the way without even a word.

The only when I passed the Union, I tell you, mates, I covered up; I sneaked along, the same as if I'd actually stole the money that was to keep my child out of that house—stole it out of his hand, when he didn't know it.

I could almost see him with the Union clothes on, and bear him asking for an orange, because it was his birthday, and other children had them.

"The tears ran down over my face, and I determined then and there, God helping me, I'd never drink another drop. And last Friday night I signed the pledge, and



"PARSLEY PEEL" AND HIS NOTABLE INVENTION.

By F. M. HOLMES.

HOW many inventions appear to spring from mere accident! Something suggests the germ of the idea to the inventor, or perchance his mind has been brooding over it for days, when suddenly he sees with quick insight the value of some chance hint, and then he works out the idea with great pain and labour.

On the other hand, some inventions seem the reward of many experiments and much systematic hard work; the enterprise is not undertaken at haphazard, but experiments succeed one another in something of logical order, one growing out of the other, until at last success is reached.

To which of these classes of inventions "Parsley Peel's" belonged is not clear, and, truth to tell, it is not clear whether he did actually invent anything, but he was one of those who appear to have given great but impetus to the calico-printing industry when in its comparative infancy, and which is now so valuable to this country; he also may be said to have founded the great family of Peel, being the grandfather of the famous statesman who gave the people cheap bread and was twice Prime Minister of the United Kingdom.

The story of Robert Peel the First, as we may call him, is very interesting. His family originally dwelt in the West Riding of Yorkshire; then some of them migrated to South Lancashire and became yeomen in the neighbourhood of Blackburn. For years a small estate bore the name of "Peel's Field," though one of the family, who was afterwards called Parsley Peel, seems to have lived at Fish Lane, Blackburn, supporting himself by farming and experimenting in chemistry and mechanics in his spare time.

Now, in 1764 calico printing was brought into Lancashire by the Claytons, of Bamber Bridge. The industry had been originally introduced into England nearly a hundred years before it, is said, French refugees. But its progress was greatly impeded by legislative enactments, and it was not until 1774 that prohibitions on "painted, stained, or dyed stufs made wholly of cotton" were withdrawn.

Mr. Peel began to make some experiments on the subject. He is said to have already commenced the manufacture of cotton, and was one of the first who used the carding machine; then, being successful with cotton printing, he embarked largely on the business.

How came he successful with calico printing? Tradition has it that one day he scratched a pattern on a pewter plate, and the idea struck him that an impression might be made with it in reverse on calico. His household were using pewter plates, for in those days pewter plates were far more generally used than they are now, in families which were not very wealthy. He took his scratched pewter plate to a cottage near by his farm—a cottage where the good woman kept a calendering machine, i.e., a machine with cylinders between which fabric is pressed—and put the plate, with some colour rubbed into the figured part and some calico over it, through the machine.

Would the impression prove to be satisfactory?

It was satisfactory, and with quiet joy Peel proceeded to develop his invention. The first pattern brought out was a parsley leaf, and the neighbours forthwith dubbed him Parsley Peel.

A variation of the story says that his experiments were made secretly in his private house, and that the cloth was ironed simply—and not calendered—by one of his poor family; but this variation agrees with the other that the first pattern was a parsley leaf, and that thus he gained his nickname of "Parsley Peel."

Another story goes that Peel's contribution to the calico printing industry was that of a useful invention. Calico and linen, both of vegetable origin, will not retain colour, consequently there have to be bathed in other substances which will enable them to hold the colour printed on them, against all the wear and washing to which they may be subjected. These "other substances" are called "mordants." They have been graphically described by a clever figure of speech as agents with two hands; one grasping the cloth and the other grasping the dye; they must adhere firmly to the cloth, and yet form an insoluble compound with the colouring matter.

Alum was at first the only mordant used, but several things were tried to increase its efficiency; and acetate of alumina seems to have been at length fixed upon and is now very commonly used. It appears to have been obtained by just adding acetate of lead to the alum, and it is supposed that Peel discovered this method; hence his secrecy in calendering.

It is of course possible that the pewter plate story, and also the mordant story are both true. The former rested largely on the testimony of old inhabitants of

Blackburn; and is supposed to indicate the substitution of engraved metal plates for wooden blocks in printing. Nevertheless the introduction of metal plates either as an independent invention, or before the date of Peel's pewter plate and calender machine, is said to have been effected in London.

There have been, and still are, two methods of printing on calico, viz., by wooden blocks and secondly by engraved metal cylinders. Wooden blocks have been used from time immemorial, but by the use of machinery and engraved cylinders and various applications of colouring, two-and-a-half yards of calico can now be printed in a minute, in varied and beautiful colours. In fact, machines are in built which will print sixteen colours in one operation.

These machines are too complicated to describe even briefly, but the method may be thus indicated: There is a large central cylinder or drum, covered with an endless blanket; the calico runs nearly all the way round with the blanket; the engraved cylinders are grouped round the drum, each with its part of the pattern; near these engraved cylinders stand wooden rollers which dip into the colour boxes and communicate each its own colour to the calico; excess of colour and fibre is removed by long blades called in the familiar language of the factory the lint doctor and the colour doctor.

On the one side, then, of each engraved cylinder, is the wooden roller communicating its colour to the cylinder; on the other side of the engraved cylinder is the calico which it presses against the endless blanket as the latter passes round the central drum, and as the cylinder presses the calico it leaves its coloured contribution to the complete pattern, and this process continues so rapidly and yet so accurately that we have, say, twenty-five yards a minute can be printed.

It will be seen at once that if the pewter plate story be true, and Mr. Peel did originate roller printing on calico, he did give a very great impetus and did commence a very great improvement in the art and industry of textile printing. The story rests on tradition, and it states categorically that the name of the woman who performed the calendering was Matron. We imagine that Peel beat his pewter plate round the cylinder of the calendering machine, a piece of apparatus which somewhat resembled a domestic mangle, and we may suggest therefore that the wonderful and costly calico printing machines of to-day originated to some extent in a pewter plate and a mangle!

Whatever were Mr. Peel's exact discoveries or inventions, he set up works at Brookside, Blackburn, and appreciating the invention of Hargreaves' Spinning Jenny entered on cotton manufacture with the machine and became wealthy. His third son, Robert, engaged in the same business at Bury with great success and married the daughter of his partner, Mr. Yates, a girl to whom tradition at Bury says he was deeply attached even as a boy. He became Member of Parliament, and bought Drayton Manor, supported the great statesman Pitt in politics and contributed manfully to his leader's victory and was made a baronet. His eldest son, Robert, the second baronet, became the famous statesman; for many years, indeed, he was the leading statesman of Britain and, as we have said, was knighted by George III. His son Arthur, the present Lord Peel, was appointed Speaker of the House of Commons in 1884 and several times re-elected until he finally retired in 1895. The dignified and admirable manner in which he filled that great office commanded universal praise; her Majesty the Queen bestowed a Viscountcy upon him and he was granted a pension for life.

His lordship is, of course, therefore, the great-grandson of that Robert Peel the First, the calico printer and cotton spinner of Brookside, to whom tradition ascribes some notable invention or discovery in the art and mystery of calico printing, though curiously enough the exact nature of the invention appears to be not clearly known.

THE PAUPER'S FORTUNE.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

A LITTLE while since, a gentleman got into conversation with an old pauper, who sat on a bench in one of our parks.

"What was your trade?" asked the physician, for such he was.

"I was a carpenter," said the man.

"And a very good trade it is. Well, how is it that you came to be a pauper? Were you accustomed to drink?"

"Not at all. I have only taken my three pints of ale a day. If nobody took any more than that, there would be no drunkenness."

"For how long?" asked the doctor.

"Well, I am eighty years of age, and that was my custom, I suppose, for sixty years."

Presently the doctor handed the man a piece of

paper. "Look here," he said: "your sixpence a day for six years would have amounted to over £500. With this you might have bought one or two houses, and so provided a comfortable income for your old age."

How can the working men of this country spend £500,000,000 upon strong drink, with all the squander and misery that it brings, and expect to find their condition improving?

OUR BREAD-WINNERS.

BY REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A.



FOR more than twenty years I have had an intimate acquaintance with the British soldier, and the result is that with all his faults I greatly respect and like him; but I appreciate Jack, his brother of the sea, almost as highly. Many of our military garrisons are naval ports, and when I was stationed at Bermuda, Portsmouth, Malta, and Plymouth, and took several voyages in tramp-ships, I had good opportunities of studying the men of the sister service. It is not true of all people that they improve upon further acquaintance, but the open, good-hearted, breezy sailor does, and now I can join with all my heart in the chorus of the popular song, which says that "We all love Jack."

And we in the British islands have good reason for loving sailors. They are our bread-winners; would we be starved without them? Those who have studied the matter tell us that in England at any one time we have only food for our large population for about a fortnight, so that if there were a war with the combined powers, or with some of them, and our battleships were defeated, and could not safeguard our vessels into the country, we would not have as regular visits from the baker's carts as we have now. People often waste half-loaves of bread which the poor, or even a dog, would like to have; but if it were not for our sailors there would not be this plenty of bread to throw about.

And we may say, too, that at least indirectly we owe our spiritual food, as well as the food for our bodies, to sailors. The Lord Jesus Christ made disciples out of fishermen, and used to teach the people out of ships, or boats, and if ships had not brought missionaries to these islands we would be in a state of heathen darkness still. Nor could missionaries now go into heathen countries if it were not for sailors. Not long ago there was a great assembly of Anglican bishops at Lambeth. How could the right reverend gentlemen have come from the uttermost parts of the earth if sailors had not brought them?

On the last anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, a battle which made England mistress of the sea, and secured the liberties of Europe, I visited at Portsmouth the *Victory*, and saw the spot on her, the flagship of Nelson, where the hero fell. Not far away was anchored a huge up-to-date battleship, which looked like a floating fort than a vessel. There was an old oil-lesson of the strides that had been made in naval architecture; but the difference between the ship of war in 1805 and in 1893 is not greater than is the difference between the sailors who manned them then, and those who were on board the vessels at the Diamond Jubilee review.

In Nelson's day sailors were provided by the press-gang. They were half-starved on board, crowded, unsanitary ships, and horribly flogged for small offences by every commanding officer, except Nelson himself, who disapproved of this punishment. No wonder that when the men got on shore from "a prison with a chance of being drowned," they went almost mad with delight, and cared not what they did.

Some years ago an old naval paymaster told the writer that when he used to pay the men at the beginning of his service, some of them were so reckless that they would put the rolls of bank-notes that were due to them after voyages which lasted for years into their caps and walk away. Another old naval officer said that one day when he was officer of the watch he observed a string of boats coming towards his vessel. In the first boat sat proudly a blue-jacket who had hired the boat for £1, to bring him to his ship. Before putting off, and after paying his fare in advance, he found that he had £15, which he had not spent. What was he to do with it? If he went on board with so much money his comrades would chaff him for not having got through it. Happy thought! He would have a bodyguard of boats; so he chartered nineteen, and had them tied one after another, behind the one that conveyed Crosses himself.

Things are very different now. A sailor joins the Royal Navy as a boy with his own consent, and with that of his parents. He is well educated and treated kindly. Ships now steam instead of being sailed,

and therefore do not stay long at sea, and when sailors land at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and other places, they have homes like those established by my friend, Miss Weston, to go to.

And yet drunkenness is still a weakness, perhaps the only thing that is real in connection with British sailors. The P. and O., and other companies that employ sailors, have begun very largely to hire Lascars and other foreigners instead of British sailors. The directors of the P. and O. company were remonstrated with for doing this, and their reply was that although Lascars were not nearly as strong or as brave in times of danger and emergency as Englishmen, they were far more reliable in ordinary times because they did not drink. They did not overstay their leave or incapacitate themselves by a want of self-control.

All honour, then, to those who get up sailors' institutions and other things which may help to keep our blue-jackets away from temptation. It is because these men give up the comforts of home that we have a cheap load on our breakfast tables, and homes undisturbed by the fear of invasion. Nelson's last sign was, we know, "England expects every man to do his duty," and sailors generally do it. Is it too much in return for them to expect that when they had in England they will not be made drunk and robbed?

After all, however, it is not man to direct his own ways or those of his brother man, so the best thing those men who go down to the sea in ships and see the wonders of the Lord can do is to put themselves under the guidance of Him who aneketh the storm of temptation to ease as He does the stormy wind. The Lord Jesus Christ, when on this earth associated with fishermen, taught the people out of their boats, and enabled these fishermen to go forth and fish for men. What can fishermen or sailors do better than renew this acquaintance? If they are sinking on the troubled seas of temptation, let them cry to Him, "Help, Lord, mine unbelief," and He will give them a helping hand as He did to St. Peter. He who calmed at His word the waves of the sea of Galilee is as willing and as able to save now as He was then.

THE TIPPLER.

Of all the men I chance to meet
On rail or river, laud or sea,
By day or night, the strangest sight
A "tippler" always seems to me.

Incessantly "to liquor up"
He stops, and "pats the liquor down;"
In wintry splash, or thunderby drizzle,
He has a thirst he needs to drown,

He wants a drink because it's hot,
But, when the year is growing old,
It's "Let us stop and have a drop
Of something to keep out the cold."

He takes a glass to make him sleep;
But, up! a "night cap's" in the cup,
Why does he sip, and call "a nip,"
"The very thing to wake him up?"

He wants "a wet" because he's wet,
He wants a "wet" because he's dry;
In rain or drizzle he must,
But does he know the reason why?

ABOUT GAMBLING.

A CRITIC of the newspaper tipsters says that the results of following their valuable advice, based upon the preposterousness of their various works, would have landed him in the following losses:—*Sportsman*, £50; *Shipping List*, £50; *Daily Telegraph*, £25; *Standard*, £31; *News*, £31; *Morning Advertiser*, £20; *Morning Leader*, £11; *Morning List*; *Daily Mail*, £31. But such demonstrations as this will not be fruitful until the foolish members of the public understand that they are hopelessly mired in an abominable conspiracy of operators, trainers, jockeys, bookmakers, touts, and tipsters; and that not one of the public in fifty even has a chance of making money in turf gambling. A large volume would be wanted to relate the knaveries of one single year.

The following words were recently used by a magistrate in court:—"I wish that the clerks in the mercantile houses of London would come to this court and see what I see and hear what I hear. This is only one of a multitude of cases where prisoners placed in your position have confessed that their robberies are entirely due to betting; I regard it as a curse to the country, because I see how young men are lured until they fall into a state of misery and wretchedness."

THE SPEAKING CABBAGE.

BY LAURA A. BARTER SNOW.

WIXTON REGIS was getting stirred up.

I can't say that everybody liked it, but then opinions differ, and if some old folk shook their heads and muttered about "good old times, and old established ways being best," there were other people who hated the general stir-up with joy, and believed that pretty, sleepy Wixton Regis was really going to wake up at last! The fact was, a new parson and his wife had come to the sing sullen vicarage, where old Mr. Matthews had lived, like his father before him, for nearly fifty years, reading the Church services in a sleepy drawl twice every Sunday, and also reading in the same tone of voice a sermon exactly half an hour long, to the minute; and no one would have been more astonished than the parson himself if any soul had brought him a saving knowledge of Christ through those sermons.

But the vicar had gone to give an account to his Maker of his parish, and a much younger man, possessed of a wife and five bonny boys and girls, reigned in his stead.

Everyone was alive with interest when Mr. Hamilton took the first service. That service showed them pretty clearly the sort of man they had to deal with, and they were all eyes and ears as to what would happen next. The vicar was calm and quiet; but the peace of God was clearly stamped on his face, and his eyes seemed to see everything at once. Several lines in the broad forehead showed that he had met with sorrow, but there were no hard lines about the mouth that uttered God's truth to the people, only a tender curve, and a loving glance from the kindly eyes seemed to invite confidence.

Well, this man expected results, and *he got them!* His sermons were very simple and clear, and folk began to listen as they had not done for many a year; but his kindly greeting to the people, as he passed down the village, did quite as much as his sermons, and one after another began to awake to the fact that they could not drift into heaven, but that sin required a Substitute, and that God called them and would save them.

Amongst one of the first to yield himself to Christ was young John Dixon, the gardener at the Hall, who came out brightly, and then, Andrew-like, set about helping others to Jesus, too.

One after another of his "pals" found out that John had changed masters, and that his nightly visits to the "Star and Garter" were things of the past, for somehow drink and Christianity were not just suitable to another in John's eyes. But of all his friends, the one whose opinion touched him most was that of Bessie Davis, the pretty young parlour maid at the Hall, and she was not long in finding out the change in him, like the rest, and somehow it made her angry.

"The very idea!" she exclaimed, tossing her pretty head in the air; "Fancy telling me we are sisters! *Me*—that never did any harm to any one in my life, and I always lived most respectable, paying my way as I goes, and giving every cent to the dues. The very idea! No, let the Vicar preach that to poor wretches like Drunken Tom and Shady Sam." Bessie Davis isn't one of such like, she knows better."

This speech was made while ear shot of John, and it filled him with sorrow. Somehow Bessie had grown very dear to him of late, and he longed that she, too, might find out her need of a Saviour. Suddenly a thought struck him, "Bessie—"

"Bessie," he called, "if you're not too busy, would you just step out here and give me your opinion as to which cabbage would suit cook best for to-day's dinner?"

In an instant Bessie's deportment, and she was out in the garden, and before long had chosen a splendid-looking "great heart," ignoring an early dwarf recom-

mended by John, who stood by, thinking very quietly.

"That's the best," she said decidedly; "it wouldn't take two eyes to see that. It's good through and through. Fancy comparing it to that scrubby little thing!"

John smiled; his plan had succeeded. "They're both bad," he said slowly.

"Don't tell me nonsense," cried Bessie, laughing, and then she can into the house, only coming to the door to receive the "great heart" from John half an hour later. She carried it in triumph to the kitchen and laid it before cook. "There," she exclaimed, "isn't it fine, and *I chose* it, cook."

Cook smiled, but five minutes later an expression of disgust escaped her lips. The "great heart" was rotten to the core, and a small family of slugs had made their home there. "So much for good looks," muttered cook, angrily; "get me another, girl, and see you choose better this time."

"Here you are, Mrs. Marks." John appeared at the door and laid the early dwarf on the table. "I knew Bessie's choice wasn't all right—try this one."

But again cook's patience was tried, for this, too, was worm-eaten and useless, fit only for the dustbin.

"There's no difference, Bessie, my lass," remarked John, quietly; "one's as bad as the other, and the mischief lies in the heart."

A month later Bessie and John were standing side by side at the church-door. Bessie had that night stepped over the line. A quiet joy was in John's eyes as he took her hand and looked into her tear-dimmed eyes.

"I'm so glad, Bess," he murmured; "you'll never regret it."

"No, John. I'm sure of that," said Bessie. "But, she added with a smile, "it was the cabbage made me think it!"

Temperance Truths.

THE Barometer of crime is a Boreometer, for the number of prisoners in gaol rises and falls in almost exact proportion to the quantity of beer consumed outside.

—Rev. J. W. Horsley.

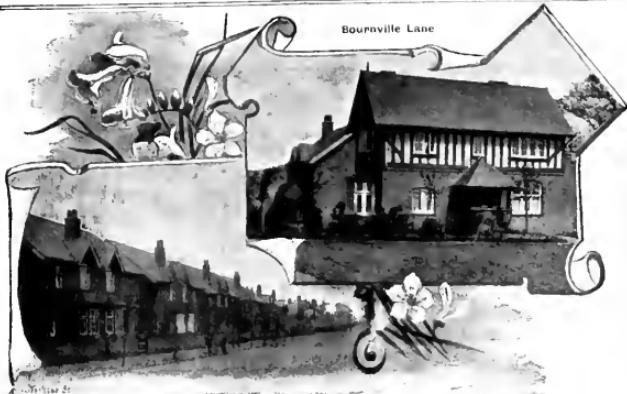
A LAW in Norway prohibits any person from spending more than twopence-halfpenny for liquor at one visit to a public-house; and alcoholic stimulants are supplied only to sober persons.

It is related that when the Christian Queen of Madagascars sent out the command to close the drunk saloons in her kingdom, the saloon keepers sent back a demand for compensation. The Queen replied, "Compensate those whom you have wronged."

The children of the drunkard die like flies; if they survive, they grow up dirty, repellent, depraved, thiefish, beyond the reach of benevolent activity, to occupy the cell of the felon, to lie in the suicide's grave, or to become the scourge of the society of which they have been the helpless victims.—*Dear Father*.

DRINKING IN FRANCE seems to be going from bad to worse. Dr. Brundum and Dr. Trebilcot, who have made special inquiries on the subject, declare that a growing number of workmen begin the day with brandy or absinthe. The dose is repeated in the forenoon and again at night. According to these authorities, France is about the worst city in this respect; beer and wine being given the go-by as not sufficiently intoxicating, and the drinking of spirits generally of an abominably bad character, has extended even to women and children.





Mary Vale Road

Friends of Working-Men.

IV.—GEORGE CADBURY.

ABOUT five miles west of Birmingham, the great Midland capital, stands the pretty little village of "Bournville," which has been planned by Mr. George Cadbury, a gentleman well known for his generosity, Christian character, and successful business qualities.

A Rural Bit of Bournville.
Bournville is like a beautiful Oriental village. True, it lies near what is known as the Black Country, yet on account of its charming situation and its bright and cheerful appearance, one might suppose it was scores of miles from such a dark and dismal district. As we approach the little country-like station called "Bournville," the first thing that meets our eye is the huge factory used for the purpose of manufacturing cocoa and chocolate. It stands on about ten acres of ground, and is surrounded by green fields, neatly trimmed hedges, shady lanes and lofty trees.

In the immediate vicinity of the factory is the model worker's village. The problem Mr. George Cadbury has set himself to solve is how to provide comfortable, pleasant and healthy homes for working men. He evidently has made himself acquainted with the evils of slumdom in our towns, and has prevented the possibility of such conditions at Bournville. He has purchased an estate adjoining the works, consisting altogether of about 250 acres, and has made arrangements by which a thrifty workman can secure a home in the highest sense of the word. The amount of preliminary work, such as planning, road making, and draining, has been costly in opening out about 150 acres of this estate. The principal object kept in view, however, has been to secure abundance of light and fresh air, and it has been arranged that there shall not be on an average more than six houses (semi-detached) on one acre of land, and that the buildings may not cover more than one-fifth of such land. This gives plenty of room for gardens.

Each householder is not a tenant merely, but can become owner of his own house and this privilege, by the way, is not confined to the workpeople of the firm, but as far as opportunity can be given is offered to all thrifty men. By this process the fear of distrust for rent, or the dread of a vent

ejection never casts its dark shadow over the threshold of any of the sunny homes at Bournville.

Then on the estate there are to be wide roads, five plots for children's playgrounds, and a park and recreation ground. These, with the addition of baths, school, institute, and library, will be under the charge of a committee appointed by the tenants. It is also provided that no person will be allowed to own more than four houses on the estate, and no building of more than two stories high is to be erected. Thus all speculation and Jerry builder are excluded from the place.

On the occasion of the hasty visit which I made to Bournville a short time ago, I was informed that there were employed in the premises and altogether exceptional factory belonging to Messrs. Cadbury Brothers about 2,400 people, the majority females; and it is a lovely sight to see about 1,700 girls in their pure white costumes attending short religious service before beginning their day's work. I find that there is severe competition among the articles produced between this firm and foreign manufacturers, and although at Bournville the workpeople have much shorter hours, and the wages paid are much higher than those of their competitors, the foreign trade of Cadbury Brothers has increased fifty per cent. during the last three years.

Mr. Cadbury belongs to the religious denomination known as the Society of Friends, or Quakers, and it is no doubt largely due to this fact that he generally acts on the golden principle, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth." Many of his deeds of charity will never be known to the world at large. There is scarcely a religious body for miles round Birmingham which in one form or another has not partaken of his kindly help, and thousands of people have the rare pleasure of a day in the country every year at his residence, the "Marey House," Northfield.

Only last summer about twenty thousand children

were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cadbury on different occasions. It is not an exaggeration to say that he must have spent a large fortune in donations and contributions on behalf of education and practical religion.

On the question of industrial strife naturally Mr. Cadbury, as a Quaker, is a man of peace. He strongly holds to the opinion that strikes and lock-outs ought to belong to the past, and considers that if this country were to adopt the principle of compulsory arbitration, as in New Zealand, the frequent disturbances in trade from strikes would cease, and a brighter state of things would be the result.

In all matters connected with religion, education and progress Mr. Cadbury is intensely practical. Mere sentiment in religious matters, of which unfortunately there is too much at the present day, finds no place with him. He believes that religion does not consist merely in professing a creed, but in endeavouring to secure to men of every race and nation the greatest happiness in this life, and in that which is to come. For the last thirty-five years he has taken a deep interest in educational progress in and around Birmingham, and he has been a prominent figure in what is known as the Adult School movement. During this period over three thousand men have passed through the Sunday morning class which he has taught in the neighbouring city of Birmingham. Hundreds of these men have been able to exchange rags for respectability, and misery and despair for hope and happiness, and a large number of them have become diligent workers in connection with the churches and chapels of the district.

Mr. Cadbury is much interested in the movement for uniting the Free Churches in more active aggressive Christian work. He was President for five years of the

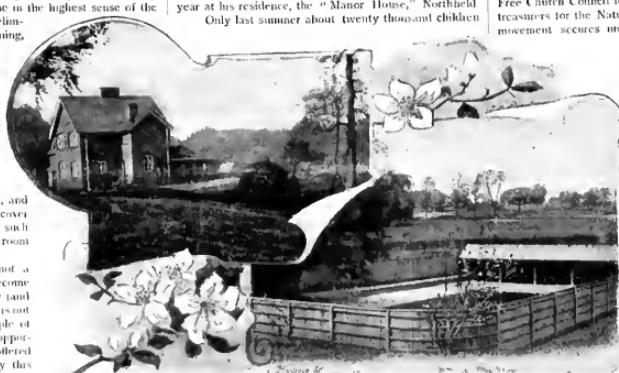


(Photo by W. J. Whistler.)

Free Church Council for the district, and is one of the treasurers for the National Council. He sees that this movement secures unity of purpose, greater power to

grapple with the many social and religious problems of to-day, and a prospect of the teachings of most Christianity being brought more into harmony with the teaching of the Saviour of mankind. He believes that our Lord's prayer, "that thy will be done," will not be fulfilled by securing uniformity of methods in church government or arrangements, but by living co-operation by the churches to bring the multitudes outside them all to the knowledge of Christ.

May every young man or woman, to whatever denomination they belong, be a worker in the harvest field! This only will bring true peace and joy, for "he that recepeth recompence wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."



Oak Tree Lane.

Open-air Swimming Bath.

THE CRAFT OF ST. DUNSTAN.

BY ISABEL SUART ROBSON.

THE working of iron is one of the oldest, as well as one of the most interesting, of English crafts. As far back as we can trace, it was known and carried to perfection in this country. Our forefathers loved the ore they worked in. They studied it, and were able to fashion work of surprising strength and beauty. "The Saxon smith," says a Norman chronicler—who hated him so heartily that he may be trusted to add nothing to the truth in his favour—"is, above all, a very cunning workman"; and he goes on to recommend the Saxon's iron weapons to his countrymen, as worth coming to England to obtain.

Smithing was even a fashionable pastime at one period of our history, and men of rank were not wanting who used hammer and anvil with enthusiasm and no little skill. St. Dunstan, who governed England in the time of Edwy the Fair, was and the patron saint of art metal workers, carried his liking for the craft so far as to have a forge set up in his bed-chamber.

Unfortunately, no examples of ornamental ironwork of Saxon manufacture now remain; but there is abundant evidence of its one-time existence, and its character.

In the Claudian MS. in the British Museum, for instance, are illustrations of the doors of Noah's Ark and of the gates of Paradise, adorned with beautiful scroll-work and very elaborate hinges; and it is only reasonable to suppose that the artist who drew them must have seen actual specimens of these things on actual doors.

Hinges on church doors are the most ancient pieces of architectural ironwork now existing, and they are still occasionally to be met with on the doors of secluded village churches which have so far escaped the vandal hand of restoration.

The weald of Sussex may be called the cradle of English ironwork. When wood was the only available fuel it was necessary to set up the forge in some well-wooded district, and for centuries the leafy glades of Sussex resounded with the clang of hammer and anvil.

By the middle of the sixteenth century, however, the trade had so far annihilated the timber in the weald that it was necessary to legislation to interfere. Sussex still had its smiths till lingers in the county, and one notable example remains with us in the railings about St. Paul's Cathedral—the last piece of work done at Lamberhurst. A goodly number of the old gates and screens in the

and were carried about from place to place, like any other pieces of furniture, while the keys with which they were fitted possessed both strength and beauty. A key made for Netley Abbey in the fourteenth century is still preserved, and in its design the ecclesiastical spirit has been well expressed. It was a common custom to fill up the bow of a key with fine filigree work, which gave strength as well as beauty to the part most readily bent.

In all medieval houses, ornamental ironwork was extensively used. Few persons of distinction did not possess elaborately decorated and fitted coffers, such as that preserved in the castle of Rockingham bearing the date of King John's reign, whilst every village church had its chests for the preservation of deeds and vestments. It was one of the pious acts of the age to employ some smith to decorate a finely-made oak chest with metal work, and to present the completed article for church use on the occasion of some special intercession or thanksgiving.

The cradle of Henry VI., still to be seen in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, is an interesting example of old English ironwork. The head which once adorned it is missing, and the ewer-like rich gilding is sadly tarnished—the results of years of neglect and a very



Wrought-Iron Screen, by Huntingdon Shaw.

of fancy and lightness of design, and we have many beautiful specimens scattered up and down the country. Among the most noted are some wrought and hammered screens which formerly stood in Hampton Court Gardens, and are now in South Kensington Museum.

Iron-founding has always been an important branch of metal-work. It was carried on in the Weald of Sussex as far back as the thirteenth century, and we have a legacy of these southern smithies in our most ancient examples of cannon and the various ordnances which followed the introduction of gunpowder. The great development of founding was, however, left for the eighteenth century, and especially for the workers of the Severn valley. Among the various founders, we must regard Abraham Darby, who removed to Coalbrookdale in 1709, as essentially a father of the craft. Our readers will remember Mr. F. M. Holme's reference to the work of this famous smith, in his article on "The Wonderful Story of Iron," in *"THE BRITISH WORKMAN"* for last July. With his successors he raised it to the dignity of an art, and achieved an unparalleled success. They undertook every kind of work, making it their endeavour that every article produced should have artistic value, whether it were designed for use or decoration, a tradition

sustained by the Company to-day with marked success. Among many notable pieces of work sent out from the works at Coalbrookdale, the most historic is the bridge across the Severn. It was the first iron bridge erected in England, and still stands, with the little town to which it has given its name—"Ironbridge"—as a fitting memento of the skill, intelligence, and enterprise of a famous family of founders.

Doubtless have often been expressed as to whether the modern iron worker does not fall immeasurably below the old smiths in point of "cunning workmanship," but a visit to the Coalbrookdale Works, or to the many smithies of Birmingham and the neighbourhood, sufficiently answers such questioning. To quote a noted art-metal worker of to-day, "there is no existing example of ancient work that one modern smith could not produce, if sufficient time were given him."

The smith of to-day is called upon for the more varied work. He cannot only like his predecessors, produce locks and keys, hinges and brackets, screens and grilles, but he must be in touch with the style of several periods, and be as ready to fashion a medieval andiron as a modern chandelier or the appliances for electric light.

That we have workers equal to those of bygone times the various arts and crafts exhibitions prove very satisfactorily; and we may echo Sir Richard Newdigate's boast to William III., that "what skill and metal can do, the men of England can do."

The First Bridge of Iron Erected in England.
From an Old Painting. By kind permission of the Coalbrookdale Company.

chequered career. Its various owners do not seem to have had any adequate sense of its historic value, and its fate might have been speedy destruction had not an antiquary rescued it from a number of articles of less value and presented it to the Museum.

But great as were the pains expended on domestic ironwork, the most skilful efforts were reserved for the rich suits of armour made in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Firearms were gradually coming into use, threatening the armorer's craft with extinction, and looking at the work the smith produced in view of this calamity, it would seem as though he were making a last bid for popularity, determined, should he be compelled to lay aside his tools, that posterity should have some worthy memento of his skill. It is interesting to note that his methods of work and style of ornamentation were practically identical with those described by Homer. The sheet-iron was embossed or beaten up in relief with a hammer, and finished with a chisel, and—so little do methods change—the art-metal worker to-day follows his craft exactly on the same lines.

Damascening, an art brought from the East, was an important branch of medieval metal-working. It consisted in inlaying iron with other metals, chiefly gold. The surface to be ornamented was first covered with fine incisions, into which gold or silver wire was turnly hammered, and the whole was then burnished until it presented the appearance of metal embroidery.

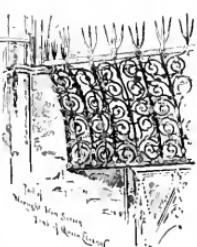
The wrought ironwork of the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries was remarkable for its exuberance



Henry VIII. CROWN.

Norman churches came from these extinct Sussex smithies; for owing to the influence of the monks and to the fact that they were largely designers and purchasers, decorative work was chiefly devoted to religious purposes. The most delicate and costly stuff was lavished upon grilles and railings, such as may be seen at Winchester, Lincoln, Wells, and other cathedrals—and especially in the beautiful grille surrounding the tomb of Queen Eleanor of Westminster.

The latter part of the thirteenth century, however, was marked by the beginning of wider uses for art. Not only the "cunning workman," but great artists and architects expended time and infinite pains upon all kinds of domestic articles. Lamps and brackets, handles and knockers, locks and keys, androns and the various appliances of the hearth, reflected this new atmosphere of art. Our illustration of a sixteenth-century pair of fire-tongs shows how graceful and finished was the work applied to such purposes. Locks were treated so elaborately that they became veritable works of value,



Wrought-Iron Tongs (16th Century).

ALMOST GONE!

By WILLIAM LUFT.

THIS men have swarmed out the yard to bend or fix a second sail in the place of one that has been carried away. A smart young apprentice has got to the yardarm and has been hauling on the clew, which has parted; falling backward, with his leg through the foul lines, he is suspended over eternity.

There was a flaw somewhere, an unseen defect, a bit of rotten manilla, and at the crisis it parted. A failing rite! Shall we alter one letter and say a failing hope? How terrible when that on which the soul depends proves false! What are you holding on to? Your own resolutions, a bit of formal religion, good deeds? All such will part in the great strain. Can you say, "When all around my soul gives way, God then is all my trust and stay?"

A strong, able-bodied seaman was at the side of that young apprentice, and the swing of the ship brought him within his reach. Falling one, dreading a greater fall, the memory of a life of sin crowding upon thy mind, thy confidence failing thee, a yawning eternity beneath thee, Jesus can save! It is not yet too late; for He is able to save to the uttermost. He is able and He is willing.

That young fellow felt his position. What cared he for a helping hand as he was astride out yard and grasped firmly the hitherto on its top? But it is different now. He is helpless. There is nothing now to hold to but the end of the rotten clew, and that cannot save him.

"When will you like to be saved, Master Apprentice? Presently? To-morrow? When you are older? You are too young to be saved just yet. Wait awhile."

Thus men talk about the greater salvation. Why? They do not feel the danger. When once a man realises that he is falling into hell, his cry is, "Lord, save me now!"

It was a heavy pull; but the strong arm was equal to the strain, and after a moment of suspense the youth was uplifted. Our strong Saviour is equal to His work. *God can rescue a mite.*" I cried unto Thee: save me!" (Ps. cix, 146). "Thy right hand shall save me" (Ps. xxxviii, 7).

And, brother, that Hand is the pierced Hand, once nailed to the cross; for there is no salvation apart from redemption. He who is now mighty to save in resurrection power, was once weak in death, and because He

suffered He saves; because He went down, He is able to lift up.

If saved ourselves, is there not a sense in which we can rescue the perishing, and

"Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave?" Be ever ready with a saving hand!

AN EXAMPLE FROM JAPAN.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD resided for some time in Japan; and in one of his lectures on that country he makes the following interesting statement which surely may cause Englishmen to blush: "I was led to Japan by grammar. No guide-book took me there. I



Snatched from Death.

had read all the gruide-books, and most of them are not very good. None of them lured me to Japan, but I picked up a grammar once, which was very spellbindingly done by Mr. Chamberlain, and there I read: 'The Japanese language has no imperative mood. The Japanese language has no form of oaths and no word of abuse.' I rubbed my eyes, but there was the positive affirmation that one could not swear in Japanese, you could not curse anybody in Japanese, and you could not tell a person to go, rudely or roughly, in Japanese; and I found it really to be so. The worst thing you can say in Japanese is 'fellow!' Or if you are very much put out you say, 'There! There!' It sounds like an exaggeration, but you cannot find a bad word in a Japanese dictionary. There are those who might find that a great privation."

Facts for Workers.

The screw alone of the average-sized Atlantic liner costs about £4,500.

An abandoned railroad tunnel running for a mile under the streets of Edinburgh has been used for some years as a mushroom farm. It turns out nearly 5,000 pounds of mushrooms a month.

The engine and tender of a train are valued at £2,100; the luggage van, £200; the mail van, £400; the smoking carriage, £1,000; two ordinary passenger coaches, £2,000 each, three first-class carriages, £3,000 each—total, £16,700. Many of the trains are worth £30,000.

EXTREME cold produces on the skin the same sensations as those due to extreme heat; so that if a person touch a piece of cold iron which has been subjected to intense frost the result is the same as if the piece of iron had been drawn from the fire nearly red-hot.

Liquid fuel is coming into general use among engineers. In comparing coal and oil it is shown that the value of each varies greatly with the quality and circumstances under which it is burnt oil doing from one and a half to two and a half times the work of an equal weight of coal. It occupies, moreover, only half the space needed for coal.

A CLOCK which the maker believes will run forty years with one winding has been invented by a Chicago man. The mechanism is

composed of highly-brushed aluminum rods, slow-moving cog-wheels, and many tiny, quick-moving engagement wheels, which tick ceaselessly and merrily away under the large oval glass case which covers them. It has been running now about a year, and has never been touched, save to undergo a slight regulation during the first weeks.

The sand-blast has frequently been adapted to a number of ingenious operations, and the latest phase of its utility is in the cleansing of ships' bottoms. The *Atlanta*, one of the United States men-of-war, was recently dry-docked, and, by means of compressed air, sand was forced against the sides of the vessel, cleansing and polishing the iron and steel as bright as silver.

THE ♦ HOME ♦ WORKSHOP. ♦♦♦

By MARK MALLETT. X.—A Corner Table.

through the holes which the permanent screws will afterwards occupy; the screws now used should, however, be smaller than those which will follow them.

Our table now stands its legs before us, and we can fit upon it the three upper and three lower braces which hold the legs in place. All these braces are of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. board; the upper three are 4 in. wide, the lower three are 1½ in. wide only.

In fig. 1 we see the places of the upper ones at $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the front upper brace, at $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from $\frac{1}{2}$ in., it is 20 in. long, and may be easily obtained from these diagrams that an opening is cut in it, 2 in. deep, to receive the bracket which supports the leaf when up. Fig. 1 shows how the ends of this cut are sloped for convenience in opening and shutting the bracket. This brace is screwed upon the face of the two front legs.

The back upper braces (g and h, fig. 1) are 15 in. long, their ends being splayed off on their inner sides to make them fit between the legs, with the corners of which they come flush. These should be fastened in place by a couple of round-headed screws at each end, whereas the front brace should be fixed with flat-headed screws.

The lower braces are of the same lengths as those above them. We see them in plan in fig. 4. They are fixed with their upper edges 4 in. from the floor line, and all with round-headed screws.

The frame being thus put together, we may take off

the top and make the bracket (i, fig. 1). This is a strip of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. board, so cut that it will just fit easily into the opening prepared for it. It will turn on two dowels opposite each other, one fitting into the table top, the other into the front upper brace. If we have not a proper piece of stout wire handy we may make the dowels by cutting off the heads of two round wire nails.

The bracket will be fixed in place when we again screw down the top; but before doing this the top and the leaf must be hinged together as we see them in fig. 1. Care must be taken in doing this to use screws which will just pass through the board.

In permanently fixing the top we shall screw into the upper braces as well as into the legs. If the table is of ordinary deal, to be let plain or merely stained, common iron screws will be all that are needed, but they must be carefully put in, so as just to come flush with the surface. As we do not wish to hide construction, we are not ashamed that they should be seen; but black screws will look better. If hard wood is used for the top, and it should be thought desirable to hide the screws, they should be driven some $\frac{1}{4}$ in. below the surface, the holes plugged with bits of wood glued in, and glass-papered down.



Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

A, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e* are 15 in. long, their ends being splayed off on their inner sides to make them fit between the legs, with the corners of which they come flush. These should be fastened in place by a couple of round-headed screws at each end, whereas the front brace should be fixed with flat-headed screws.

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Fig. 4.

ANOTHER neat and useful piece of furniture, which may be undertaken without danger of engaging in too serious a work for our powers, is a small corner table. That before us (fig. 2) stands 30 in. high, and has a top which, when the leaf is up, is 21 in. square; in ordinary, however, with the leaf closed, it projects only 15 in. from its corner.

Small though it is, our table must be firm, and we will therefore use inch board for its legs; there are three of them, 20 in. long, and their upper edges are 4 in. wide; their shape we will make with some care, so that they may be saved out as to waste, little wood.

We may next cut the top, which is made of two pieces of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. board. Fig. 1 shows us its under side. *A* is the top proper, and *B* the leaf. The length of the two is alike 25 in. but whilst the top is 15, the leaf is only 12 in. wide. It will be well to procure a piece of board sufficient to cut the widest of these, since we have not the appliances with which to make a joint in it neat enough for a table top. On the under side of the larger piece we may now set out the places of the legs, which we see marked *c*, *d*, *e* in fig. 1. It will also be advisable to set out similar places on a piece of waste board, and on these the feet will be set, and temporary brads driven in to them through it. The bottoms of the legs being thus held, we shall be enabled to screw down the feet, which tends to hold out difficulty. This screwing will only be temporary, but, as the top

must not be disfigured, the temporary screws should be driven



Fig. 1.

The frame being thus put together, we may take off

GEORGE OLIPHANT'S PLEDGE.

By ALEXANDER SMALL, B.L.

HAPPENED to be staying lately in a Scottish provincial town, and one evening my friend asked me to accompany him to a temperance meeting. I went and found the hall filled with an enthusiastic assemblage of teetotalers, chirpy working men, and their wives and children. After the chairman made a speech, I confess it quite took me by surprise. It was evident that the man was what we would call uneducated; he seemed, like most of his audience, a plain working man with a good command of his native "Doric." But his address was so full of sound wisdom and pawky humour cleverly intermingled, and delivered with such native power and evident sincerity, that the audience received it with rapturous applause, and paid it the tribute both of laughter and tears.

"That is a remarkable man," I observed to my friend; "he seems to know what he is talking about, and he has the power of moving his hearers."

"Yes," he replied, "they would have none but him to their President; a man of what we call 'education' would not have suited them. Besides, he speaks from experience. Five years ago that man was looked upon as a hopeless drunkard, an utter wretch!"

I was greatly surprised, and said so; and after the meeting was over my friend told me the story. The man's name we shall say was George Oliphant. He was a mason, and in business for himself. He was a man of shrewd wit, but unfortunately had one weak point in his character, the love of liquor. He was married, and in his sober hours the kindest of husbands; but, alas! I once rarely saw him sober on the streets. How the man did not ruin his business and become a bankrupt was a wonder; but although he was generally "steaming with drink," he seemed to retain enough of sense not to allow himself to be taken the better of in any transaction.

One day George Oliphant called on my friend for payment of an account. His gait was unsteady, his speech thick; he was smelling strongly of whisky. My friend refused at first to give him the money, telling him to go away and come back when he was sober and able to take care of it. But George Oliphant persisted. He needed the money, he said, to pay his men.

"But you will just take it to the public-house," urged my friend.

"No fear of me, give me my money; I'll take care o' it."

"Why, man, you can't sign your name!"

"Can I no? See hau'd o' that pen; I'll sune let ye see."

My friend gave him a pen, and he sat down and wrote his name, with great difficulty, at the foot of the account, and the money was duly handed over.

"Here's something else I want you to sign," said my friend, taking out a pledge-card from his drawer and laying it down before Oliphant.

"Hoots ay! I'll sign that, tae."

"But stop a moment. Do you know what it is?"

"Fine that; it's a pledge no to drink. I've muckle ered to sign it."

"But do you know what it means? And if you sign it, will you keep it?"

"To be sure. You never heard o' me gau' back on my word, did ye? Man, my wife'll be rael glad if I sign it."

"Sign your name, then." And, much to my friend's surprise, George Oliphant wrote his name in somewhat shaky and straggling characters at the foot of the card.

"Now," he said lifting up the card and replacing it in his pocket, "then tae ye, George Oliphant. This is what you must do. You know, your cronies will be wanting you to drink, and you know you'll get all that money in your pocket. You'll go straight home, keep the middle of the road the wide walk, and walk to nobody. You'll give your wife the money and she'll pay the men. And then you'll take off your boots, take a dose of medicine and go to bed, and keep you bed all-to-morrow."

"I'll do that," he responded briskly, and set off; my friend looking after him very dutifully.

But George Oliphant, strange as it may seem, did exactly as he was told. Looking neither to left nor right, and paying no heed to his cronies who hailed him, he hurried home as fast as his legs would carry him, told his wife that he had signed the pledge, gave her the money, and went off to bed. "And from that day to this," said my friend to me, George Oliphant has never tasted a glass of liquor. Some six weeks after signing the pledge I asked him to say a few words at our Saturday evening temperance meeting; and this is what he said:

"My friends, I've been six weeks a teetotaler, and I wish it had been six years. A man came up to me to-day and offered me a 'nip.' 'Na, na,' says I, 'my wife

and I have had over muckle nippin' and scartin' tae; we have nae noo, and we want nae mair. Last nicht I was comin' hame frae Buckie late at nicht, and as I was near home I saw a pree (a pin) lying in the road before me. And I said as I looked at it, 'I'm rael glad to see you, my friend, for if it had been six weeks syne I wadna' seen you, although ye had been as big as a wheelbarrow.'"

"That speech would produce an impression," I said.

"It did," said my friend. "Some of Oliphant's former cronies tried at one time to chaff him, but they have given long up that. We have a practice in our temperance society of giving a special illuminated card to those who have been steady abstainers for a year. When George Oliphant's first year was up, he, of course, was presented with a card. One of his old chums met him next day and said banteringly, 'I hear they've been gien oot pictur cairds at the teetotal meetin', and that you've got aye.'

"'Och ay! that's quite true.'

"'Ay, man, and they're awfu' bonnie, they say. Naebody gives me pictur cairds. Hae you ony o' them about ye? I wad like to see them.'

"And thereupon George Oliphant drew out a five pound note and flaunted it in the crestfallen face of the man who would fain have made a fool of him, and said, 'There's ane o' them and I've plenty mair. If you jine ye'll get them tae.'"

A MAN'S WORK.

WHATEVER thou dost, do well; it may not stand
At hour, it may for centuries endure.
But thou shalt have performed thy Lord's command,
And thy reward shall be for ever sure.

It may not be a palace thou dost rear,
Nor yet a bower; a cottage for the poor;
No matter, 'tis the Lord's; be of good cheer,
Palace or cottage, thy reward is sure.

Here thou must learn to work, earth is God's school;
Let not thy hours in idleness be spent;
Bow thy stiff neck, thy stubborn spirit rule,
What thy Lord sets thee, do, and be content.

When He has tried and fully proved thy worth,
Found thee obedient, diligent, and true;
Then He will take thee from His school of earth,
And in His heaven-world give thee work to do.

—Sir Philip Perring.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SPIDER.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF
"WONDERLAND WONDERS," ETC.

THIS AIRNESS compels the admission that spiders are not popular, and would not in any constituency find themselves at the head of the poll. They are cruel, cruel, blood-thirsty, "tigers of the insect world," and many more bad names, which it would be a waste of time to write down.

But are spiders cruel? A man is cruel who kills and who loves to kill; or when the thing killed is needed for food, or clothing, or for any other useful purpose. But we do not call a person cruel who kills his natural birth, or, if we do, we condemn ourselves. We, most of us, like roast pork and roast goose, with or without onion stuffing. Spiders eat flies without the onions and uncooked. It is a mere matter of taste, and if there is cruelty in our case, so is there in the other.

But see how cruelly spiders kill their prey! Absurd! We had better reform our own bunchedes before we trouble ourselves about spiders. Spiders are model slaymen. Their sharp fangs pierce their prey in a moment; from the tips of the fangs drops of deadly poison flow into the fly's body and benumb it, and before the poor little creature can feel much pain it is dead. If the fly must be killed at all it is difficult to discover an easier death. The spider uses the weapons nature has provided it with, and those weapons are probably more merciful and give less pain than the guns, swords, daggers, spears, clubs, knives, and arrows used by man. Because we do not like flies for dinner and tea we must not be unfair to the spider who does.

"But they are crafty." Well, and why not? To be

a craftsman is simply to know one's business, to have brains and to use them. Many people have brains and do not use them. They are certainly not crafty. There is, undoubtedly, much unused brain power in the world, but it is not contained in the heads of spiders. The wise little creatures keep their six eyes open (or eight eyes as the case may be), and when a thread of the web is broken they set it and mend it. When the cords need tightening or slackening, in case of a change of weather, spiders set to work and do what is wanted. They do not fasten the ends where there is no need, nor leave them unfastened where there is a need. They use their brains, although, strictly



speaking, they have no heads, while creatures with heads often do their work as if there were no brains inside.

I have known a carpenter, for instance, to put a lock on to a door in such a fashion that the bolt could by no possibility go into the socket. He never used his brains. I have known a bookbinder more than once to bind a book in such a way that page 300 came before page 50. He was not crafty. I have known a maid-servant to lay the cloth for dinner and forget the salt three days running. I have noticed dark-coloured gowns with light-coloured pockets, making the wearer ridiculous. Trifles; yes, and the failure to make the most of trifles often marks the difference between stupidity and sagacity. It is Mr. Herbert Spencer who comments on the foolishness of making the ends of a pair of tongs smooth, as if the manufacturer

intended the coal to slip away when seized. In these and numberless other instances the brain is left unused. There is a want of thought, as if the brains were not intended to be used.

A little of the spider's craftiness would be most useful. There are shops in London where American "notions" are sold — small mechanical inventions for saving time and trouble in boiling and baking, and screwing, and nailing, and peeling, and cleaning. The shops are full of brains. Everything shows signs that somebody has set his wits to work.

Our Consuls in foreign countries are always complaining of our lack of sagacity in trade matters. They say, for example, that we persist in making goods in shapes and patterns that foreigners do not want, and packing them in square boxes when people in Turkey, or China, or elsewhere are asking for oblong or round ones. Oh, we say, we know better than ignorant Turks or Chinese; and we go on our old way, too proud or too obstinate to be taught. By-and-by a sagacious German spider comes along and makes just what the customer wants, and the fat fly called "profit" is his. The man who deserves to prosper, and who usually does prosper, is he who uses his wits and does everything promptly and to the best of his ability. On the contrary the blacksmith, or shoemaker, or carpenter, or tailor, or any other tradesman, who breaks his word and does his work carelessly, loses his reputation and his business, and his money, and deserves to lose. The spider's motto is, "Business done at the right time and in the best way. Success is won by work well done."

We might do worse than go to school to the spider.

—SINS OF THE SOUL.

"SINS OF THE SOUL" is the title of a splendid story by the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A., in the October number of *The Band of Hope Review*. This capital temperance paper for the bairns is full of bright stories, clever pictures, instructive articles, and pretty recitations. It ought to be in every temperance home in the land. Is it in yours? Any bookseller will supply you with a copy for ONE HALFPENNY.

To prevent short-sightedness, remarks a medical man, it is well to use the eyes as much as possible every day in looking at things far away. One of the best remedies for weak eyes is plenty of sleep.



THE LITTLE GLASS OF BRANDY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVIETRE.

I WAS once travelling in one of those covered waggons which on the remote roads of Auvergne do duty as public coaches. The one-horse vehicle proceeded at a snail's pace, its seats were hard and uncomfortable, and the road was rough. Almost half-way my stock of patience became exhausted. I got down, and walked beside the driver.

He was a fine-looking fellow, still young, whose appearance, manners, and conversation pleased me much. I observed that he seemed to be a general favourite in the various hamlets at which we stopped. His remarks showed him to be both intelligent and kind-hearted. He named the proprietor of each field we passed, and took an evident interest in everyone's affairs. I learned presently that he himself possessed a few acres, which he cultivated in his spare time.

He was giving me an account of his latest endeavours to convert a scrap of moorland into meadow, when we met a banty-dressed man, whose grey hair fell in disorder over his bloated face. As he passed us I

to feel ashamed, and went in to drink with them. But after we had arrived at the field I thought over what Picou had said. But the price of this morning glass was in itself very little, but the price every day it would amount to no less than thirty-six francs ten sous (about £1 10s) a year. I calculated what could be done with such a sum.

" Said I to myself, ' It would pay for an extra dwelling-room, which would mean comfort for a man's wife, health for his children, and good temper for himself.'

" It would purchase one's winter fuel. It is the price of a goat, whose milk would be a valuable addition to the family's meals. It would pay for the schooling of one of the children.'

" Then, turning the matter over in my mind, I went on, ' Thirty-six francs ten sous! My neighbour Picou does not pay more than that for the rest of his two acres of ground, which help to support his family.'

" It is just the interest of the sum which I should have to bear in order to buy of the commissioner of the burrough the horse and wagon which he desires to sell.

" Instead of spending this money every morning to the detriment of my health, should I not be wiser to set

SAND-CARRIERS.

A Sand is used by the farmers of Devon and Cornwall to manure their fields, the poorer class of people on the coast generally load on donkey back and bring it to a convenient level for the farmers' waggon. In many inlets on the coast of Cornwall, a sandy beach is only reached by a steep rocky path, hence donkeys are the only beasts of burden for the work.

At such tide old men and women will go out with their string of donkeys over the shrimpy shelving rocks to the sand stretch below, and with the Cornish shovel fill the shallow boxes or paniers. In freezing cold and burning heat alike, these hardened people of the coast go to their labour of sand-carrying as regularly as the tide. The paniers are very primitive arrangements and consist of simple square boxes attached to a wooden saddle by a piece of rope. When the filled boxes arrive at their destination, a wooden pin, which holds in the bottom of each box, is taken out, and the sand streams through.

How long this primitive method of labour will continue it is impossible to say. Perhaps a motor car or electric wagon will carry on the work a few years



Drawing for THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

noticed that he staggered. He addressed my waggoneer in a noisy, drunken tone, and the latter, somewhat to my surprise, replied in a decidedly friendly and familiar fashion.

As soon as the man was out of hearing I inquired of my companion, " Is that a friend of yours?"

" Monsieur," was the reply, " he is my benefactor and tutor."

I looked at him in astonishment.

" Does that surprise you?" laughed the carrier. " I assure you that such is the fact, although the poor fellow himself is unaware of it. Jean Picou and I have known each other from childhood. Our parents were next-door neighbours. At quite an early age Picou was somewhat unsteady, and he became worse as he grew older. It chanced that we were employed as tallow-workmen at the same masters. As we were going to our work on the first day, Picou and the other workmen stopped at the tavern to take their morning nip of brandy. Not knowing exactly what to do, I stayed at the door. But the others called to me to come and join them."

" Picou laughed at me. ' He fears this will ruin him!' he exclaimed. ' I suppose he thinks that by saving two sous he will become a millionaire!'

" The rest joined in the laugh. I was foolish enough

myself up in business? Then I could support a family, and begin by degrees to save something for my old age."

" Fortified by these considerations, I threw off the false shame which had made me yield once to temptation, and saved from my first wages the sum which my companions would have had me spend in the tavern, so that in a short time I was able to make a good bargain with the carrier whose successor I am."

" Since then I have never neglected the slightest economy, while Picou has continued to lead what he calls a jovial life. You see what we are to-day! That poor creature's rags and dirt, his premature old age, his ill-repute; and my comfort, health, and numerous friendships—all procured from a haiford. This embodied wretchedness is the little glass of brandy which he drinks when he rises, while my pleasures are represented by the two sous saved every morning."

E. D.

THERE is no burden which, if we lift it cheerfully, and bear it with love in our heart, will not become a blessing to us. God means us this task to be our helpers, heavenward. To shrink from a duty, or to refuse to bend our shoulders to receive a load, is to decline a new opportunity for growth.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

hence. But the picturesque patient donkey and the quaint labourer will be hard to beat for their perfect adjustment to their rugged environment.

A BIBLE FOR YOU!

In response to a very generally expressed desire, the Editor has decided to offer a half-time his offer of a Half-guinea Bible for 5s. 6d., on condition that every applicant undertakes to distribute carefully twelve copies of the current number of this magazine, which will be sent the title free of charge. Our readers know what the Bible is like from the description that has already been published several times in these pages.

In order to meet a demand that evidently exists for a still better Bible, the Editor has much pleasure in announcing that he has made arrangements whereby, in return for his co-operation in extending the circulation of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, he can supply

A GUINEA BIBLE FOR 10s. 6d.

as described in our last number, on conditions exactly similar to those which apply to the half-guinea Bible they prefer, without delay, to the Editor of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.; and the volume, together with the 12 copies for distribution will be forwarded, carefully packed and carriage paid to my part of the United Kingdom, by return. Orders from abroad are charged £1 extra for postage.



No. 83, New Series

THE STORY OF THE RESCUE

(Drawing by FRED W. BURTON.)

HOW WE SAVED THE LADY.

By OWEN LANDOR.

THE dawn was breaking to seaward, where the waves still tossed and tumbled wildly, after a night of storm. The French road-lifeboat had been out through the dark hours, in answer to rockets from a ship in distress, and what the men found, and who they saved, has not told by Bob Griffiths, the coxswain of the boat, nor the humble home he shared with Tom Warren, his father-in-law.

Bob's wife stood by, listening to her husband, who, still wearing his lifeboat attire, half rested, half sat on the rough table. Behind him, with a lantern not yet extinguished, was Jim Farlow, one of the crew, and another of the men stood by the door. At the back of the cottage by a fire, recently lighted, was an elderly woman muttering to the wants of a delicate-looking lady, whose pale face and tears indicated she was burdened by some deep sorrow.

There are some people who cannot listen to a story with idle hands, and dear old Tom Warren was one of them. It was a mere matter of instinct when he took up two bits of rope and proceeded to splice them together, while Bob, speaking somewhat low as not to disturb the lady by the fire, gave an outline of the work of the night.

"Ten minutes after the rockets went up we got the boat down the sliding way to the sea. There wasn't a man absent, and ten sat by the rowlocks. We pulled hard"—Bob illustrate'd his story by going through the movements expressive of rowing, and all through his narrative showed a disposition to supplement words with action—"and we lifted the *Hole Ahead*, as good a little boat as floats for the Society; lifted her, I say, over the waves as if she had been a feather.

"It was so dark," continued Bob, dropping his voice to a hushed whisper, "that the only things we could see was the poor lights in our cottages, and the faint flicker of the white spume of the seas. In the town there wasn't no lamps burning, beyond the way of the corporation to have 'em put out at midnight."

"Well, there we were, making for the spot where we see the last rocket go up. I call it the last because not another did we see."

"She's gone down," bellowed Jim Farlow, and he had to roar to make his voice heard above the gale. "That was what you said, I believe, Jim, your very words?"

The man standing with the lantern nodded in assent, and in the interest of whispers said, "And down she was and is."

"Hush!" said Bob. "I'm minded to be hopeful for that sweet lady's sake. She told me as we come ashore that she ain't given up all hope—can't do it; and it isn't for us to put a damper on her feelings. She's sufferin' enough now, poor thing. Well, father, we see 'em 'twin' of the ship, and we pulled this way and that, and we had a general rough time of it, for the waves just tossed the *Hole Ahead* about as if she had been a cork out of a physic bottle. At last we was so far out we couldn't see the lights in our home wenders, and young Bill Bruff was for turning back. 'She's stuck,' he lets out, with that bull's voice of his, and we was minded all to think so too. Then as we was waverin' like, I see a whitish patch rise on the top of a handy wave, and with a turn of the helm I brought the *Hole Ahead* alongside of it. I leans over and makes a grab at it, and as I sit here, it was a lady's dress, and that pretty creature by the fire was a-wearin' of it."

Bob glanced back at the fire and observed that the lady he spoke of was sitting with her face resting on her hand, so as to hide it from him. The old woman who had been tending her had taken a seat by her side.

"We got her over into the boat," resumed Bob, softly, "and we sees that a lifebelt round her waist had kept her afloat. If it hadn't been lashed to her, it would have slipped off, her bigger hen' that slim and elegant. Anyways, she wasn't dead, although mostly speechless, while we rowed quick for the shore.

"All of a sudden she began to cry out for her husband and to stretch her arms over the boat, as if to somebody over the sea. We couldn't say nothing to her, for we ain't, any of us, word gifted, and the less awkward men says in the time of sorrow, the better. So we come right on to the shore. But the fruit of our labours, though sweet enough as far as it goes, and much."

"What was the name of the vessel, I wonder?" whispered Tom Warren.

"The *Houghly*, from Calcutta," replied the lady by the fire, looking up quickly. "I was homeward coming with my dear husband, Captain Leister, of the Guards' Regiment. I am well enough to tell you all about myself now."

"Don't do it, marm," pointedly said Bob, "if it's any way to ring to you."

"Indeed, it is not," Mrs. Leister answered, "I can't sit up yet, though my eyes are heavy with weariness. The *Houghly* collided with some vessel, of which we neither saw nor heard anything more all 't the shock. It happened just before the storm broke upon us, and it was not until we had passed several miles on our way that it was discovered the ship was taking in water very fast. The gale was at its height then, and big waves swept round me and had just made it fast when one of the waves swept us apart, and I remember very little more but a mass of wind and the chill of seething water round me, that tossed me here and there, up and down, until I lost consciousness. When I recovered sufficiently to know where I was, I was under your kindly roof."

She clasped her head with her hands as if to still her brain throbbing with the memory of that awful experience, and the men stole out of the cottage. The meal had broken hue and warm, and Bob said a pot-laden anywhere for an hour's sleep would do him good. So he climbed into a stranded fishing boat, made himself a rough couch with some netting, and lay down the hanging sail so as to shade his face from the sun.

He was sorely concerned about the lady he had rescued, and was almost inclined to think it was a pity she had been saved to live and bear a heavy burden of sorrow. Not being a pessimist, however, but the coxswain of the *Hole Ahead*, he would not seriously entertain such an idea.

"She'll bear it bravely, for all her delicate looks," he thought, and fatigued overcomeing his sympathy, he fell asleep.

Who is this pounding his body, and what animal is this that comes into his ears? He struggled manfully to awaken from his heavy sleep, and opening his eyes saw Jim Farlow leaning down beside him.

"Get up, Bob," he said, "I've news for you. The *Houghly* is safe in Gorby Harbour."

"Have you told the lady?" asked Bob, eagerly.

"No," whispered Jim, "and none of the women either. You see the *Houghly* being safe ain't everything. The husband was tyin' on the belt when the lady was swept overboard, and he may ha' gone with her. He hadn't no belt as I made out, and it was far to swim ashore."

"You're done right, Jim," said Bob; "it would never ha' done to raise her hopes and then dash 'em down again. But what's to be done?"

"I've sent my brother Daniel, on to Gorby, and if the lady's husband is on board he's to bring him along."

"And until he comes we'll stand on duty by my door and keep everybody off," suggested Bob.

So these two sturdy, simple fellows went and sat down by the door of the cottage that stood on the upper part of the beach. In a little while Mrs. Leister came forth and looked wistfully up and down. Finally her eyes rested on their preternaturally solemn faces, the stolid expression theron arising from their strenuous efforts to appear ignorant of the *Houghly* being still afloat.

"There is no news of my husband's ship, I suppose?" she said with a keen, quick glance at them as a supplement to her first look.

"Well, marm," said Bob, diplomatically, "it ain't to be supposed as we could have much news of any vessel as passed here last night—see there's the getus inter port and—"

"Have you found any wreckage of the *Houghly*?"

"No, marm, not a morsel." It was a great relief for him to be asked a question that admitted of a direct answer. Fortunately he was spared any further efforts to conceal the fact. A short distance behind the cottage lay the high road, along which a cart was rapidly approaching. A fisher-boy sat on the box, and with youthful exuberance waved his hat.

"It's Daniel, an' he's brought him along," said Jim Farlow, his attitude.

They turned to see how it fared with the lady, but the cab had stopped, and she was already spreading towels to dry her hair.

"Said Bob, grasping the arm of his companion, "we must put this little bit o' artlessness of ours out tellin' her straight until we knowned for certain into out story of how we saved the lady. We've drove the right thing. I reckon she would have found it hard to wait for him to come if she had knowned the *Houghly* was in port. See there, she's a-sobbin' in his arms. I am glad to note that. When a woman is powerfully excited a few tears may be the means o' savin' her mind. I am glad, too, to see how she missed him sore, all

'through the little time she's been with us. Here they come. And remember this, though I drew her into the boat, we all share the risk with him of having a wet hair, and for my part I'll be content with a grip of the hand and a few words of thanks."

That he and his comrades eventually received more than that, goes without saying, but what their full reward was hardly comes in as part of the story of how they saved the lady.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

HE was one of the follows.

That could drink or leave it al' ee,
With a fine high song for communion;

Who were born with no backbone,

"And why," said he, "should a man of strength
Deny to himself the use
Of the pleasant gift of the wine, red wine?

Peculiar of its weak'us?"

He could quote at a banquet,
With a manner half divine,
Fill fifty things the poet's say
Ab'nt the rosy wine,
And he could sing a lively song
About the joys of a lass,
And drink a toast to her fair young worth
In a sparkling generous glass.

And since this hardly fell fw.
Could I drink or leave it al' ee,

He chose to drink at his own will
Till his will was overthrown,

And the joys of the lass are cold with grief,
And her clil' ren shiver and shrink,

For the man who once could leave it alone

Is the puinal slave to drink.



I SAW IT hanging up in the kitchen of
I a thrifty, healthy, sturdy farmer in
Oxfordshire—a bottomless jug! The host
saw that the curious thing caught my eye,
and smiled.

"Are you wondering what that jug is hanging
up there for with its bottom knocked
out," he said. "My wife, perhaps, can tell you the
story better than I can; but she is bashful, and I ain't,
so I'll tell it."

"My father owned this farm before me. I lived to a good old age, worked all his life, never squandered a penny, was a cautious trader; and as men were accustomed to do in that day and generation, I was a tempe man. I was the youngest boy, and when the old man was ready to go, and knew it, the others agreed that since I had stayed at home and taken care of the old folks, the farm should be mine, and to me it was willed. I had been married three years.

"Well, father died, mother had gone three years before, and I left the farm to me, with a mortgage on it for three hundred pounds. I had never thought of it before. I said to Mollie my wife,

"Mollie, look here. Here father's had this farm for years, with all its magnificent timber, and his six boys, as they grew up, equal to so many men, to help him; and he worked hard early and late, and you look at it! A mortgage of three hundred pounds. What can I do?"

"And I went to the jug. It had a bottom to it then—and took a good stiff drink of something much stronger than water.

"I noticed a curious look on the face of my wife just then, and I asked her what she thought of it, for I supposed she was thinking of what I had been talking about, and so she was, for she said,

"John, I have thought of this a great deal, and I have thought of a way in which I believe I can clear this mortgage off before five years are ended."

"Said I, 'Mollie, tell me how you'll do it.'

"She thought for a while, and then said with a funny twinkle in her blue eyes,

"John, you must promise me this, and promise me solemnly and sacredly—promise me that you will

never bring home for the purpose of drinking for a beverage, at any time, any more spirits than you can hang in that old jug—the jug your father used since he has done with it.'

"Well, I knew father used once in a while, especially in haying time, and in winter when we were at work in the woods, to get a big gallon jar filled, so I thought she meant that I should never buy more than two quarts at a time, which was all this old jug would hold. I thought it over, and after a little while told her that I would agree to it."

"Now mind," she said, "you are never to bring any more spirits than you can bring in that identical jug." And I gave her the promise.

"And before I went to bed that night I took the last pull at the jug."

"Well, I went out after that, and then went to bed, and the last thing I said before leaving the kitchen—'Tis very room where we now sit—is,

"We'll have the old brown pig filled-to-morrow."

"An I then I went off to bed. And I have remembered ever since that I went to bed that night, as I had had dozens of nights before, with a buzzing in my head that a healthy man ought not to have.

"Well, I got up the next morning and did my work at the barn, and ate my breakfast, but not with such an appetite as a farmer ought to have, and I could not think that my appetite had begun to fail. However, I ate my breakfast, and then went out and harnessed the old mare, for to tell the plain truth, I was feeling the need of a glass of spirits, and I hadn't a drop in the house. I was in a hurry to get to the village. When the mare was ready, I came in for the jug. I went for it to the old cupboard and took it out and—

"Did you ever break through the thin ice on a snapping cold day, and find yourself over your head in freezing water? Because that is the way I felt at that moment. The jug was there, but the bottom was gone. Mollie had taken a sharp chisel and hammer, and with a spell that might have done credit to a master workman, she had chipped the bottom clean out of the jug. She happened to be standing by when I made the discovery. For a moment we looked at each other, and then Mollie spoke: 'Oh! I had never heard anything like it. No, no, have I heard anything like it since.' She said:

"John, that's where the mortgage on the farm came from! It was brought home in that jug—two quarts at a time! And that's where your white, clean skin and your clear eyes are gone. And in that jug, my bushy hair, your appetite is going also! Oh, let it be as it is, dear art! And remember your promise?"

"And when she threw her arms round my neck and burst into tears, She could speak no more.

"And there was not one of my eyes were opened as though by magic. In a single moment the whole scene passed before me. I saw the mortgages on all the farms in our neighbourhood; and I saw where the money had gone. The very last mortgage father had ever made was to pay a bill held against him by a man who had bilked this jug for years. Yet, I saw it as it passed before me, a flitting picture of drink! drink! debt! debt! debt! And in the end death! And I turned to John and, giving her a kiss, said,

"Mollie, my own, I'll keep the promise. I will, so help me Heaven!"

"And I have kept it. In less than five years, as Mollie had said, the mortgage was cleared off, and now we have a few hundreds at interest. There hangs the old jug—as we hung it on that day; and from that time there has not been a drop of spirits brought into the house for a beverage that that bottomless jug wouldn't hold."

"Dear old jug! We mean to keep it and hand it down to our children in the lesson it can give them—a lesson of life—of a life happy, peaceful, prosperous, and blessed!"

As he ceased speaking, his wife, with her arms drawn tenderly around the neck of her youngest boy, murmured a fervent "Amen."

DANGER!

THIS medical press points to a serious danger in the form of the large sale obtained by medicated wines, which it seems may be sold by chemists with complete freedom, provided the compound contains some small proportion of a recognised drug. Many people will purchase such drinks who would not go into a public-house for intoxicating liquors. More than that, at many of these places these drinks can be had on draught, and people will rush in and toss off a glass without the suspicion which would attach to entering a public house. In many cases, we feel sure, the customers really believe that these drinks are not injurious. In some cases they are really worse than the ordinary drinks sold at the public-house, the drugs doing harm as well as the alcohol.

"AS A MAN TRAVELLING."

By WILLIAM LUKE.

"**I**N a fog" has become proverbial of an uncertain and uncomfortable position, but to be in a log on the railway is to be in the most uncomfortable position possible, or nearly so. Yet few think of the fog-men who always have to be out when the crows of mist and clouds of blackness envelop the line.

Now then the report of the creaking signal piece I up on the line, or the flash of them red watch-fires, remind the passengers of the men upon whom their safety depends; but, as a rule, the workers themselves are unseen, for they work in the dark.

"Thank God, Jesus goes with me when I am called up to go fogging; and many a good time we have had in the hills together." So said one of these brave fellows in my hearing; and there are many such, who know that their Saviour is with them in the gloom, making it bright with His presence.

I heard a number of these Christian railway-men singing the other day. The time was 4 o'clock in Sandkey's well-known hook, and the song was characteristic:

I once travelled down-
ward with Satan,
Was hurrying in hell
in his train;
A track right through I
had to lay.
Was pressed not to
change trains again,
The signals were all set
at the wrong place.
Not heeding their
warnings I passed,
Till Jesus appealed,
Through a stranger,
And stopped my mad
journey at last.

"The Bible is Heaven's
travel guide,
Describes the route to
the prize,
The Almighty engine is
able
To pull all the world to
the skies.
Forbidden is all worldly
baggage,
No parcel can pass the
car door.
My spirit amongst the
lost baggage,
And these I shall claim
never more."

There was no fog in their throats, or their eyes, as they sang the hearty chorus—

"The up-line to glory is clear!

The up-line to glory is clear!
I'm in the express for the kingdom,
And bound to land safely up there."

By the by, railway men ought to be Christians, for every bit of their work is suggestive of the truth, and we may almost quote Matt. xxv. 19, for a railway sermon, "The kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling."

THE TIME-LINE.—As far as I can find, the only train on the up-line is starting just now; for "Now is the accepted time" (2 Cor. vi. 2). No other departure is marked, nor has there been any alteration in the old time.

THE TICKET.—This is small, but it is all. What does it cost? One day a friend took me for a journey. He had plenty of money, so I let him go to the booking-office and pay the fare. I only received the ticket from his hands gratis, and said, "Thank you! That is how I got my ticket from Jesus. He paid it in drops of blood." A ticket must be shown. It was so when the early disciples took tickets for heaven, those who believed, confessed, "and showed their deeds" (Actus xiii. 18).

THE TRAIN.—This usually consists of coaches, an engine, a brake, and a luggage-van. In the Heavenly Express we have the counterparts of these. Resting in the Lord is typified by being seated in a carriage, not half in, but wholly in, and resting such is faith. The going-power and the stopping-power are the mighty influences of the Holy Spirit. Not my effort, but being attached to Him, one with Him, gives me power to stop, as well as to go forward. The luggage-van suggests that all our daily cares are to be deposited under divine care.

THE TRACK.—One moonlight night I travelled with the guard, he had a window in the locked ahead. We were going straight for the moon, though the ticket was for a ten-station station, and, as I looked, the summer track appeared as it laid in秩序. Date you had ahead, mate? Or are you content with a side window? I am the way (John xiv. 6), a perfect track. Narrow! Yes, a single line, for there is no return.



The Fog Signalman.

Within an hour, at the age of ten and a half, Nellie reached the terminus, and it was Home—Home—Home Eternal.

At Nellie's grave the hymn was again sung. Can you sing it—that one all important line of it?

"Christ is my Salvation."

Then you have the ticket. "Take your seats!" "All right behind!" "All right in front!" "Right away!"

Facts for Workers.

The average weekly loss of vessels on the seas throughout the world is thirteen.

A MACHINE used by match-making firms cuts 10,000,000 sticks a day, and then arranges them over a vat, where the heads are put on at a surprising rate of speed.

There is a spot on the Pacific coast where oil is pumped from the sea. This is accomplished by what are called "well scowls," the most advanced of which stands six feet in the water at high tide.

A MINER in Staffordshire has recently discovered a petrified arm imbedded in the solid stone or ore. The peculiarity of the arm lies in the fact that the elbow joint can be made to move to and fro as though it consisted of flesh and blood.

A DELIGHTFUL gift-book for Christmas is the special edition of John Bunyan's PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, which the editor offers for 5s., post free. A full description of this magnificent book will be found in another part of this issue. Any reader can obtain a copy at a nominal price. The Editor is anxious to distribute carefully 12 copies of the current number of this magazine, which will be enclosed with the book free of cost. Address, T. E. Editor, THE BRITISH WORKMAN, 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Orders from abroad are charged 6d. extra for postage.

FROM DARKNESS TO DAYLIGHT.

BY JENSE PAGE.

"I SAY, the guyor's a bit out of sorts agin this morning, Bob."

"Indeed, what's a matter? Liverish, praps."

"No—religion?"

"What? That's stiff he don't stock much, mate?"

"Not he, so perhaps that's why he puts up his back so vicious when anybody speaks out for it."

The conversation stopped abruptly, for the subject of it walked across the yard with a stride of determination; entering his little office he closed the door after him with a slam. And yet Richard Grundy, builder and decorator, was not half a bad fellow in many ways. He had good points and was rather popular. He was just a trifle too fond of telling people that he was no "cavorting bawling," that he was proud to say he "paid twenty shillings in the pound"; that he always liked to "look a fellow straight between the two eyes in making a bargain," and that speaking generally "he walked the chalk line," which was his self-glorious metaphor for righteousness. And Joe was quite right about the mention of religion so upsetting the "guyor."

What had happened on this particular morning?

Mr. Grundy had had a visitor rather early. A young fellow with a red band on his cap and a brass "S" on his collar had knocked at the door. The milkman thought he had made a mistake, and other bystanders had a word to say on the point.

But this little man of God rather liked tackling a forlorn hope, and had indeed a bit of the touch of the prophets in his blood. So he had determined to beat this Alabam Grundy in his own den. The reception he met with certainly quite justified the forecast of the milkman. Mr. Richard Grundy condescended to admit him. At the hall, and in an unassuming manner demanded what he wanted. The captain simply asked whether he would kindly help them to take the poor children, their juniors, into the country for a day's fresh air, and the applicant knew that the builder and decorator had a kind corner in his heart for the young folks. But a swift question shifted the issue to the harder side of Grundy's character.

"Are you stuffing those children with all that ranting rubbish about religion?"

"We are leading them to Jesus Christ, that they may be saved and serve Him."

"That's enough for me, not a farthing! Religion's a pack of lies, I tell you. Ask some of the fools who believe in it to help you, I won't!"

This was not, however, the end. Ten more minutes of talk took place inside that door. On the one side hot words of railing, scoldings of long-exploded infidel objections, denunciations of the children of God, wild words of contempt of their Father; on the other calm, cheerful, earnest pleadings, a test here, a bit of testimony there, eyes full of heartbreak and yet without a tremor of fear, and finally just for a moment a word of passionate prayer to God ere the door was opened again.

Mr. Richard Grundy awoke that interview spent one of his worst days. Everything went wrong inside, everything seemed wrong outside, and when evening came on, and the last man had gone, and the yard gates were

closed, he shut himself in his office, as was his custom, to go over his accounts with a quiet pipe. But to-night he could not manage his figures at all. The pipe went out, and he did not seem to care to light it, and laying his pen upon the table, he thrust his hands in his pockets and sat in deep thought. Whatever was the matter? Something the captain had said had touched Richard Grundy to the quick, and the expression in the man's eyes had recalled his dead wife's look when four years ago she held his hand for the last time and spoke of meeting him in heaven. That memory with skilful hand drew pictures of a better and happier past—the old pew in the little chapel, and that moment when

to the uttermost, and a picture which he had seen in his child's room of the Prodigal Son. But still he found no peace.

Then once more his wife's dear face seemed near to him, and her words mingled with the texts, her last sweet words, "Richard, my husband, I am going now," she had said; "Nellie will be a comfort to you; and you will meet me in heaven, won't you?"

And he remembered how he had knelt by her bedside and vowed he would. Had he wandered too far for this to be fulfilled? Had all this accursed bitterness of unbelief quite drifted him from the mercy of God? Again up he rose, his knees the choking words came,

"My God, my God," and his God listened to the unspoken prayer.

That night a broken and contrite man slowly and quietly made his way upstairs. He stepped at the door of his little private room, and listened. She was not asleep, and he heard her praying—for him. "O, Lord Jesus, save my dear father. He is so good to me, and loves me so, but he doesn't love Thee. O, bless him, Lord! Help him that he may be made happy in Thee that he may love the Bible, and pray, and be good. Lord, save my father."

The man had opened the door and stood with closed eyes, listening reverently to his daughter's petition, and now he quietly shut it again and passed to his room.

He took his keys and opened a drawer where, in several wrappers of paper, lay his wife's Bible. He brought it to the candle with a trembling hand. He had no more tears now left to shed, but a big sob came as he turned those leaves, marked here and there by her dear fingers, and his eye strayed to one text underlined in red ink—

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

And then came upon Richard Grundy a great peace, and he felt his burden rolled away.

He stole downstairs and opened his daughter's door.

"Come in, father darling, I am not asleep."

He put his arms around her neck and kissed her many times. Then he spoke, and they whispered, "Jesus is my Saviour, dear child."

"Father, dear father! Oh, I am so happy!" she said; "I do feel that God has answered me their prayers and mine."



His Daughter's Prayer.

they both stood in front of the white-haired minister and presented their little baby girl to God.

Overcome at last, the strong man fairly broke down. It was quite dark now, and he felt glad to think that none could see him just then; indeed, he knew how painful he must look, his features all distorted with an agony of remorse, a burden pressing on his heart which even those coarse traits of patience could not relieve. He fell upon his knees, but no prayer came only a gasp, "My God, God," and then he got up and walked unsteadily, still crying, "My God, my God!" Then in the deep shadow came up sentences from his infidel books gleaming red like fire, and then with a pure, sweet, overpowering light texts of Holy Scripture took their place, about God so loving the world, and saying

proved by exercise. It is possible for anyone to increase very largely the vigor of his mind by steady culture. The late Mark Pattison, a distinguished Oxford scholar, tells us in his *Memors* that in his early years his mind was slow to work and slow to retain the knowledge that had been gathered, but as years went on that sluggishness passed away with regular mental discipline, until he became the accomplished scholar and man of letters. And the same thing holds true in the sphere of practical religious service. It is wonderful how much one finds himself capable of if he just puts his talent into use, and does the work that lies to his hand to do. It may be a small service that lies open to him at first, but if he does not shrink from it he will soon find that his capacity and horizon are beginning to widen.

USING ONE'S TALENT.

† It is a well-known fact that our powers grow by exercise. The strength of the body, for example, can be greatly increased by judicious training. The mental faculties, too, can be immensely im-

MATCHES AND MATCH-BOX MAKING.

By F. M. HOLMES.



A Match-Box Maker at Work.

"*Y*e see, it ain't clever work; that's what they pays for nowadays. Why, a child could twist up this box."

The poor woman was quite right. Match-box making is one of those absolutely unskilled industries which would be better undertaken by machinery, and which cannot yield much return to those who work at it by hand.

The price paid is 2½d. per gross for the small size and somewhat higher for the larger size; but the boxes may easily be made by children who can produce perhaps half-a-gross an hour, so that, working continuously for twelve hours, a child can earn a shilling a day. Even a quick-handed, industrious woman cannot earn much more. She may, perhaps, rise to three halfpence or a penny three farthings per hour, but to earn two pence an hour she would have to work about two small-sized boxes a minute, or 120 an hour. And, however hard she might be able to dab paint on the paper and wrap it round the thin slices of wood, yet remarkable dexterity is required to accomplish the work so quickly as to finish 120 an hour. Directly one is finished it is thrown aside on the constantly growing heap in the corner, and the nimble fingers are busy on the next.

"But why," you might ask one of the match-box makers, "do you continue to do this ill-paid work at home?"

"Well, ye see," she would probably reply, "I can take it up and put it down when I like. If I went to the factory I should have to keep on steadily during working hours, and what's to look after the children then, I wonder?"

In spite of all encouragement, therefore, to come to the factory, the experience of match manufacturers has been that many women prefer to make these boxes at home in their own poor dwelling; where, doubtless, they get the help of their children out of school hours, and where, to some extent at least, they are their own mistresses.

Moreover, we fear that some cases match-box making is used as a pretence of work and a seeking for charity, even as selling matches and bootlaces in the street is sometimes a pretext for begging; but we must discriminate between such pretended workers and the honest and industrious labourers in all ranks of life.

There may be some women who take up the work, to practise it in their spare time, gain a few shillings by so doing, and add to their husband's wages; but there may be others who look to it as a chief, if not sole, means of support, and whose fingers fly over the paper and slips of wood hour after hour, while that unmade bed goes untidily before them, then to quit with yesterday's leaves in it, stands on the floor, and a candle stuck in a bottle is ready to yield a feeble light, should the day be dim, through the dirty window panes or the evening shadows fall early.

An industrious woman such as this will be able to look at a large heap of boxes when the day is done, nearly a thousand will be required to yield her even a miserable fifteenpence. Are there many women who at the end of a long fifteen hours can survey a big heap of a thousand or fifteen hundred boxes and reckon they

have earned a couple of shillings and done a good day's work? Perhaps mother and daughter could say so together, in any case, when a sufficient number are ready, they pack up their work in large bundles and hand it away with them to the factory.

At the factory! And there you will say you meet with another terrible difficulty connected with match making. There you will find the dreadful disease they call "phossy jaw." It is a necrosis, or dying of the bone, caused by the yellow phosphorus of which ordinary matches are made.

But if you are anxious to prevent the terrible complaint you can take some share in stopping it without waiting for any Act of Parliament. You can use only safety matches, which are harmless to those who make them. It is useless to blame manufacturers when you persist in using the matches which cause the complaint

phosphorus need not be employed. Consequently, the disease caused by yellow phosphorus would not occur.

The composition for an ordinary match is something like this: Four parts by weight of chlorate of potash, half-a-part of the common or yellow phosphorus, four of fine glass powder, one of whiting, and two of glue. Some makers, perhaps, use an oxide of manganese or an oxide of lead with the potash salt. But a formula for the safety or Swedish matches prescribes five parts of chlorate of potash to two parts of sulphide of antimony and one part of glue, while the friction surface on which the match is struck, consists of five parts amorphous phosphorus, four parts sulphide of antimony and two-and-a-half of glue. The amorphous phosphorus is very different from the common or yellow phosphorus, and is, in fact, harmless to the workers. But it is not so inflammable and will not strike fire by moderate friction or by percussion. It is made by heating the yellow variety, in a closed iron vessel, to a very high temperature. This process appears to reduce its activity, both for good and evil, but while useless for striking fire in the ordinary match, it is very effective when employed in the friction slip for the safety match.

Variations of the formulae for tipping matches are no doubt adopted by different makers, but these sufficiently indicate the wide distinction between the two classes. A demand, however, still exists for the ordinary match, perhaps because a section of the public considers it highly inconvenient to use matches that only strike on the box, and perhaps because the public think of the safeties only as affording protection from fire. No doubt that was the reason for giving them their name. But they are also harmless to the workers, and this should weigh with the public as well. The little inconvenience—if any—is using only the safety or the so-called Swedish match would soon cease to be felt, and the ingenuity of manufacturers would supply a great variety of boxes and reserve slips upon which the safeties might be struck.

If matches, or vestas, must always be carried in a box, what inconvenience will it be if the friction slips are attached to the same box, either on an inner tablet which a spring will shoot forth—as in a choice silver or metal case—or on the side of the box itself. But if manufacturers are not strong enough, or united enough, to refuse the production of the ordinary match, a short Act of Parliament would soon settle the matter.

In the meantime everyone has an easy remedy. Let them refuse to purchase the poisonous goods. Inconvenience should not weigh for a moment in a case such as this, and but a short trial of their harmless rivals would speedily accustom the public to their use and banish the phosphorus disease from our workshops like a black dream of the night.



A Good Day's Work

There are, speaking broadly, two kinds of matches now made—safety matches, or the Swedish matches, as they are sometimes called—which will only strike on the box, and the ordinary matches which will strike almost anywhere.

Now, the first, we say, are quite harmless to the workers, but is for the second—the ordinary matches—yellow phosphorus is used in making them, and in spite of all precautions, as to ventilation of the factory, etc., it would seem that the use of this substance does at times cause disease among the workers.

The clear deduction, therefore, is to be drawn that if the public would only use safety matches, manufacturers would not make the others, and the yellow



Taking the Boxes to the Factory.

THE QUIET HOUR.

—
IN A RAILWAY SIGNAL CABIN.

By G. McROBERT

IT was the winter's first frosty recently to spend some time in a "signal-box." The sight was novel, and full of interest. The cabin, almost square, and well lighted, being window nearly all round, is situated on the main line of a busy Scotch railway.

The place was clean and bright. A shelf, on which stood lamps with coloured "spectacles," a clock, fender, small fixed desk, with open book, a Bell's Almanac and some pictures constituted the furniture.

A telegraphic instrument, sometimes going, and a long row of levers, kept beautifully bright, added greatly to the cheerfulness of the sparsely-furnished chamber. The levers were colored—blue, white, and black, and brass plates were attached, each bearing a distinct word or words such as—"Station to Jim," "Mammoth, off," "Clear for me to go," and other similar inscriptions.

There was an incessant clinking of the telegraph needle, clashing of keys and jolting of springs, a tinkle of bells, a rattle of passing trains, and a constant filing up of the operator's book.

As we beheld the "lighthouse man of the iron rail" pull the levers—no chills play—attend to the instrument, the block, and the various signals, gates, and points we could not but admit his promptitude, skill, and patience; surely, it ever a clear head and steady hand we needed! it is in a signal cabin, where there is so much that is calculated to blemish the wits of even strong men.

Travellers as they dash over hill and through dale, viewing from their comfortable carriages the objects of beauty and interest, seldom think that their lives are largely in the hands of the signaller. In many respects much more depends on him than on engine driver or guard. Indeed, those who have never been in a signal cabin can hardly understand the signaller's difficulties and responsibilities, or the constant strain that is upon his nerves.

Inside the cabin the signaller is ever in motion, and on the look out. He must see that the way is clear before the "up" or "down" signal is given; that each train is running clear of the other, and that the "air is leading" ("feet" on the head). If a train is leaving the city, and another coming in, both have to be signalled at one and the same time. Indeed, the "up" and the "down" bells are constantly going and needing attention, in addition to attendance at the telegraph instrument. At the same time trains may be whistling in some of the sidings, and must be signalled and dealt with, so that the regular traffic is in no way hindered. All this, and much more, is accomplished by a variety of signals, each having its own importance, form, and place.

We had not been long in the cabin when a deep-toned gong sounded, and we were informed that the Scotch express was two miles distant, and had just entered the "block," adjoining that governed by our levers. The appropriate lever was pulled, and a clear line for the train was shown. The "call" having been answered, the time was entered in the record book. Two more strokes of the gong announced that the train was travelling upon the signaller's section, and he pulled over three levers in rapid succession, signalling the next down cabin, and made another entry in his book. The train came on at magnificent speed, emitting a multitude of glowing sparks, that tell on the cabin windows like a shower of hail. In an instant it was past with a shrill, and rounded a bend in the rails and was out of sight.

The intelligent operator informed us that it is now almost impossible for a signaller to wreck an express by manipulating the wrong lever. The interlocking system obviates all risk in this direction. Signals and

points are now connected by an ingenious mechanism, and unless the moving metals are correctly placed the signal in connection with them will be marked "danger," and cannot be moved unless the points are properly adjusted to the one required.

The signals are connected with levers worked in at least two different cabinets, and the semaphore can only be lowered by the dual action of the operator who gets a short "block."

Hanging turned our heads upon the signal cabin and its busy ministry, we fell a-musing on other and more important signs—the signals that stand along the line of life from cradle station to grave terminus. As on our railway system where are found proper signals denoting danger, caution and safety so on the system of life God has surely set up many signals so that passengers to eternity may be guided aright.

These signals are raised in the Bible, the conscience, the home, the church, the school, the business, the street, and when attended to they guide the traveller round the many curves over the different points, and past the many



Sunday Scenes at a Railway Station.

dangerous of life without any serious loss. They ever point the way, beckon on, and give the attentive traveller hints when and where to stop, what to avoid, and what to possess, and ultimately lead him on the platform of Golden City terminus.

A HANDSOME GIFT.

A BEAUTIFUL Bible is surely the best of gift books. If you want to offer one of your friends a valuable present, write to the Editor of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, at 6, Peter-street, London, E.C., enclosing postal orders for 3s. 6d., and also send a small envelope. You will receive, with every present of which is half-a-guinea. Or if you would prefer a small leather Bible, royal 16mo, and the Editor will promptly send you a copy such as is usually sold for One Guinea.

But *one condition* attached to the above proposal is that every applicant must undertake to distribute certainly twelve copies of the current number of THE BRITISH WORKMAN, which will be enclosed with the Bible.

Absolutely no charge is to be made except postage.

Early application is advised, as the Bibles are in very great demand.

THE SUNDAY PLEASURE SEEKERS' VICTIMS.

By CHARLES HILL, SECRETARY, WORKING MEN'S LORDS DAY REST ASSOCIATION.

ON one Sunday last summer 14,000 excursionists were carried in twenty-one special trains to Portsmouth, and the Sabbath Desecrating Society in London which inflicted on the officials all the Sunday Labour connected with these special trains, boasts that in 1867 they arranged 220 Sunday excursions.

Now, who are the victims of these Sunday pleasure seekers?

They are railway servants, omnibus and tramway men, refreshment house keepers, and many others whose hours of toil on week days are excessive, and who are required to work on Sundays by thoughts Sunday trips.

A letter from one of the victims of these Sunday excursionists states, "I am a railway booking clerk and forced to work on Sundays. For fifteen years I have had to work every other Sunday."

A notice was exhibited in a 2-stand omnibus stating that five additional omnibuses would leave Stoke Newton on Sunday mornings for London Bridge for Sunday excursions. These omnibus men work excessively long hours on week days and need the Sunday rest almost more than any other class of men. A King's Cross conductor told a passenger that he had worked sixteen hours a day seven days a week, from 20 minutes past 8 a.m. till 20 minutes past 12 at night, and an omnibus man stated in a London police court that he worked "two live DAYS a week."

With Bank and summer holidays, Saturday and Thursday half-holidays, with a long Saturday to Monday trip, with more than 20,000 acres of beautiful parks and gardens in all parts of London open to all, with cheap workmen's tickets and houses in rural suburbs, surely there can be no need for trespassing on that day of rest appointed by God to be a boon and a blessing to toilers of every class.

Working men, set your facts like flints against that selfish purse of pleasure which can only be obtained by robbing your fellow workmen of their much-needed day of rest.

WHERE THE WHISKY WENT.

BRAVE Scottish soldiers! How well they fought on Good Friday morning, 1746, away on the sandy desert at Albu-el-Tal. But where was the whisky? Whisky sellers seem to think that all that is worth having in a Scotchman is put into him with his glass of whisky, and some years ago it was supposed by great British generals, good men and wise, that the soldier could neither fight nor march without whisky; rum was mostly the fashion then.

Atbara is some 1,200 miles from Cairo, so the men had a long journey, partly by rail, partly by boat, and partly by a transport infinitely worse than walking, namely, riding on a hideously uncomfortable camel-saddle. On their arrival the troops had to fight hard, and of course some of the "national beverages" would be needed.

The commander, Sir Herbert Kitchener, thought differently. All the beer sent from Cairo he promptly sent back again, when a French merchant, who thought he was doing a good stroke of business, brought in some whisky. Sir H. Kitchener found it out, and instead of letting a glass or two drink, "Keep their courage up," he called a general meeting, shaved them in the bottle, and immediately captured all the very liquid oil on the thirsty soldiers. No water was then filtered and made into tea, and a plentiful supply was given that innocent liqueur.

Brave Sir Herbert! You have shown the world that strong drink is a poison and a poison, you have saved Britain's soldiers from the deadliest danger on earth.

"TAKE!"

HAVING occasion to break my journey for a train connection at the rail way station of A—, I found on the waiting-room table an assortment of Gospel tracts, and my eye soon caught the words, "Please take one." I could not fail to be struck with the absolute freedom of the invitation. It excluded nothing. It was a universal call—"Free," I said to myself, "free as the air of heaven, and yet not more free than the Gospel of which they tell." Indeed, the plain simple words, "Please take one," furnished a striking illustration of the *freedom* of the Gospel. At the close of the Volume of Instruction—in the last chapter of the last book in the Bible—we have the great and free invitation, "*Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely*" (Rev. xxi. 17).

Reader, have you considered the word "take" in that wonderful passage of Holy Writ? Can you doubt for a single moment that salvation is free?—without money, without price? Ere the canon of Scripture closes, God has a word for you, and that word is "TAKE." You are not asked to *buy* salvation; it cannot be bought. You are not asked to *merit* salvation; it cannot be merited. You are not asked to *pray* for salvation. That would imply that God was unwilling to save you, and that He might be unwilling by your prayers. Away with such a thought! God is always ready to *take* the salvation which has been already provided by the death of His Son.

You therefore see clearly that salvation is *given*. Scripture declares that "the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23, n.v.). Do not be afraid to receive what God has so richly provided. Take, and take freely. The "free gift" is for you. What then, are you going to do with this wonderful invitation? What a solemn responsibility shall you be if you reject it! What untold blessing shall be yours if you accept it!

"Take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives!"

W.S.

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

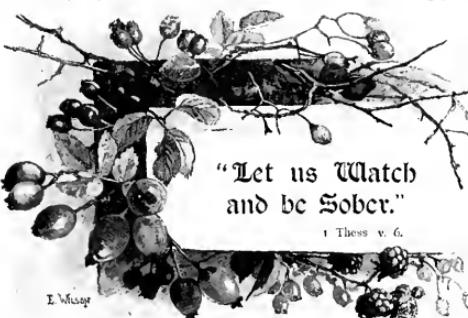
YOU may read the Bible continuously, and yet never learn anything by it, unless it is illuminated by the Spirit, and then the words shine forth like stars. The book seems made of gold leaf; every single letter glitters like a diamond. Oh! it is a blessed thing to read an illuminated Bible lit up by the radiance of the Holy Ghost. Hast thou read the Bible, and yet have thy eyes not been enlightened? Go and say, "O Lord, illuminate it, shine upon it; for I cannot read it

to profit unless thou enlightenest me." Blind men may read the Bible with their fingers, but blind souls cannot. We want a light to read the Bible by; there is no reading it in the dark. —*Sprague.*

ABOUT GAMBLING.

GAMBLING AMONG LADS.

[I]N one of the districts of London, and of such there are many—a poor, sooty, dull, miserable-looking place, you see much that distresses you—drunken, dirty, gambling in the roadway, every house, or nearly so, is overcrowded. The condition of the lads is thus described by one who is familiar with their manner of life—



I. WINE.

"Let us Watch
and be Sober."

1 Thess. v. 6.

"Gambling is the besetting sin of these lads; every penny they can spare is laid out on horses or fished away at cards. If the cash is all gone, money can be borrowed at the rate of about 50c per cent.—i.e., if you borrow sixpence you must pay sixpence a week loan interest until the loan is repaid. Some lads are hopelessly in debt to others, and the young masters turn over their capital with marvellous rapidity, only to lose it all to some clever scamp."

UNCLEAN MONEY.

By far the greater number of people who indulge in gambling and betting do so to make money. They think these vice—a furnish a quick and easy way of getting rich. The—Well even if that be true, do you think money obtained in such ways is worth having? I do not. If I were sure that by letting a shilling I should win a hundred pounds, I would not do it. Money got by such means as that carries with

it a curse. To all those who enrich themselves by gambling and betting, these words apply:—"There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing."—Prov. vii. 9. "He that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."—Jer. xvi. 11. Even if gambling and betting do furnish an easy way of making money, your Father above, who knows what is best, and loves you most, says to you, "Avoid them, have nothing to do with them."

Temperance Truths.

A SERVANT maid came to me one day when I was engaged in doing some repairs at a gentleman's house and said, "Here, carpenter, here's your allowance, and she tried to thrust a jug into my hand. I said, 'What, are you a teetotaller?' " "Yes, I am." "Oh, well, you'll excuse me." "Certainly," and she passed on. Seven or eight minutes went by, and the damsel reappeared this time with a jug of hot coffee and a plate of bread and butter. Here, carpenter, said she. "Missus says she's very glad there's a temperance man at work here, so I am to get some hot coffee and some bread and butter with your allowance here 'as long as you stay.' " My mates cast a longing eye on the dish of hot fragrant coffee prepared for me, backed up by a pile of well-buttered slices of bread. One of the men spoke up and said, "If I tell you what, mates, carpenter is the best off."

THE POWER OF STRONG DRINK.

A friend of my youth, an officer in Her Majesty's Service, and a young man of bright hope and promise, had to be turned out of the army for drunkenness. His friends sent him abroad, but he would return from time to time, and still a victim to the drink. On one of these occasions I heard he was staying at one of the London Hotels. I went to see him, and found him on a bed of sickness through his evil habit. I prayed by his bedside, and when I arose from my knees, my friend said, "It's very good of you, old fellow, to come and pray with me like this, but it's too late, I cannot give it up."—Charles Ernest Tritton.

FARST proofs of the falsity of the notion that Constitutional nations suffer less from strong drink than ours, come to light continually. The latest comes from Switzerland, where official medical returns state that fifty per cent of the young men otherwise fit for military service are rendered unfit by the muddled physical deterioration produced in them by drinking.

**** THE ♦ HOME ♦ WORKSHOP, ****

By MARK MALLETT. XI.—A Dwarf Chest of Drawers.

see in fig. 3, where the dotted line at f marks its place. This top has to be strongly screwed down to the end pieces and to the back. As the latter is only half inch thick the screws driven into it must not be more than $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, but into the thicker end-pieces we may drive $\frac{1}{2}$ in. screws. The holes for the screw-heads must be so carefully "countersunk" as just to allow them to come flush with the surface; if the screws are put in at regular distances, say four at each end and five along the back, and the top level as suggested, they will be unlikely to catch.

We may now prepare the divisions which support the drawers. They are of half-inch wood, and $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide; the distance from end-piece to end-piece is $\frac{1}{2}$ in., so that these boards must be $\frac{3}{4}$ in. longer, as $\frac{1}{2}$ in. will have to enter the groove at each end, and will have to be shaped off above and below to meet the top's end when the division has to be firmly secured. A cavity in the middle, drawn inwards through the back, will fit them in place.

To bind the lower part of the frame firmly together we shall moisten the board—so that when we see running along the bottom in fig. 2. Its thickness is $\frac{1}{2}$ in., its length $17\frac{1}{2}$ in., and its width $23\frac{1}{2}$ in. It is ornamental shaped, as we may see in the same figure, and its ends are sloped off behind

to "mitre" with the corresponding base-boards of the ends. With the help of two or three cuts made with the saw, this board may readily be shaped with the knife, and the glass paper will serve to finish it off neatly. The base-board will be screwed to the end-pieces, and a screw will also be driven as shown through its middle into a strip of wood which will run beneath the lower division from back to front, and which will be secured to it and the back. This strip (2 in. wide) has a base-board of $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, see fig. 3. And now the drawers. The depth of the lower is $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., that of the others is $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. The length of all is $14\frac{1}{2}$ in., whilst four back to front they are $8\frac{1}{2}$ in., for they do not project so far as the divisions by $\frac{1}{2}$ in. The ends of all are of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. board; the upper ones are $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $2\frac{1}{2}$ in., the lower one is $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. The fronts, backs, and bottoms are of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wood; the buttons are all alike (4) by $7\frac{1}{2}$ in.; the fronts and backs of the two upper drawers are $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $3\frac{1}{2}$ in., those of the lower drawer are $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. The whole will be fastened together with 1 in. screws.

What now remains to be done is only to fit the drawers with suitable handles, and to give some kind of finish to the workshop. To the latter I have suggested the material used for the little piece of furniture should be red deal, and that no other finish should be given to it than two coats of clear varnish.

* A CHIFFONIER will be the subject of MARK MALLETT's article in next month's "Home Workshop."



FIG. 1

A CHEST of drawers fourteen inches high and eighteen long may be suspected of being a mere toy; the drawers will, however, be found quite large enough to be useful, and the knowledge gained in building them will be a stepping-stone to something larger in the same way, by-and-by. Everything will be done in the most simple manner, all the parts being screwed together.

For the ends of our chest we shall want $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. board, each $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, and $12\frac{1}{2}$ in. long. Fig. 3 shows us the inner side of one of these pieces; at a , b , c , are V-shaped grooves $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep, to receive the ends of the divisions on which the drawers slide. A chisel will be the tool with which to cut them, and by this time so cheap a tool as a chisel ought to have found its way into our home workshop. The bottoms of the end-pieces will be cut at d , in the same figure, and will thus form a pair of legs.

A half-inch board may next be cut for the back, 15 in. long by 11 in. wide. When screwed to the hinder edges of the end-pieces it will come flush with their tops and outer sides, but will not catch their bottoms by $2\frac{1}{2}$ in., which may be seen in the same figure.

The top will next be wanted, and this we shall also cut from half-inch board; it will be $17\frac{1}{2}$ in. long by 9 in. wide. Its front corners, as well as its front and end edges, we shall neatly round off, using our glass paper. When in place, the top will project $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. beyond the end-pieces at each end, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in front; but it will come flush with the back, as is

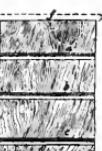


Fig. 3

TRUE-GRIT TONY.

By C. N. BARHAM.

ILLE in the thriving village of Wassa was at its busiest. Reapers were hard at work in the adjacent fields; tradesmen were active, clerks scurried as if for dear life in the different counting-houses, smoke from furnaces hung over all in a murky canopy, and the clash of machinery was incessant.

An accident at Smallwood's?

The news spread to field, workshop and cottage, how could it not be said, it seemed to be in the very air, and men and women surged in a tumultuous crowd to the ironworks. None of them knew what had happened, whether many or even persons were either killed or injured; or whether the report were true or false. All of them, however, had some one or another the more or less akin to them, who were big duffers, either above or beneath the ground at Smallwood's. So they ran to where the sombre mucky-grinding, flame-vomiting, motion - ore spouting buildings towered gloomily over vast under-heaps and dilapidated draws of workmen's cottages.

The works of Smallwood & Company were the ministry of Wassa. Smallwood was a learned company man, but the name of the founder had been retained, for there was money in it, and he cause it bespoke both confidence and credit.

The original Smallwood had started in business as a village huckster, and maker of sickles for the reaping of corn, but he was a shrewd, enterprising man, who moved with the times. Gradually he became an ironmaster, the owner of blast-furnaces, smelting-furnaces, and all the requisite appliances for carrying on the trade, which becomes almost princely when followed in districts where coal and iron are alike plentiful.

So by degrees furnaces, sheds, shops, galleries, and show-rooms rose up in the outskirts of the rural hamlet of Wassa, which became famous as a centre of industry, and a new village grew up around the rustic but ugly buildings. When, by a fortunate discovery, iron-stone was found under Wassa itself, the prosperity of the works and village were alike ensured. All that was required was capital, for the extended operations were too heavy for a single purse to cope with; so Smallwood's became a limited company.

For either boy or man to obtain employment at the "works," as Smallwood's was euphemistically called, was, barring accidents, to be settled fu lie, for the firm treated its workmen generously, and never dismissed a man without sufficient cause.

When Tony Wilkins, a strapping, sprightly boy of fifteen, after many unsuccessful applications, was drafted into Smallwood's, the heart of his mother, who was a widow, was filled with joy. To employ her own expression, made to a neighbour, the boy was "a made man."

It was not Tony's good fortune to be employed either at the furnaces or in the engine shops, he was sent down into the mine. There, with other boys, as thoughtless as himself, he drove the ponies which drew the trolleys full of ironstone to the pit's mouth.

"You will be careful, Tony! My heart is always in

my mouth while you are down in the bowels of the earth. If anything went wrong you would be killed like a rat in a hole, and you are all I have on earth." The widow said this unceasingly every morning as she handed Tony his lunch, and his provisions tied up in a bundle handkerchief.

The boy laughed at his mother's fears. The dismal mine had no terrors for him now; he had worked in it for six months, and met with no greater harm than a crushed finger. Men are mortal, but individually, in youth, immortal — in their own minds. Tony thought himself immune. So he went off laughing, not considering what lay homecoming might be.

To and fro they went all through the morning, until nearly noon-time, along the adit which ran horizontally in the ascending shaft, and horses and weary boys.

"Tony!" It was a lad named Tom Caver, a jovial, thoughtless

Before the truth could be ascertained, rumour was busy.

So a crowd assembled about the pit, shadowed away at the entrance to a shed under the shadow of massive walls. Workmen, sightseers, women, some of them carrying their husbands' lamps, were there, and foremost of all was the Works doctor. Two miners brought up a body, and a whisper went round that it was Tony Wilkins.

Contract with the air revived Tony, and those who were nearest heard him say, "Don't mind me, I can bear it a bit. Tom Caver's down below; look after him. I'm afraid he's killed!" It was only a momentary awakening of consciousness, he swooned again as they laid him on the stretcher.

"Ribs broken?" the doctor said laconically. He was broken, but not unsympathetic.

When Tony came to himself again he was in bed, his mother was weeping, and there beside him stood the manager. To his ears came the words, as if from far away, "A brave boy. Don't fret; he thought of others, and I won't forget him. We'll place him in the office when he recovers. Meanwhile, his wages will be paid as usual. Tony, my boy!"

And Tony smiled. He had received compensation for his suffering, the bright sunshine streaming through a rift in the clouds.

SUCCESS.

DO you not lightly say that nothing succeeds like success? Honest, manful, humble effort succeeds by its reflected action upon character, especially in youth, better than success. Success, indeed, too easily and too early gained, not seldom serves to blight and stupefy. Pe theorize in all you do, and remember that, though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despisable. Quit you like men, be strong, and the exercise of your strength to-day will give you more strength to-morrow. — H. E. Gladstone.

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GOOD literature was never so abundant as it is to-day, and amid so much that is trivial, it is difficult to know what to choose. But no one can fail to make a right choice who selects a volume from the numerous polished yearly issues of Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co.'s well-known magazines for home reading. They are all well written, and beautifully illustrated; and their bright stories and interesting articles are without exception in the strictest sense of the word literature.

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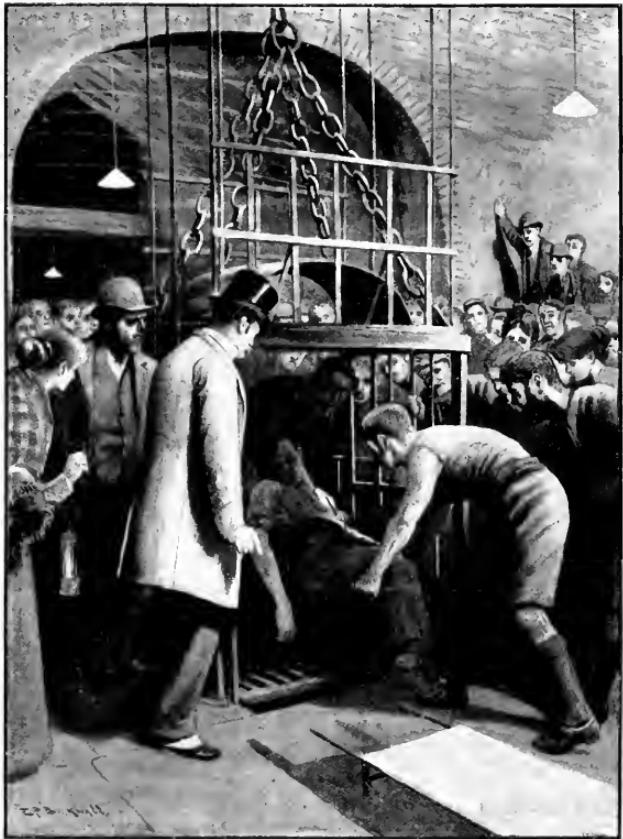
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"A whisper went round that it was Tony Wilkins."

follow, who was returning with a train of empty trucks. "What's the mischief?" Tony held his pony, he was not indisposed for a crack.

"It'd be fun to shift this prop, Tony. There's nobody about, and wouldn't the foreman rave when he found it gone?"

"Don't be a numby, Tom. The roof is dangerous. See the rafter a——"

"Now, lads, get on! The voice was the foreman's.

But Tom Caver was intent on mischief. There was a loud crackling, a rush of falling stones. Tony heard the ominous sounds, and then all was dark.

Click! click! The telegraph spoke, and the clerks in the office knew that something had gone wrong below.



No. 84. New Series.

CHRISTMAS AT BETHLEHEM

(Drawn by W. J. WEBB)

THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

CHRISTMAS AT BETHLEHEM.
 [We are indebted to Mr. E. J. Town, M.R.A.S., for the following most interesting article. As the wife of Her Majesty's late Consul for Palestine, Mrs. Town spent many years in the Holy Land, and saw more than once the scene she so graphically describes.]

PILGRIMS from every part of the world find their way to Bethlehem at Christmas. The Church of the Nativity is thronged with worshippers, many of whom have made great sacrifices in order to be able to come for once in their lives to pay their vows and then thanksgivings at the very spot where they believe that on Saviour was born. Fortunately for them, the Christians are divided into Eastern and Western Churches so that

THESE ARE TWELVE CHRISTMAS DAYS

observed the first on the 25th December by the Western (Latin) Church, and the second on the 6th January (Twelfth Day) by the Eastern Churches. Syrian, Greek, Armenian, as well as by the Copts and Abyssinians from Africa. Otherwise the Church could not accommodate the multitude.

In Palestine the winter does not usually set in before Christmas. There may be just a very little frost, but the weather is usually genial and sunny after the autumn "former" rain. The sky is clear by day, and the shepherds can still be out in the fields with their flocks by night, when the stars shine brilliantly. Many pilgrims arrive in time for Christmas and stay on until Easter is over. I remember that at one Christmas festival there was a Clunian present in his native dress. He was a Roman Catholic convert to Christianity

The Grotto of the Nativity, under the Great Church, is but small, yet it is to that that the worshippers eagerly press forward. It is approached by stone steps from the church above, and was probably a natural cavern in the rock. Now it is lined and paved with marble, lighted by many great wax candles and lamps of gold and silver, and perfumed with incense. A small recess is splendidly adorned, and let into the marble floor is a great silver star with a Latin inscription saying that

"HERE JESUS CHRIST WAS BORN."

That star belongs to the Latins, and it replaces the one which was stolen just before the Crimean War, in the midst of the disputes between the Eastern and Western Churches for possession of the Holy Places. Opposite to this niche is a similar one, which is said to be the site of the manger where Christ was laid.

Although the festival is not kept on the same day by the Eastern and Western Churches, and though there is therefore less fear of fighting occurring between these rival Christians, still, sad to say, it not infrequently happens that fights do occur even in the middle of the services. And therefore on Christmas Eve, one may see mustering men-side the gate at Jerusalem a body of Turkish soldiers, with officers in command, preparing to march to Bethlehem in order to preserve the peace within the Church itself. There may also be seen the French consul with his official attendants and jinglers and military escort, riding off to Bethlehem to have and eat the Latin Christians in their "rights" for in Turkey the French are officially recognized as the "protectors" of (Roman Catholic) Christianity in the East." And as evening draws on, the crowds press into the great Bethlehem Church to be ready for the service and procession at midnight.

I have stood on the terrace of my house at Jerusalem just before midnight on Christmas Eve, listening under the silent stars for the sound of

THE GREAT CHURCH BELL AT BETHLEHEM

to announce the coming service.

Bethlehem is not actually visible from Jerusalem, a full hour's walk one can see beyond Bethlehem, and above where it has since been established stands, among the trees, the castle given by the Wise Men to where the Child was born. The brother and Joseph the 5th of January was generally bright and sunny, like an English spring day. It was most interesting to ride out, across the Bethlehem plain, gay with scarlet anemones and other wild flowers, to the hill immediately from Jerusalem, from whence Beth-hill is full in view, as well as the Holy City.

And on this day there are hundreds of people joyfully

WINDING THEIR WAY TO BETHLEHEM,

so as to be in good time for the great service at night, in all varieties of pictorial national costume—some in asses, mules, horses, and camels; others in foot, in family or village groups—aged women, but still active, trading heavily along with the host of a staff staff, mothers carrying young children astride on hip or shoulder, and others, including both old and men, patriarchal, with long white hair and beard, riding asics, guided by sturdy sons or daughters; some—especially among the Russian pilgrims—singing psalms, all on the way to Bethlehem.

It is a moving spectacle—the simple happiness, the earnestness, the devout expression on so many rugged faces. And as the end of the six miles march we had them, as they come up and add to the huge crowd already gathered on the open space before the great triple Convent at the east end of the Bethlehem hill, passing through the small, *very* long doorway, the only entrance to the Greek, Latin, and Armenian Convents, and to the noble church with its sacred cave, common to them all.

Our picture represents the scene at this wonderful little entrance gate, so truly that all must stand, head alone, but back, eyes, and so deep that each must nod down to raise his head until he has passed far within the massive portals. No enemy could easily force such an entrance as this, and it takes long for the great crowd to enter.

The rider upon the stately camel must needs dismount and enter on foot as his poor companion does. Close to the outer doorway stand two Armenian monks, and beside them a Bishop of the ancient Syrian Church, whose home is in far-away Mesopotamia.

WHERE ABRAHAM AND KAHOR SOJOURNED.

Both the Armenians and the Syrian bishop wear their distinctive head-dress, and the Bishop carries his pastoral staff. A native Bethlehem boy sells his wares on the other side of the gateway.

In the foreground are Bell-lehen Christians—women wearing the veil, such as Ruth wore, men with various forms of Indian—comely—both the men and the women with fine eyes and features, strong and well proportioned. On the other side is one bearing a coper, and beyond the ass appears a jolly-saint, well mounted with silver staff of office in hand, preceding his master, a European consul, whose duty it is to attend and help to quell any disturbance that may arise. Among the crowd behind appear Greek priests, with long flowing hair surrounded by round lambskin hats, such as they always wear. There is not room for even a few more of the wonderful assemblage. Christians from Russia, Greece, the Islands of the Archipelago from Syria, Bulgaria, and Montenegro, from every part of Russia, sometimes even from Kanschka, Armenia, and others from Asia Minor, Abyssinians, and Copts all are here. Many carry tapers to be lighted and used in the great midnight service. Some offer frankincense, others silver and gold.

Within the spectacle is amazing, the church becoming more and more densely packed, so that one wonders how the procession of bishops and clerics can possibly make their way to

THE SITE OF THE NATIVITY,

or how the Turkish Governor and troops find room to separate the combatants, when the fury of religious zeal breaks out, or to prevent any rival Christian from seizing a post of vantage or meddling with an altar cloth or carpet not belonging to his people. The service is conducted with the utmost fervour and with splendours of robes and jewels which it is difficult to be imagined.

And when the sacred mass passes on the Christmas day is ended, and the weary and joyful ones go out to keep the feast with friends in their houses or the open air, just as the day is coming on and we are preparing to celebrate the Epiphany and the visit of those Wise Men whom the East-end Christians believe to have lost the star which had guided them, till when coming from Jerusalem they stopped to drink at the well which still flows midway, and seeing its reflection in the water, followed it rejoicing to the presence of the Holy Child

♦ ♦ ♦

A WELCOME TO CHRISTMAS.

OLD Christmas is coming—prepare half a seat,
 Let young men and maidens the patriarch greet,
 But absent he that which to often betrays,
 Which fills night with sadness and darkens men's days.
 Give meat, and give rice too, but let the drink be
 From the eye and the bite at the wine serpent five!

Tis shame that our country, so learned and great,
 Should kneel to the ice of the Church in the State,
 Tis shame that the god of baseless and vain
 Should seize on the day of the Saviour Divine.
 Let gloves and all manner be handed to-day,
 And drink only that whi can best noise astay!

With the holly so fresh, so glossy, and green,
 Which in mansion, and hall, and cottage is seen,
 The mystical mistletoe we may comine,
 But set not beneath them the treacherous vine.
 Let Christmas be elcomied with good wholesome cheer,
 But distant, I pray you, be spirits and beer.

If pity be felt for the poor and distressed,
 If the Spirit of Christ inhabit each breast,
 If truly we feel that to love is to live,

And most blest are they who prefer most to give
 Then give, freely give, but no liquors that fill
 The houses of our land with the forces of ill!

Let the smile, and the laugh, and the jest that is wise,
 Give glee to the heart and new light to the eyes;
 Let the bouquets of Heaven be thankfully used,
 But absent he that has reason abus'd
 It sober the mirth, and if pale be the song,
 The heart will be light and the pleasure be long!

THE FINISHED YEAR.

WHAT is your life? Life is an irrevocable thing. We have just finished another year. As we look back upon it every thought, and word, and act of it is there in its place, just as we left it. There are all the Sabathays in their places, and all the well-spent or ill-spent days between. There is every sin, and every wish, and every look still in its own exact surroundings, each under its own day of the month, at the precise moment of the day it happened.

We are leaving it all, but, remember, we leave it exactly as it stands. No single hour of it can be changed now, no small wish can be recalled, no angry word taken back.

It is fixed, steadfast, unchangeable. One Book has a wonderful metaphor for this—"water split upon the ground, which a sunbeams gather'd up again." No, we cannot gather up these days, and put them back into Time's breaking ranks, and live them over again. They are split upon the ground, and the great stream of Time has sucked them up, and cast them already on the eternal shores among all bygone years, and there they abide, till God's time comes, and they come again to us, by ebb, in order as they went, to meet us again, and Hail, and the digested bar.

New Year's Eve is to be the time of resolution, is it? Well, let this resolution take the form of a rule of all, that, when the end of next year comes, and we look back once more at the irrecoverable past, there shall be fewer things to wish undone, or words to wish unsaid, and more spots where memory shall love to linger still, minor steps which, when retraced in thought, will fill the heart with pleasure.—*Professor Drummond.*



AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

HE interlange of presents and good wishes that takes place amongst all classes at this happy season, the gifts of little luxuries that are made to the poor, and the toys that are distributed to the young, all express the joyous feelings universally prevalent just now. The homes of the rich and the well-to-do are made bright and joyous by the merry laughter of happy children.

REJOICING IN THE GOOD THINGS

Christmas brings, and much is done to shed a ray of sunshine and of hope into the abodes of poverty, the chambers of sickness, the heart that is suffering bereavement, and around the beds of the adults and the cots of the children who in hospital are in feebleness or pain. Surely it is well that there should be one interval in the whole and struggle of life when thoughts of peace and friendliness of goodwill are dominant, and universally recognised as similar to the season—when strife is hushed and the weary rest to "hear the angels sing."

Some expedients for the observance of Christmas may be better adapted than others for bringing out the meaning of the festival, and illustrating the spirit in which it should be enjoyed. But there is one thing which should have

NO PLACE AT A CHRISTMAS GATHERING, whether that gathering be a family dinner-party, or a larger festival only to be described as a banquet, and that is strong drink. Nothing more effectually destroys peace and stirs up strife than intoxicating liquor; nothing so tends to make life weary and sad, and in nothing so deadens the heart to the import of the holy Christmas message that "unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given," than the drink that makes drunken.

And just how general at Christmas parties is the use of intoxicating liquor, and this in spite of the many cases in which a degraded drunkard has had to confess, with

invaluing tears and remorse, that the wine in which he was taught to rejoice at Christmas time created.

THE CRAVE THAT HAS PROVIDED THE RUIN.
Who dare measure the pain of self-reproach under which many a father, and many a mother, has been crushed at the remembrance of having been the thoughtless instrument of thus placing a beloved child on the way that leads to death, and to the dishonoured grave of the drunkard?

Oh! that this consideration could be turned despatchly the heart and conscience of every parent, and of every uncle and aunt, and of every kind-hearted man and woman, who, at this Christmas season, may be catering for the enjoyment of the young - that they may be led to

AVOID AS A DEADLY POISON

the liquor that produces such fruit! It may suit liquor dealers to recommend Christmas hampers containing bottles of wine and spirits; it may suit the apologists of the liquor trade to recommend this or that brand of intoxicating liquor as most suitable for Christmas time; but the men and women, and especially the parents and guardians, to whom the young, holding festival at their table, are dear, should surely before God that they will not run the risk of placing a child in the path of ruin by giving it even a sip of intoxicating drink.

We all know that for the young there is no alcoholic liquor that is other than hurtful; what folly, then, to teach the young to regard as essential to social enjoyment!

A LIQUOR THAT IS INJURIOUS!

We wish for all our readers a happy Christmas, and we feel that a great step is taken towards realising a happy Christmas when that is avoided through which festivities become notorious, strife is fomented, and the train is laid for evils incalculable.

Facts for Workers.

GAS-ENGINES are being used in Dresden to propel trams. They are of nine-horse power, and are placed under the seats. A speed of nine miles an hour can be obtained with a car carrying an average of thirty-six passengers, the cost being little more than sixpence a mile with gas at the rate of 4s. a thousand feet.

The third-class railway fares in Hungary only average 1l. for six miles.

A MAN is precisely at his weakest when he turns out of bed in the morning. The muscular force is greatly increased by breakfast-time; but it attains to its highest point after the midday meal. It then sinks for a few hours, and rises again towards evening.

THAT GOOSE OF A TURKEY!

A TRUE STORY.

THE Rev. F. J. Hardy tells a good story of the sad adventures of an impudent turkey who paid dearly for not adhering to the usual regular habits of total abstinence common to his race.

Gobbler the master, a busy farmer, brought home from market one evening a basket of provisions. "The farmer was not a teetotaller, and among other articles he had stowed away a bottle of whisky, and, as a special precaution, he put the breakable into a bag of rice for greater security. But, somehow, the basket must have got an extra heavy thump, for the bottle was broken,

and the rice soaked with the escaping

liquor. Much disgusted at his loss, the farmer threw away the broken bottle and worthless rice, and thought no more of the matter.

Gobbler, however, in his researches and investigations in the yard, came upon the rice behind the barn, and proceeded to feast thereon. He thought it tasted a little odd, but he had a weakness for rice, and felt at would be a pity to invite a friend lest there should not be enough for himself. So, a fishily and greedily, he ate up every grain that he could find, and afterwards, feeling rather giddy and sleepy, retired into the stable for a quiet nap. It was not an innocent nap, however,

but a very disreputable drunken stupor that overtook the unhappy bird. His head dropped forward under his wing, his tail drooped helplessly, his legs doubled up under him, and soon poor Gobbler lay stretched on the ground, perfectly senseless, and apparently quite dead.

In this condition the farmer found him. "A fine fat bird down for," he exclaimed, "one of the best in the yard!" Choked himself or "immod," but he's only just dead," he went on, feeling Gobbler's pulse, "warm bread." "T'was a plaguey Lad, I can't afford to lose his price! I'll just look sharp and pluck him; he'll do for market, and nobody will be a penny the wiser."

So to work went the farmer's brisk finger and thumb, and very speedily Gobbler's sleek jacket lay on the ground, a tumbled heap of scattered feathers, and the "dead" bird was left ready for trussing the next morning.

But, with the early light, a pitiable spectacle met the astonished farmer's gaze. There, perched on the mangy and emaciated, sat the naked, miserable bird, stripped and forlorn, but alive and alert as ever, having cast off his drunken load, and turned to his sober senses to find himself plucked and skinned, and nath leisure to regret of his unfortunate meed.

Whether Gobbler's preparations for the dinner-table were duly completed forthwith and his career cut short, or whether he was suffered, during a weary session of remorse and repentance, to grow a fresh crop of feathers, we cannot tell. But it is very certain that while the unsavory food was not much to blame, as he did not understand the nature of the whisky he was swallowing, there are plenty of folks who, professing to be much wiser and cleverer than a lamb-skin bird, yet allow whisky to "pluck" them of clothes and home, of friends and character, even of health and life itself, thus displaying a folly in-fold worse than that of the unfortunate turkey who for once made such a sad goose of himself.

LUCY TAYLOR.

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS.

NOTHING, surely, can be better or more appropriate as a Christmas or New Year's present than a copy of the *Holy Bible*, through the Editor of this magazine, who is prepared to supply a *HATE GUDEA BIBLE* for 5s. (4d., or a *GUDEA BIBLE* for 16s. 4d.), to anyone who will promise to distribute carfully 12 free specimens of this number of *THE BRITISH WORKMAN*.

These copies, for which *no charge whatever* is made, are sent with the *Bible, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any part of the United Kingdom.* Orders from abroad are charged 4d. extra for postage.

Orders should be addressed to the Editor of *THE BRITISH WORKMAN*, 9, Pater-noster Row, London, E.C.

** THE ♦ HOME ♦ WORKSHOP. **

By MARK MALLETT. XII. A Chiffonnier.

The front commode, *d*, fig. 1, is an inch high and projects 1*ft.* from the side-pieces, beyond which it extends half an inch at each end. Three screws fit it to the side pieces and partition. The end corners which meet it at the corners, are screwed to the side pieces, project only half an inch. All three of these pieces have their lower, outer edges rounded off.

The ornamental back board, *e*, fig. 1, is one inch thick, and measures 27*in.* by 9*in.* We suggest to lime wood, as in fig. 2, and if better tools are not at hand, our sharp knife, helped by some cuts with the saw, and with glass-paper to finish, will readily bring it to shape. It is screwed to the edges of the side pieces and to the bottom. A strip of inch board (*b*, fig. 1) having its outer edges rounded off, fits on the upper part of the base-board. It is 20*in.* long, and is met at the corners by corresponding mouldings (*m*, fig. 3) which run along the sides.

The top, *c*, is of 3*in.* board, and measures 20*in.* by 1*ft.* It thus overlaps the door by 1*in.* and the side-pieces at each end by 1*in.* It is secured down with flat-headed screws, which will need to be let in with care, so that they may come exactly flush with its surface.

And now we must take a glance at the two drawers. In fig. 2, we see that they are 12*in.* wide by 6*in.* deep. From back to front they measure 10*ft.* in, for half an inch must be

allowed between their fronts and the doors, to give space for handles. The drawers are simply screwed together. Their sides should be 3*in.* board, and their fronts, backs, and bottoms of 1*in.* The measurements—sides 6*ft.* by 5*ft.*, fronts 12 by 6, backs 6 by 5*ft.*, bottoms 12 by 10, all in inches.

Firstly we have to deal with that least simple part of our work—the doors. Yet there is nothing in the construction of these at which even a beginner need be alarmed. The doors are each 23*in.* high and 13*in.* wide. They are formed of two thicknesses of board, and two pieces of the inner layer, which horizontally, are 13*in.* in length, and 2*in.* in width. These are crossed by the longer strips of the outer layer, which are upright. Their width is 2*in.* whilst the shorter strips, which by connecting them form panels, are 1*in.* wide. The spindles or corners within the panels,

which give them an ornamental character, are of 1*in.* wood; they are easily shaped with our sharp knife. All the pieces of the outer layer are fixed to the inner ones by suitable round-headed screws. The result will be a handsome pair of doors, scarcely less strong than those in regular panelled doors, but costing far less labour.

It should be remembered that in putting our chiffonnier together we use flat-headed screws wherever the heads are hidden, and round-headed ones wherever they appear in sight; excepting only on the tops, where flat-headed screws must of course be employed.



Fig. 1.

We call the piece of furniture before us a chiffonnier, less because it looks like the chiffonnier of ordinary houses, than that its uses are the same. Ours is a much simpler thing in its construction. There is no part of it which is not quite straightforward and easy to make. It consists of the doors, and of the moulins which support them, together we have already had experience in our corner cupboard. Our material will be deal, and pine by clow, if we think of clowning.

As the whole weight and strength of the thing depend on the pieces which form the sides, we shall cut them from inch boards; they are 11*in.* wide by 34*in.* long. We see the inner side of one of them in fig. 1. Of the two strips by which this is crossed the upper one, *a*, is the summer of a drawer, whilst the lower, *b*, serves to support the bottom of the chiffonnier. In further explanation of this section it may be said that *c* is the top piece, *d* the front carcase, *e* the door, *f* the back, *g* the base-board, *h* the mouldings of *e* have on the bottom, whilst *i* is 25*in.* long. It divides the chiffonnier in its centre, and strips, *m*, *n*, are screwed to its sides on a level with *a*, to assist in carrying the drawers. It is fixed by screws through the back and bottom.



Fig. 2.

Having its outer edges rounded off, fits on the upper part of the base-board. It is 20*in.* long, and is met at the corners by corresponding mouldings (*m*, fig. 3) which run along the sides.

The top, *c*, is of 3*in.* board, and measures 20*in.* by 1*ft.* It thus overlaps the door by 1*in.* and the side-pieces at each end by 1*in.* It is secured down with flat-headed screws, which will need to be let in with care, so that they may come exactly flush with its surface.

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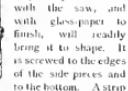


Fig. 4.

Having its outer edges rounded off, fits on the upper part of the base-board. It is 20*in.* long, and is met at the corners by corresponding mouldings (*m*, fig. 3) which run along the sides.

The top, *c*, is of 3*in.* board, and measures 20*in.* by 1*ft.* It thus overlaps the door by 1*in.* and the side-pieces at each end by 1*in.* It is secured down with flat-headed screws, which will need to be let in with care, so that they may come exactly flush with its surface.

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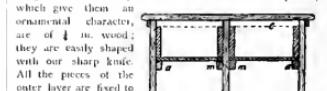


Fig. 5.

Having its outer edges rounded off, fits on the upper part of the base-board. It is 20*in.* long, and is met at the corners by corresponding mouldings (*m*, fig. 3) which run along the sides.

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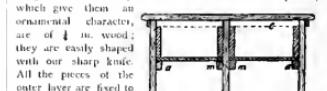


Fig. 6.

Having its outer edges rounded off, fits on the upper part of the base-board. It is 20*in.* long, and is met at the corners by corresponding mouldings (*m*, fig. 3) which run along the sides.

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And now we must take a glance at the two drawers. In fig. 2, we see that they are 12*in.* wide by 6*in.* deep. From back to front they measure 10*ft.* in, for half an inch must be

OUT OF THE STORM.

"WHATEVER on earth's that? Why, there's two suns i' t' sky!"

Calvert and I both turned to Zip as this ejaculation broke upon our ears. We looked at the sky to the north-west, whither Zip Calvert directed our startled attention and her own earnest gaze, in which was some alarm, at the phenomenon there appearing.

I looked in wonder, and asked too, "What is it?"

"Why, ha' yer never seen that afore?" said Mat Calvert, Zip's father. "Why, it's what no fishermen calls a 'sun-dog.' I've heard it called a 'mook sun.' We reckon it means bad weather comin'. Sailors doesn't like 'em!"

Seen from the staithes, or landing-place, where we stood, it was an extraordinary effect, for there, in its proper place, was the real sun, and at a point of the sky widely distant from it appeared the imitation sun, a blaze of iridescent light!

Presently, as the "mook sun" gradually faded, and the sky resumed its normal aspect of a summer evening, one's interest reverted to the fisher-folk grouped about ashore. Fine fellows indeed array of the men! One man was conspicuous among the rest for a powerful figure. He might well have posed for the "Spanish Admiral," painted by Velasquez, in the National Gallery—so swart his skin, so black his hair, but of a frank and less cruel cast of countenance.

"Who is that tall, burly fellow?" I asked of Calvert.

"Whuch? Oh, that's Jack Ketyl! Why, he's the biggest hero i' Saltwick!"

"Hero? How?" I asked.

"Well—er—I don't know, but he can drink more beer nor any other man i' Saltwick! An' he's allus ready to fight anybody. He's a daring chap, is Jack, an' a good-hearted un. There wouldn't be a better man i' Saltwick if he'd mobbin' let 'im drink alone; but that's the

job! He's a desperado when he gets drunkin'! Why, he wants to swearheart slar Zip there. Doesn't he, Zip?" But there's drunk, I can't stan' that!"

Zip repelled the soft imp-achment. All the same, her face glowed with rosy colour at its very mention. Her beautiful eyes dropped to the ground, and then appeared to disclaim any interest in Jack Ketyl or his movements. Zipporal Calvert was a girl that any man might wish to proudly cherish.

That prestige of the sun-dog was not fulfilled at once, but a week or two after its appearance the weather gradually became broken, and it came to be an anxious question each night whether the fishing fleet should put off to sea or not; indeed, the weather grew so wild that few of the boats ventured off at all, until even Jack Ketyl must remain ashore.

It had been a long night. Sleep was out of the question, and the grey dawn was a welcome relief. Suddenly there was a sound of unusual animation in the streets—women's voices and the rush of many feet. I sprang up and was soon outdoors, glad of warm clothing to resist the wild, cold wind that roared and swept up the street, cloiling your very marrow, and drowning the sound of the angry sea.

Joining the stream of people rushing down to the staithes, ou-



Zip Calvert Lending a Hand.

John Leech

the way I asked the excited women, "What is amiss?"

It transpired that Jack Ketyl, tempted by a temporary lull in the weather, had actually ventured out to sea. His example had been daringly followed by two other boats, and now they were being anxiously watched by the terror-stricken crowd on the staithes.

Despite the wild tempest, there were anxious groups of women, old men, and even children, clad in all kinds of odd garments—women dressed in their husband's discarded pilot-coats, and even their oil-skins; children, with chilblay faces half hidden by their father's old sou'wester, peering anxiously over the wild waves in the direction from which the boats were expected to come, all unconscious of their oddity of costume, its singularity unthought of in these foolish, anxious moments, when a cross-sea or the slightest mistake in the handling of a boat might darken many a home.

The boats were approaching, clearly seen one moment on the crest of a wave, and the next disappearing deep down in a trough of the sea, then up again on a mountain of water, and so, tossed like mere shells, it was a marvel how they lived.

One from the men ashore went out again and again deep and penetrating "hurrah!" Jack Ketyl's boat leading was soon taking momentary advantage of a huge breaker. It was carried triumphantly past the dangerous maelstrom, and the oars of the crew soon placed her in comparative safety. Bravery and dexterity had earned the day!

The second boat came on, and imitating the bold lead given by Jack Ketyl, passed the critical place and rode in safety; but the third boat, as it similarly attempted to take a wave to carry it past, seemed to miss the momentum of the swell, and sloping backward into the trough behind, was overwhelmed by a cross-sea.

Of the lost crew only one body was ever recovered, being washed ashore some days after the storm. One house was swept away, every lattice and stone of it. I saw its owner ride down next day, and ruefully look at his lost property, or where it once had been.

As for Jack Ketyl, he was a new man from that day. It seemed that a party, consisting of the crews of the three boats, had been carousing at the "Ship Inn" the previous day, and in a spirit of mad bravado, had vowed to go off that night. They had kept the vow—and with what results we know. Well, Jack Ketyl, in the moment of deadly peril, made another vow—a better one—and kept it!

Its effect was seen in Jack Ketyl's daily life—he never touched drink again! Everybody marvelled, and his old associates honoured him. But, without anger, Jack just disregarded it all, and his new mode of life soon came to be taken as a matter of course.

As everyone knows, Jack Ketyl is now the leading man in Saltwick, respected and looked up to by all as a man of known sense and judgment.

Zipporal Calvert is Mrs. Jack Ketyl, her father having given a willing consent. Jack is still the "hero" of Saltwick, but a hero of a higher type.



"Jack Ketyl's boat was seen taking advantage of a huge breaker."

GOING DOWN TO EGYPT.

By CHARLOTTE SKINNER.

HAVE you ever been sent to Jericho? But never landed there, did you? Jericho is not half such a populous place as Egypt. I could not tell you the number of times I've been there. Although it is not a pleasant place to visit, there is the comfort of knowing a good number of very grand people have been there before us, and learnt many a helpful lesson.

I am quite sure you will all agree with me that it is not at all nice, nor likely to put you in a good temper, to find all your plans suddenly upset, and instead of being able to turn your feet homewards, to be obliged to lead a gipsy sort of life!

Mary, the mother of our Lord, had no doubt often dreamed, as she tarried at Bethlehem, of her happy return to her little home at Nazareth. The fields there would soon be gay with the wild flowers of spring. Perhaps she had come over in her mind the wonderful storyshe would have to tell her own mother—of the visit of the shepherds and their story of heavenly singers; of the Eastern kings, their starry guide and costly gifts; of the predictions of Simeon and Anna about her baby—surely, with all this to tell, her mother would now believe in her! What a happy home - coming it would be!

Neither is it pleasant, nor conducive to good temper, to be wakened suddenly in the night, and told to prepare at once for a journey.

"Where are we going to?" "Mary" would ask. "To Nazareth?" "To Egypt."

Not north, but south; not to mother, but to strangers. Then commenced the weary journey of eighty miles, no doubt done mostly in the darkness of the night, every sound making them fear Herod's soldiers were near. It was an light matter to sit on that wooden saddle on the ass's back for five nights, with a child to hold, and the roads like beds of mountain turnouts. And it was even harder on Joseph, the poor man, bid to trudge all the way on foot, and had no baby to cuddle, and fondle, and kiss.

I don't suppose they felt like singing the Psalms one by one if they had known it, nor chanting together the twenty-third Psalm, for where were the still waters?"

"These are hard times, Mary." Joseph would say, "and how are we going to manage when we get down to Egypt, till I can get work?"

"We have got the king's gold," Mary would answer,

"but how much nicer it would be to go to Nazareth!"

I remember seeing years ago, at a bazaar, a wonderful pitcher plant which had just been introduced into England by Miss North. I lifted its white lid, and looking into the cup-like flower, saw for myself the sweet pure water within. This blossom's native soil is the dry sand of the desert, and the wonder is, where does that water come from? Yet why should we wonder, seeing that joy is so often found in desert places?

Joseph, son of Jacob, went down to Egypt when he would much rather have been with his old father at home; but he found a pitcher plant there, for he found friendship, and succour for his brethren.

interfered with, but God said, "The biding-place shall be the mother's college."

Yes, Mary did indeed gather a desert blossom down in Egypt, which not only refreshed her spirit, but also advanced her life.

So these two travellers made a little home while in Egypt for this wonderful Babe; and don't you think Joseph himself also found a blossom? Was it no joy to him that he had a trade in his fingers whereby he could gain a living for his loved ones wherever they might have to wander? Was it no joy that he was allowed to be the protector of the Holy One—that he was sharing a piece of work with God Himself? Why, if ever a man had cause to "think much of himself" it was Joseph!

Is he simply at Nazareth to do hardly anything, but to be protector down in Egypt was an important office. Perhaps he did not realise this the whole on the road to Egypt, nor while in Egypt did he imagine that he was helping to spread the news about the Messiah.

Just we often tread all unknowingly upon lovely blossoms—pass by all unheeding many a spring of comfort.

May took more than one blossom home with her—*keepsakes from Egypt*. Had she returned at once to Nazareth, she would have found the gossip still busy with her story, and herself still despised by her acquaintances. But this sojourn in Egypt had given time for the talk to be forgotten, and removed, not as she went away, a mere nobody, but a woman who had travelled and seen the big world, placed her in quite a high position in the little village community.

So, when you and I go down to Egypt, we shall find the same fair blossoms waiting us, joys in sorrows, sunbeams in shady places, if like Mary and Joseph we are willing to be led by the Heavenly Father, who always brings wondrous joy and beauty out of all things, even out of Satan's maraudings.

When next we have to go down to Egypt, may we go with true cheerfulness, looking out for our blossoms!

OUR NEW PROGRAMME.

THE *I* *am* *wish* *to* *direct* *the* *attention* *of* *his* *readers* *to* *the* *Programme* *for* *1893*, *presented* *with* *this* *number*, *from* *which* *it* *will* *be* *seen* *that* *THE* *BRITISH* *WORKMAN* *for* *next* *year* *promises* *to* *possess* *unusual* *interest*. *It* *is* *hoped* *that* *all* *who* *have* *obtained* *help* *from* *its* *pages* *in* *the* *past* *will* *do* *their* *utmost* *to* *bring* *the* *maggot* *under* *the* *notice* *of* *new* *friends*.



The Flight into Egypt.

Would Mary find a desert blossom with its drought of sweet water there, too?

She was a young peasant woman who had never travelled further from her home than Hebron, with all the narrow prejudices of a Jewess. Now it is a well known fact that nothing broadens the mind and sympathies more than foreign travel and here was a foreign tour arranged for her, and all expenses met! Pray but a poor woman, it is not to be supposed she had received much education, it was now too late for her to be sent to school, but she was being sent to Egypt to learn something of the world and its ways, to come in contact with minds broader and more subtle than her own. She was to be the childless teacher of the world's Misstah, and it was quite the proper thing that she should have more training than Nazareth could give. Thus did God make the wrath of His enemies to praise Him. Herod wanted to kill God's Son, the tyrant's free will was not



MR. W. S. CAINE, J.P.

A LAY PASTOR OF A WORKING MANS CHURCH.

ONE day in the spring of 1862, a young man found himself detained in the town of Oswestry for a few hours. Not knowing how to pass the time, he very sensibly bought a book. The shopman gave him one that was then attracting some attention, and he took it to a neighbouring hotel and read it over half-a-pint of sherry.

"That was," he wrote afterwards, "my last taste of alcohol and my first of the total abstinence movement. I signed a pledge there and then, and have kept it ever since." The young man was Mr. W. S. Caine, who is now widely known as one of the most earnest workers and strenuous leaders of the total abstinence movement, and who, with his devoted wife, whom he married six years afterwards, in 1868, has laboured incessantly for so many years in the Temperance cause. But he is a lay preacher and a politician as well as Temperance worker, and is practically the unpaid pastor of a flourishing church for working men in South London.

The hook which so impelled him was the now well-known volume, "Haste to the Rescue," by the late Mrs. John B. Wrightson, and it was a simple but powerful appeal for earnest effort in rescuing those who were falling from the temptations of drink. Mrs. Wrightson was the wife of the Vicar of St. Alkmund's, Shrewsbury, and in the next week Mr. Caine travelled from Liverpool to Shrewsbury to enrol himself a member of St. Alkmund's Total Abstinence Society. When there, at a meeting of the Society, he was asked to speak, and "in a few halting sentences" he told why he was there, and asked permission to join the Society. That was his first Temperance speech—the first of a great number of speeches and sermons which have followed since.

At that time Mr. Caine was a young man of twenty years of age, having been born on 26th March, 1842, at Liverpool. His parents were Nonconformists, and he was educated at Birkenhead Park School, where the Rev. Richard Wall was head master. He was a grandson, on his mother's side, of Mr. W. Rushton, a Baptist and a merchant of Liverpool, who was prominent in the anti-slavery crusade, while his father's family had been Methodists. His wife is a daughter of the celebrated Baptist preacher of Liverpool, the late Rev. Hugh Smith.

On leaving school Mr. Caine's business career began in the offices of the White Star Steamship Co., but in 1864 he became partner with his father as an iron merchant. They were so successful that in after twelve years he was able to retire with what the Scotsmen called a modest competence." Since then Mr. Caine has taken active part in the promotion of moral and social reform by means of religious, Temperance, and political work. He would place his Temperance principles before the exigencies of party, for he broke with the Unionists among whom he had ranged himself, when in 1880 Mr. Goschen proposed to provide compensation for interminable liquor licenses. The Conservative clauses which would have created a legal vested interest in such licenses were withdrawn and have not since been revived.

He has had, however, considerable experience of political life, for during twenty-two years he has fought ten contested elections. He began when in his twenty-ninth year, or about 1871 he was invited to become Liberal candidate for his native city of Liverpool; on that occasion he was unsuccessful, but in 1880 he

entered Parliament as member for Scarborough, and four years later was made a Civil Lord of the Admiralty. After an unsuccessful contest in Tottenham, he was elected for Barrow in 1886, and sat for that constituency until 1890. Two years later he was successful in East Bradford when he defeated Mr. Byrom Reed in 1892, but lost his seat at the election of 1895.

Though out of Parliament, since then he has been busy on two Royal Commissions. One is the Licensing Commission, upon which Lord Peel, the former Speaker of the House of Commons, is Chairman, and the other is a Commission on Indian Expenditure. In both subjects Mr. Caine is deeply interested. He has visited India four times, and has founded the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association, of which he still remains the life and soul, while his journeys abroad have emphasised his great appreciation of the immense responsibility resting upon Britain to govern rightly this vast and populous colony who dwell within the vast British Empire.

Turning to another part of his public life, if you were to ask what offices he has undertaken in connection with Temperance work, the answer would cover pretty nearly every Temperance association in the kingdom. He is President of the National Temperance Federation, and of the British Temperance League. He has been President of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association, and when he joined the Congregationalists he was President for a time of the Congregational Total Abstinence Society; he was, moreover, President for over twenty years of the Liverpool Temperance Union. He is an active Vice-President of the United Kingdom Alliance, and also of almost every other important Temperance society.

The promotion of substitutes for licensed houses—which some people think one of the best means of fighting the drink traffic—finds him a warm supporter, for he is interested in the establishment of temperance hotels, and is the chairman of the large "Speedwell" Temperance Hotel at Portsmouth. Many first-class unlicensed hotels have sprung up in recent years in different towns, and have done much to roll away the reproach which has existed against Temperance Hotels for lack of general comfort and cleanliness. Mr. Caine is also director of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Life Institution, which is one of the largest mutual life offices in the country.

But perhaps his principal work is in connection with his lay-pastorate at the Wheatsheaf Mission Hall, South London. He resides at Chipping, and he was attracted to this effort by reading the famous pamphlet of the London Congregational Union, entitled "The Little City of Ostend London." He found it in his power Sunday morning, and it roused him to spiritual action. He opened the old Wheatsheaf Hall at the corner of Smith Lambeth Road and Waterloo Lane in 1888, and a few years subsequently built at a cost of £5,000 a new hall, the fittings belonging to no fewer than four hundred different religious denominations submitted to the funds. The building will seat 750 persons, and a large organ and church has been formed there of 300 members, many of whom assist in the missionwork carried on.

Behind the platform hangs a fine painting by Mr. John Pedder, of Christ in the harvest-field. The hall is a great centre of religious activity and of Temperance work, and connected with it in the same neighbourhood

is Caine Hall, which was opened in 1891. Mr. O. L. Millard is associated with Mr. Caine as co-pastor of these halls. Mr. Caine takes a great interest in the work, and conducts two large mothers' meetings there, enlivening himself to all who know her by her kindly, sympathetic manner and diction.

We may add that Mr. Caine is also a friend of mission-work in the North of England; for he is a partner in the Hodderham Mining Company, which employs some 1,500 miners in Cumberland, and he has a Temperance Hall there, and maintains a missionary for the men.

Mr. Caine's lay-pastorate at the Wheatsheaf has been abundantly successful. He is the unpaid minister of a purely working man's church in one of the lowest and poorest parts of South London. He not only gives time, and energy, and preaching power to the cause, but also a subscription of £200 per annum to carry on the work. This work is varied enough. The Temperance propaganda is, of course, well to the fore, in addition to which there are Sunday schools, children's services, Bible-classes for adults, Bands of Hope—of which one called the Wheatsheaf enjoys the distinction of being the largest in South London—Temperance meetings weekly, clubs for young men and also for young women, with a Girl's for girls, club-slates, and various sick and bereaved societies. This brief summary, though very inadequate, yet serves to indicate the multifarious nature of the work, and shows what can be done in a few years by energetic persons with hearts and brains in their efforts.

As a speaker, Mr. Caine is earnest and fluent, bluff and hearty. He delights in a good meeting, and he is large-hearted and generous to a degree. One autumn when with his family he was staying in North Hampshire, not far from the lonely village of Selborne, they took great interest in the Hop Pickers' Mission, carried on there by the Congregationalists. Mr. Caine used to preach to the gipsies and other hop-pickers, who assisted to gather the fragrant hop harvest, and the story is told that he had a little tattered gipsy child, with flossing white teeth and bright dark eyes, scampered after his pony carriage along the dusty road.

"At last he stopped. 'Well, what do you want?'"

"Oh, Master Caine, I've heard you preach, please give me a penny."

Whether he gave the poor boy the story does not tell, but he probably did, and he would laugh heartily enough over the little incident.

FRED MORELL



Photo by

Mr. W. S. Caine, J.P.

Ed. Sacks

Temperance Truths.

IT is stated that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is an abstainer in alcohol and tobacco, and that he sometimes humorously remarks that he does not add to his revenue personally from either of these sources. *

The Earl and Countess of Carlisle have cleared all the public-houses of their estates. In one case, Hallbankgate, a vote of the inhabitants was taken, and four to one decided to have prohibition. *

TEMPERANCE SHIPS.—This is the name by which the vessels owned by Messrs. Carlisle & Co., of London, are known. Not only are no malt or spirituous liquors allowed on board, but their masters, before being given command by the owners, are required to take an oath and sign documents pledging them not to partake of any intoxicants. As a guarantee of good faith they must deposit with the owners a bond of £100, which is forfeited in case of any breach of this frontal rule. *

THOMAS A. EDISON was once asked the reason why he is a total abstainer. He replied, in effect, "Because I always feel I had a better use for my head than to fog it with liquor." *

ACIOTINE is one of the most insidious of drugs. It soothes and dulls, not because it is giving rest and refreshment, but because it is paralysing nerve centres and therefore the drinker is the one most unable to say whether it is doing him good or harm. It is as a rule only when much harm is done, and the mischief is irreparable that the drinker realises what alcohol is doing for him. *

Nobody can take up a single copy of a morning or evening paper without seeing at least one instance of gross ill-treatment of little children, who would not have been touched if it had not been for strong drink.—Dr. Barnards. *

FOR THE BABIES.—Do you get *The Band of Hope Review* regularly for your children? It only costs One Halfpenny each month, and it is the brightest and best of juvenile Temperance magazines for boys and girls. Get a copy of the December number from your bookseller, and see how your children like it.

HEROES OF THE SEA.

By G. HOLDEN PIKE

IN days of childhood the Queen was well acquainted with Ramsgate, and as that is the port is the chief lifeboat station of the world, it we have regard to the numbers of persons rescued from wrecks and brought ashore, that fact may have heightened the royal visitor's interest in the sailors so often wrecked upon the Goodwin Sands. The oldest association for promoting the good of sailors is the British and Foreign Sailors Society, founded just eighty years ago, and in extending her favour to that society during the Diamond Jubilee year, the Queen showed that practical interest in seamen which was awakened in the days of early youth. A volume showing what had been done for the men of the mercantile and naval marine during our Queen's reign was, by express permission, dedicated to Her Majesty.

As the British workmen of the sea, our sailors, both of the mercantile and naval services, merit all that we can do for them; but not until the end of the reign of George III was any service properly organised for their benefit. Up to that time life on shipboard was generally altogether bad, the food being as bad as the moral surroundings. Drunkenness was the rule; and if Jack escaped with his life from wreck or pestilence, he was sure to be met in port by the landsharks who would entrap and drug him for the sake of his hard-earned wages.

Just as the ports have become less dangerous in this respect, the shores all round the British Isles have become more safe. Wreckers no longer follow their profession; smuggling is no longer looked upon as an allowable pastime.

Mr. William Whitmore had been agent at Ramsgate of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society for about forty years, and he was able to tell a good deal about those storm-spirits who in that time have served in the life-boat. Let us in brief give on or two examples.

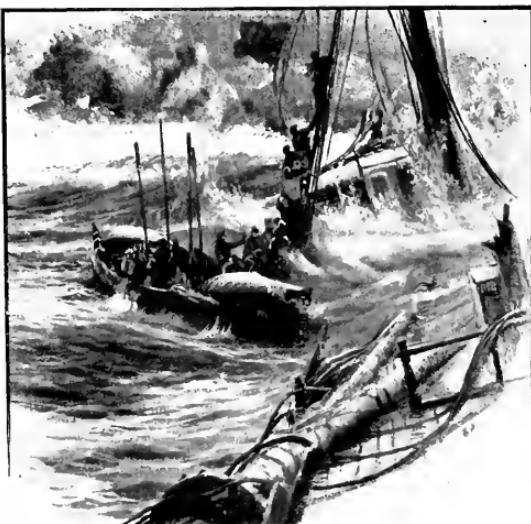
Those who have the lifeboat in charge have to keep a certain look-out, the firing of a canon or a rocket from the North Sea Head lights giving the signal for instant service. One winter morning some years ago, when the biting wind drove showers of sleet and snow before it, news came in that a Spanish vessel with a rich cargo was on the Sands, and that a boat from Margate which had gone to the rescue had failed to bring off the crew—the captain and eleven men. The steaming *Ard* took out the lifeboat from Ramsgate, the sea being so rough that friends who saw them start on their voyage of twelve miles hardly expected otherwise than to see them swallowed up by the waves. What with snow and icy wind, the men's frozen clothes soon made them appear as though they were encased in armor.

Now the *Ard* steaming waits in the tempestuous sea as best she can, while the lifeboat approaches the wreck which only lest she should be dashed to pieces against the side of the larger vessel. In the rigging and half-torn, several Spaniards are seen; and to bring them off the boat must go not only dangerously near, but one or two have to get on board to bring off the benumbed sailors, who cannot even crawl in of themselves. When these are saved it is seen that there is one more—a boy entangled among the sails and ropes, and holding a bag of trinkets for friends in Spain although he is half dead with the cold. The little fellow cannot respond to the call to come on board, and it is dangerous for the boat to go near. She goes, however, and the boy is on to the wreck to bring him off safely, bag of trinkets and all. All is well, everything is safely landed in Ramsgate harbour and the cheers of the people, the cousin of the lifeboat said that what he and his men had been enabled to do was owing to a special interposition of Providence.

The greatest number of persons brought into Ramsgate in one night was 130 from two wrecks. One of these was a passenger ship, having sixty women and children among its living freight, who had to be shung in boatholes into the lifeboat, and though terror whitened each countenance, while little children were thrown over the ship's side, to be caught by those below, not a baby was missing at the last. These were all placed on

board the little steamer, while the lifeboat went in search of another large vessel which the saved passengers now confessed they had seen on the night before drifting towards the Sands. With staved timbers, rents, and twistings, this vessel resembled what might have been the ghost of a ship, and on the deck were sixteen living heroes. These were all resoled, and were taken care of in the Sailor's Home, which is maintained at Ramsgate.

One memorable adventure was still more terrible, the object being the rescue of a Portuguese crewing an cabin, when the roaring wind and towering waves seemed to give the impression that the sea was mad. When the crew were at last rescued from the wreck, their sea-chests had to be thrown overboard to lighten the boat, which grounded on the sands, and directly they got off one ridge they found themselves on another. The physical and nervous strain was so great, that all men of the lifeboat were never fit for service after that night. It seemed at one time as though the wreck would fall on them; at another time as though the lifeboat herself would knock her bottom out. Our veteran, who began to feel that they could never see Ramsgate again, took off his lifebelt, thinking that if he must be drowned the quicker the better. Then when the prospect seemed to be at its worst, a star shone



Rescuing a Shipwrecked Crew on the Goodwin Sands

brightly through opening clouds, and seemed to inspire hope. Soon they were off the Sands, and after a rough voyage reached Ramsgate in safety. Neither a hero of the lifeboat nor any who were with him ever went out to a wreck again, but when he took to an ordinary boatman's life in Ramsgate harbour, our friend called his little craft *Bright Star*, after the star which had inspired hope in the most terrible night of his life in the lifeboat on Goodwin Sands.

ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!

WHAT are you going to give the children this Christmas? You don't quite know? Then let us remind you that nothing will afford them such pleasure as a really good book; and no books of which we have any knowledge are as suitable for them as the new yearly volumes of *The Children's Friend* and *The Infant Magazine*. They can be had in various large, attractive cases, for 1s. 6d., 2s., or 2s. 6d. each. Your bookseller will show them to you, and judge of them for you yourself.

Other delightful gift books are the volumes of *The Band of Hope Review*, 1s. or 2s., *The Family Friend* and *The Friendly Visitor*, 1s. (1s. 2s., or 2s. 6d. each), and last, but not least—*The British Workman*, 1s. 6d., or 2s. 6d.

The British Workman Almanac and *The Band of Hope Almanac* for 1893 are also ready, and can be had for One Penny each. We warmly recommend them for the walls of worksops, school-rooms, mission halls, etc.



A USEFUL RETROSPECT.

By C. N. WHITE.

BEFORE the new year it will be well for us to employ some of the time we can spare for keeping in thinking over our success or failure during the past season, so that we may devise means for continuing the former or avoiding the latter.

Failure ought not to prevent further effort; it ought to stimulate one to find out, and as far as practicable, remove the cause. During the past season many bee-keepers, in my acquaintance, or who have sought my advice, have complained of want of success; others, on the contrary, have been well satisfied with their season's work. If success and failure are the lot of neighbouring bee-keepers, as in a case before me now, then there cannot be any doubt that if one man succeeds in obtaining full supers and the other empty ones, it is want of management in the latter case that must be responsible for the contrast.

Bees are absolutely necessary for the gathering and storing of honey, and they must be workers, not drones. If at the present time an examination of all the stocks in any particular district were made, we should most probably find many badly prepared with regard to bees, and honey or other food and economisation of heat the bees generate ignored by leaving in the hives too many frames, and giving them scanty and unsuitable covering.

It is such hives because that hardly ever become full of bees, or if they do it is at the end of the season, when strong stocks cannot store honey because the blooming of flowers is over.

Those who, being desirous of success next season, acted on my advice, and left in each hive (1) comb containing worker cells only, (2) a few thousands of worker bees, (3) a queen not past her second season, and (4) not less than twenty to twenty-five pounds of stored food to which the bees have easy access during the coldest weather, will be the most likely to have strong stocks early, and plenty of full supers during the honey flow.

There is another matter that has caused much trouble during the past season—swarming. That is not so easily remedied. Bees swarm when the hive becomes full of bees, just when, as a rule, we put on supers, and hope that the whole energies of the bees will be devoted to filling these with delicious honey.

There are times when swarms are scarce, and this generally occurs in really late seasons, because if supers are put upon the hive, and the bees are kept at work by more room being given when needed, they have nothing to interrupt their work and consequently do not swarm. It is in the contrary, during years marked by changeable weather, that swarming is increased, for although the bees cannot work in the supers, the change in cold weather drives them down among the comb cells, and the inevitable result follows—queens are built, and swarms subsequently issue.

The only preventative under such circumstances is to remove the supers of very strong stocks, and take out two or three hives combs, giving in their place frames containing staters only, or full sheets of foundation. The removed combs will prove of value if given to other stocks in a less forward condition.

Now bees are having their winter's rest, and nothing but the knowledge that their food supply is short should excuse even the slightest inspection of any hive for many weeks to come.

DRUNKENNESS is not only the cause of crime, but it is crime, and any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink, they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that has ever been practised by the bravos of any country or of any age—John Ruskin.

A TRIAL TRIP.

BY THE REV. E. NEWENHAM HOARE, M.A.

"YOU might give a fellow a chance, Liz. I'd be right enough if I had you to take care of me. But what can you expect from a chap that has a place like mine to come home to?"

"I'm awful sorry for you, Jack dear, but I passed my word to father, and I can't go back of it."

"Then all I've got to say is, that you can't care about me. And I don't see much sense in this talk about religion and Christmas and 'good-will' and the like of that. You know rightly you might be the saying of me, Lizzie Martin, and yet you won't put out your little finger to do it. You've got the chance to make a man of me, and it's chinking away you are with a light heart, so I may just as well throw off the brake and go full steam ahead. Maybe you'll be a bit sorry when the smash comes, but you'll have yourself to blame for it, and no one else, my girl."

Lizzie Martin looked her young admirer steadily in the face. As he looked her eyes filled up with tears, but she spoke quietly and firmly.

"No, Jack, if anything goes wrong with you, I won't blame myself for it. There is not much I wouldn't do for you, if it was for you good and to save you; but I'm not going to encourage you when I see you on the wrong track."

"Who's asking you to encourage me?" he broke in angrily. "I'm just asking you to stand by and help me to screw down the brake. Any fellow's mate would do as much for him."

"I'm afraid it is not what some of your mates are doing," she retorted, then added quickly, as though sorry to have spoken in such a way that might irritate. "The fact is, Jack, there is only one can help you to conquer yourself. There is a battle to fight, and it's you must fight it; I can't do it for you, or God knows I would."

"Well, let's dry up that sort of talk; the long and the short of it is, you won't marry me this Christmas-tide?" he said, sulky.

"I won't marry you till father agrees to it, and you know what his conditions are."

"I don't know as I do rightly; there is so many of them; I'm to jem teetotal, give up pigeons and putting money on horses, go to church twice on Sundays, with a happy afternoon between times, attend the mission room, and give recitations about reformed firemen at your Band of Hope!"

"I don't know that there is quite as much as that, though, indeed, you'd be none the worse for the whole programme, Jack," said the girl, with a bright smile.

"And how long is this precious performance to last?" he inquired, gloomily.

"For a lifetime, I suppose; but at least for twelve months before the lumps are put up, father says."

"It is a long time to keep a fellow hanging about."

"There are a good many years in a lifetime, and I'm willing to wait," said Lizzie, looking up at him with a smiling face.

Jack Cuthbert let his eyes drop sleepily. There was a brief struggle between love and self will.

"Well, then, you may wait all the years as well

as the one," he started out as he turned and left the house.

Jack Cuthbert kept to his threat of "going full steam ahead," and had it not been for the watchfulness and forethought of Lizzie's father, on whose engine he was fireman, he would soon have got himself into serious trouble.

Indeed, as it was, there was trouble enough. A slight accident occurred on Christmas Eve, and though fortunately no lives were lost, the usual official inquiry was of course held. A certain amount of blame, for signals misread and want of promptitude, was attributed to Silas Martin, the driver; but, in consideration of the man's inbornly blameless record, no steps were taken to degrade or punish him. About the fireman's part in

the one, he started out as he turned and left the house.

Jack Cuthbert kept to his threat of "going full steam ahead," and had it not been for the watchfulness and forethought of Lizzie's father, on whose engine he was fireman, he would soon have got himself into serious trouble.

A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

BY WILLIAM LUKE.

A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS!

But the fog's in the street,

And shadows hide the brightness,

That we look in vain to meet.

Yet a merry, merry Christmas we must have if we have Him, Who is brightest of all bright ones, and whose light is never dim,

A merry, merry Christmas!

But the winds are keen and cold; They chill us in the highways, And with icy hands enfold,

But a merry, merry Christmas we shall have in spite of storm,

If we have the love of Jesus in our bosoms blest and warm.

A merry, merry Christmas!

"But I have to sit alone, I cannot join the meetings, Where I oftentimes have gone,

And alone, a merry Christmas I may have if for my guest I have Jesus in the manger, born again within my breast."

A merry, merry Christmas!

Are the words an idle tale?

Has death been in the homestead?

Do the songs and music fail?

But the Living One of Christmas can bring gladness for the gloom,

For a blest and better meeting is beyond the shrouded tomb.

A merry, merry Christmas!

Is there sin within the heart?

A guilt still unforgiven,

Making meritless deport?

The Jesus born at Christmas by His blood can pardon sin,

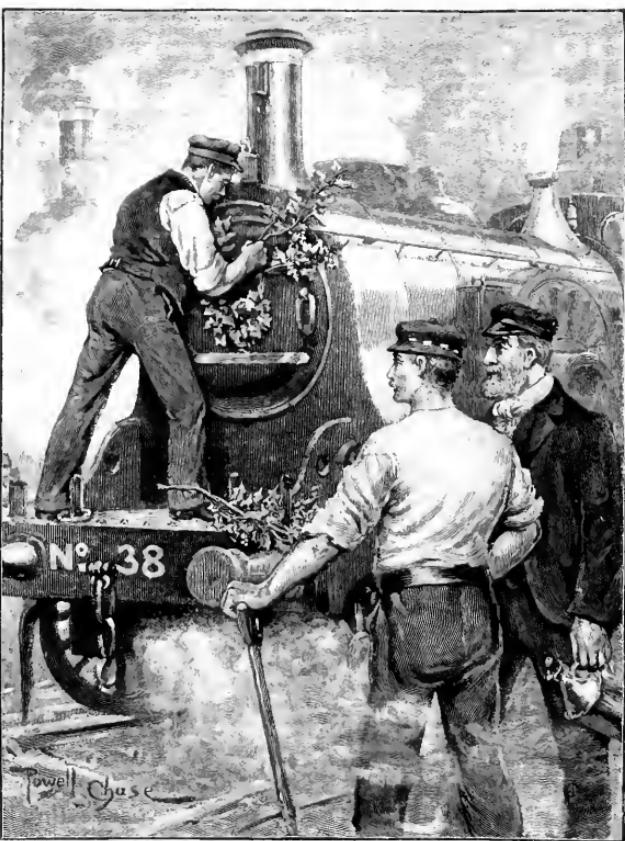
Oh, believe it, and receive it, and true Christmas will begin!

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THE Editor wants his friends to help him still further to increase the circulation of *THE BRITISH WORKMAN*, and he therefore repeats the following offer:

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Jack Cuthbert Decorating the Engine.

the affair nothing was said. Put the man himself had something to say:

"It's a shame to let you bear the blame that of right belongs to me; you know it was the boy being in me that caused the accident. I don't feel that I can ever look you or any honest man straight in the face again, Mr. Martin."

"Oh, yes, you can, mate. What I've done I've done of my own free will, and I haven't told no lies either."

"I can never make it up to you," said Jack, penitently.

"Yes, you can," replied Martin, heavily; "you just give up drink, and betting, and all this blackguard stuff, and you and I and Liz will be in a position to square our accounts over the next Christmas pudding."

"I'll make a start from this very hour; here's my hand on it."

* * * * *

So that is why we see Jack Cuthbert so busily decorated-

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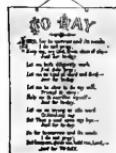


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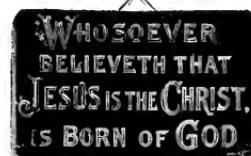
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